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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

January 1, 1958

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JANUARY 1, 1958

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IT'S HOT IN THE SUN!

HARASSED thermometers are teetering in the nineties and above, and the sweat is trickling slowly down our backs.

It's hot in the sun, and almost as hot in the shade.

We kick off shoes, drag off coats, reach for cold drinks, dive into cool surf, lie limp on verandahs.

And why not! It's high summer, tropical, sticky. It's also Christmas.

It's hot—naturally.

But the shops are powdered with snow, alien fir trees stand at attention in windows, reindeer pull sledges across ice-packed Christmas cards.

It's snowing in Pitt Street and Collins Street and Queen Street, even though the reality of a white Christmas became a damp myth about seven generations ago.

Decade after decade, as we watch the snowflakes at Christmas, we take out limp handkerchiefs and mop our faces.

And if that proves anything, it's this: That humans are allergic to change—in customs, habits, or ideas.

But the temperature is rising again. The sky is like brass. The wind is from the west.

This is no time for philosophy, for metaphysics.

It's high summer, it's Christmas, it's snowing behind the windows.

It's HOT.

Our cover

● Actress Diane Cilento with her baby, Giovanna, born in Brisbane on December 10. Diane, who returned home to await the baby, will soon go to Rome to show Giovanna to her father, Andrea Volpe. Picture by Lionel Keen.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

This week we present a big fiction section designed specially for holiday reading.

THERE is an extra-long instalment of our new Agatha Christie serial, "4.50 From Paddington," and six short stories by the world's leading fiction writers.

Incidentally, all the efficient descriptions of good cooking on the part of Lucy Eyelesbarrow in "4.50 From Paddington" are straight from the author's expert knowledge of the kitchen.

Agatha Christie (the world's most widely read living author) can prepare a rich dish with the same ease that she prepares the ingredients for her latest murder.

Next to writing murder mysteries, she likes cooking.

"The reason is simple," she says. "I love food."

Miss Christie—in private life Mrs. Max Mallowan (her husband is an archaeologist)—says she likes her husband's profession, because "the older I get the more interesting he finds me."

AN equally famous English author, Margery Sharp, whose latest short story, "The Lost Chapel Picnic," appears

on page 17 this week, recently paid a nice tribute to artist Jim Phillips, one of our fiction illustrators.

Phillips illustrated Margery Sharp's story "The Night At Milburn Lodge," which appeared in our issue of June 26 this year.

"I was most pleased with the way the story appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly," Miss Sharp wrote from London.

"Will you please pass my special appreciation to the illustrator, who caught exactly the right dream-walking mood."

GIOVANNA VOLPE, pictured on our cover with her actress mother, Diane Cilento, will be the star of Christmas Day celebrations at the home of her grandparents, Sir Raphael and Lady Cilento, of Annerley, Brisbane.

She will occupy a pale lemon bassinet, because her mother does not care for the conventional pinks and blues for babies, and is sure to be admired by the 11 young cousins who will be at the party. They will all gather round a Christmas tree set up

under a poinciana tree in the garden.

Giovanna is named after her paternal grandfather, following an old Italian custom.

ON page 11 this week there's a fascinating story about the historic discoveries made in the Vaucluse home of the late Miss Dorothy Wentworth following her death in 1956.

Only ten years before she died Miss Wentworth, the great-granddaughter of William Charles Wentworth, fulfilled a lifelong ambition when she finally made a visit to Central Australia.

She kept postponing her visit to the "Red Centre" until she was 73—and then her nephew, Bill Wentworth, M.P., and his wife, Barbara, took her to Alice Springs.

In a battered hat and long costume years out of date, she camped out, cooked, and took tremendous interest in the aborigines at Hermannsburg Mission.

The native boys, particularly, were fascinated by the way she could smoke a cigarette right down to the last half-inch without taking it out of her mouth—all the time talking without a halt.

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THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR

The best beaches in the world are along the 12,210 miles of Australia's coastline. Thousands of Australians released from work by the holiday break lie in the sun during January. This is Bondi Beach (N.S.W.), today. Fifty years ago it was a lonely stretch of sandhills where few bathers dared venture into the sea. Bathing was illegal after 7.30 a.m.



Here, in 1906, a group of keen swimmers met in a tent to discuss ways of protecting weaker swimmers than themselves. This was the beginning of the great Australian Surf Life-Saving Association, which has contributed much to the growth of surfing as Australia's most popular summer sport. Picture is by Donald Horne, of Coogee, N.S.W.



"THE DRUMS GO BANG AND THE TRIANGLES CLANG" in the percussion band of Crown Street Infants' School, Sydney. Aged five, artists are Noel Zouvelekis (Greece), Stephen Ironsides (Sydney), Katrina Katsika (Greece), and Erene Kritikos (Greece).



"THE TAMBOURINES JOIN IN." Stern concentration as five little girls give a finished performance. At rear are Kathleen Wilmot and Donnette Currie (both of Sydney) with Cissy Antoniou (Greece), Kerri Togo (New Zealand), and Kathleen Chan (China).

UNITED NATIONS OF CROWN STREET

Pupils are teachers...

THERE'S a United Nations in Sydney. It's a miniature one; its members are the 220 small pupils of the Crown Street Infants' School.

Crown Street is in an inner Sydney suburb and the school playground echoes young voices talking a dozen languages, with New Australian children outnumbering Australian-born.

Statistics show the ratio: 59 "new" — Chinese, Greek, Ukrainian, German, Maltese, Turkish, and Czechoslovakian — to 41 "old."

Many a child cannot speak English when he is enrolled at Crown Street. In three months he will have at least a working knowledge of his new language.

In this the pupils are the teachers. Each

child tries to understand and help the new student, and those who speak his language become interpreters until he can hold his own.

In term time these children of different races and creeds — Australian and Pole, Czechoslovakian and Chinese — work and play together, learning one another's backgrounds, the new gradually being absorbed into Australian ways.

One teacher said: "Here there is an atmosphere of real international understanding. I only wish that the whole world could be turned into one large Crown Street."

● Pictures on these pages are by staff photographer Ron Berg.



CONDUCTOR OF THE BAND is five-year-old Chinese Geoffrey Wong, who bows deeply at the beginning and end of each item. He is the self-appointed leader of the band, and his vigorous conducting keeps every eye on him.



SHORT BREAK for the band, but conductor Geoffrey stands alert to begin the next piece. The children are led by their teacher at the piano. With the school now closed for the summer holidays, the band has gone into recess.



COMPLETELY ABSORBED in arithmetic was Irene Ky Ling, now of Surry Hills, formerly of Hongkong. Irene could not speak English when she started school.



DRESSING-UP is fun to all children. In a tiny voice Beverley Hongchoy recited a tiny poem. Her mother made her fairy dress.



"THE WORLD IS NOT SO WIDE," especially at Crown Street Infants' School. Studying the globe and each other are Richard Fetingis (left), from Poland, and Australian-born John Comerford. The boys are alike, too, in their blond hair and bright, checked shirts, but when photographed Richard looked the young dreamer, John the young cynic.

Friends and helpers, too...



STANDING IN FRONT OF THE CLASS to recite was a pleasure for seven-year-old Marti Kaida, from Czechoslovakia, but her twin brother, Kenny, was shy and would not join in her performance. At left is Richard Fetingis (above), again with his head on hand.



ABOVE: School has no worries for Beryl McLoughlin, of Darlinghurst, and Jim Moshidas. Jim's former home was Greece. BELOW: Multiplication isn't easy when you are only seven. Norman Yee (China) is helped by Mary Ann Poporic (Yugoslavia).



"The money we save driving this sensible car
will do lots of good for our children."



Volkswagen -
a member of the family



Four famous Hollywood stars recall

THEIR BEST CHRISTMAS

★ JUNE ALLYSON

IT isn't hard for me to tell you the most memorable Christmas of my life. It was 1950 when, on Christmas Eve, in a hospital maternity room, Dick and I welcomed Richard Powell, jun.—an event no woman is likely to forget, you must admit.

What made me particularly happy is that I had so wanted the baby as a Christmas present for Dick.

But my doctor had told me there wasn't a chance, that the baby wouldn't arrive until mid-January.



Dick would laugh at me when I would say, "I don't care what the doctor predicts, I promise you a baby by Christmas."

Once he laughed and said, "It wouldn't surprise me. You usually get your way."

But neither of us sincerely believed the baby would arrive before the time set by the doctor.

I could hardly believe it myself when those certain, most definite signs began to come the day before Christmas! I began to pray.

"Oh, make it true—and not a false alarm. Let me hold my baby in my arms on Christmas Day, the most blessed of all mothers' days."

When I woke up, Dick was bending over my bed, and he said those most joyous of all words, "Hello, little mother. When do you want to see your son? He's a Christmas present. It's Christmas Eve."

★ CLARK GABLE

I REMEMBER lots of Christmases spent in lots of places, but the one that stands out most vividly in my mind is Christmas of 1923.

I was aboard a train speeding across the Rocky Mountains of the western United States, sharing a box car on a freighter headed for Oregon with two other hobo gentlemen.

I was an ambitious kid, just out of my teens, and a small touring company I'd been working with had been stranded in Butte, Montana.

We were dismissed without pay. With no money in my jeans there was nothing else to do but start moving.

Well, right in the middle of that free ride—came Christmas!

Every time the train stopped at a station my be-whiskered travelling companions, as dirty and unshaven as I, could hear people getting off passenger trains, greeting families and friends and calling "Merry Christmas!" For us—nothing.

About dinner-time, one of the men grinned and said, "I've been saving this"—and pulled out a sack containing a can of baked beans and a half loaf of bread. The other, a kid about my age, said, "And I'll share these." He pulled out a half packet of cigarettes. I was pretty young to be a philosopher, but suddenly the thought came to me, Why, this IS Christmas; this is the true meaning of Christmas—sharing what you have with friend or stranger.



★ KIM NOVAK

CHRISTMAS of 1955 is the one I shall never forget—it was the first Christmas I had ever had enough money to buy the presents of luxuries and necessities for my family, and the studio had given me time off to go back home to Chicago to be with my folks.



Then suddenly I was asked to spend this wonderful family holiday with TV cameras all over the house, on Ed Murrow's "Person To Person" show.

I had wanted to be with my family alone. But I agreed to do the show.

We had a seven-foot tree; my mother and father, my sister and her husband and children were there, and we opened our gifts and sang carols—just as though the whole world weren't looking in, I thought selfishly.

I say it was selfish—because I cannot begin to tell you my feeling when hundreds of letters started pouring in saying, in effect: "Kim—bless you for sharing with all of us lonely people who have no families the wonderful cheer and glow of being with you and your family on this wonderful Christmas show."

This, indeed, was my finest Christmas—the one my family and I were privileged to spend with many, many lonely strangers.

★ SOPHIA LOREN

CHRISTMAS of 1944 in Italy will always be bright in my memory, although I was only nine.

We were very poor and food had been scarce in our household for months. My sister Maria, my mother, and I had no prospect of any sort of a Christmas celebration.

Suddenly a group of American GI's arrived at the door.

They were loaded down with canned food, candy, presents for all—and, best of everything, one of them spoke Italian.

Instead of making us feel like a charity case, he said, "We are lonesome for some family celebrating today. Will you share your Christmas with us?" Would we!

What a wonderful time we had. No one spoke of war—we laughed and sang and made gluttons of ourselves.

I remember one of the boys was from Texas.

He taught me to pronounce it and laughed when I called it Taxes.

He was a wonderful dancer, I remember, and taught us all, even my mother, to do something called the Charleston!



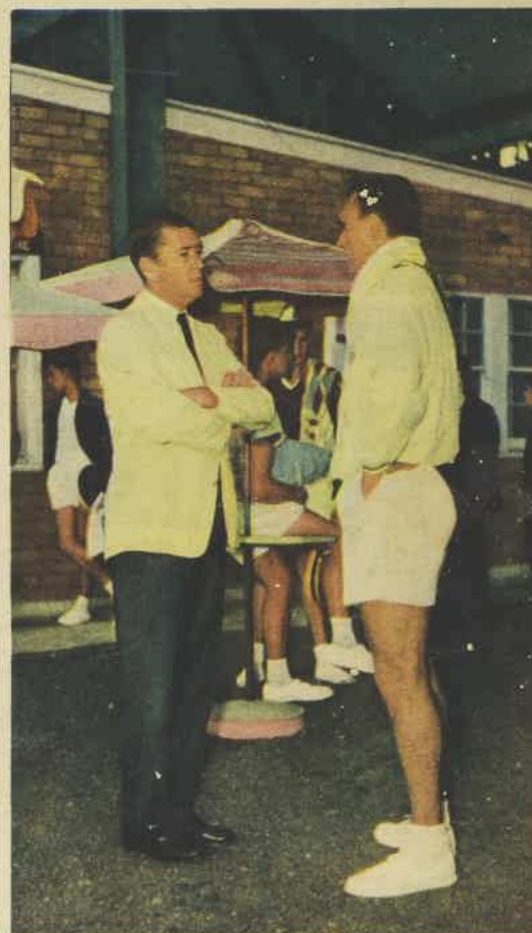
DAVIS CUP: *America v. Australia*



THE "OLD GUARD." Gardner Mulloy (44, left) and Herb Flam (28) are members of the U.S. team's so-called old guard. Mulloy, who won this year's Wimbledon doubles with fellow American Budge Patty, is the oldest player in any of the Cup squads which competed this year. He last visited Australia with America's winning Cup team in 1946.



AMERICA IN ACTION. Vic Seixas, 34, veteran member of the U.S. Davis Cup squad. He has come to Australia with each visiting American Cup team since 1951.



NON-PLAYING CAPTAIN of the U.S. Cup squad Bill Talbert (left) with Vic Seixas, who plans to take up a job with a U.S. underwriting firm when he goes home.



ABOVE: Neale Fraser, 24 (left), and Mal Anderson, 22, are both new to Davis Cup tennis. Anderson is the present holder of the U.S. national singles crown; Fraser has never won a major title. In October Anderson married Daphne Emerson, whose brother, Roy, is another member of Australia's current Davis Cup squad.



ASHLEY COOPER, 21, is seeded Australia's No. 1 player. He is the Australian singles champion, and was runner-up at Wimbledon and in the U.S. national title.



RIGHT: Australia's non-playing captain, Harry Hopman (centre), with the squad's two left-handers, Neale Fraser (left) and Mervyn Rose. Rose is the one member of Australia's team who has played before in a Davis Cup; he is acknowledged as one of the best doubles players in the world today.

Youth and the 'old guard' in U.S. Cup team

● The final selection of the U.S. Davis Cup team — Seixas, Mulloy, Mackay, and Holmberg — ended a series of see-saw announcements from America's non-playing captain, Bill Talbert.

It also ended speculation from Australian tennis enthusiasts about the possible inclusion of the U.S. team's "enigma," Herb Flam.

Flam, 28, represented America in the Inter-Zone Final against Belgium.

But a doctor pronounced him unfit for play in the Challenge Round in Melbourne, on December 26, 27, and 28.

The team, as it stands, is a combination of the "old guard" and youth.

Gardner Mulloy, 44, and 34-year-old Vic Seixas are the seasoned members of the team.

Mulloy, with Budge Patty, is the 1957 Wimbledon doubles champion.

He describes his doubles form as "quite good" and originally came to Australia to partner Seixas in the doubles.

But with that combination's failure against Belgium, even that is doubtful.

Captain Talbert does not have to announce his doubles pair till the eve of the match on December 27, and some critics predict he will pair Seixas and Mackay.

Seixas is the veteran Cup member of the squad. This is his sixth visit to Australia; the only winning trip was in 1954.

As far as Australia is concerned, Seixas is the Melba of the tennis world. He has said "goodbye" on his past few trips, and announced his retirement.

But this time it is reported to be true. Seixas has accepted a job with an American underwriting firm, and plans to take examinations to become a licensed broker.

From Mulloy and Seixas, there is a big age gap to the two babies of the team: Barry Mackay, 22, and Ron Holmberg, 19.

Mackay is possibly the second-string singles player. Captain Talbert says his game is "sheer power," and he compares him with another American now turned professional, Tony Trabert.

Experts say they can see an improvement in Mackay's game since he has been in Australia.

Mackay is an honors graduate in economics from the University of Michigan.

Holmberg's tennis career began when he was four, and his father gave him a junior-style racquet.

The career had a boost when he represented America, with Mackay, in the Davis Cup doubles against Canada last year. Mackay and Holmberg won. The same year, Holmberg won the Wimbledon junior singles title.

Preparations

Australia's responsibility as holder of the Davis Cup has kept 48 people working nearly 12 months to ensure the smooth running of this year's Challenge Round.

Divided into a small central committee and seven sub-

committees, they have organised entertainment, finance, grounds, stands, tickets, publicity, and, of course, the matches.

Seating accommodation for spectators was one of the organisers' biggest problems.

They have planned for a record Kooyong attendance of more than 20,500 people.

This is 3000 more than attended the previous Cup series at Kooyong, in 1953.

A temporary stand to hold 8000 people has been erected and this will give Kooyong — already Australia's largest

tennis stadium — a greater seating capacity than Wimbledon or Forest Hills.

Before being passed for use, the stand will be thoroughly tested for safety by Department of Health officials, the local district engineer, the L.T.A.A.'s consulting engineer, and the builders.

Five hundred girls applied for jobs as usherettes during the matches, and a panel of men and women selected 160 for training.

All in the 16-20 age group, they have been fitted with uniform dresses in a practical

design which can be washed and dried overnight.

The girls receive no payment, but will have a grandstand view of the matches, and they may keep their frocks.

They are being coached in speech, deportment, make-up, and in co-operating with police, St. John Ambulance Brigade, and the Davis Cup information bureau.

From 300 teenage applicants the match committee has chosen 32 ball boys; and 75 doormen have been engaged from the Corps of Commissionaires.

Among the 30 umpires — 15 are needed for each match — there will be one or two from every other State. This is a courtesy move on the part of the Victorian organisers.

On Christmas Day the heavily embossed silver Davis Cup, tray, and plinth will be taken from its bank vault to Kooyong by armored car for the "draw," and again on each of the three days of play.

Annual polish

It takes an hour, some ordinary silver polish, a soft rag, and plenty of energy to bring the Cup, its tray, and plinth up to match appearance form after a year in the vault.

The Cup was first presented as a perpetual trophy for world tennis by an American, Dwight Davis, in 1900.

Since then, America has won it 18 times, Australia 7.

The Cup has been covered with names of winning teams since 1921. The large circular tray it stands on was covered by 1934, and the eight-inch-high plinth that holds the tray has few vacancies.

"But there is room on it for Challenge Round results to 1965," Mr. Donald M. Ferguson, president of the L.T.A.A., said.

At Kooyong, the Cup — insured for £4000 — will be guarded by umpires.



BARRY MACKAY (above) is a 6ft. 4in. giant whose game is described as "sheer power" and compared to the style of professional Tony Trabert.

SELECTING a place on the plinth for this year's inscription are L.T.A.A. president D. M. Ferguson (right) and L.T.A.V. president R. N. Vroland.



RON HOLMBERG, youngest member of the U.S. Davis Cup team, is Wimbledon junior singles champion.

THE experts who say that the role of TV is up to parents are Americans, who spread their investigations over the ten years they've had TV there.

The worst effect of TV, described delightfully by one American medical sage as "an electronic Pled Piper," indicates that it may blunt a child's sensitivity to human suffering.

But the children thus affected are maladjusted emotionally — potential delinquents whose constant viewing of crime and episodes of violence brings their delinquency to the surface.

Its best effect is a tremendous improvement in vocabulary, an increase in reading, and an awakened interest in science, foreign lands, and culture, and the satisfaction to be found in books.

Greatest surprise in the TV findings is that children — and their parents, too — read more than ever they did before TV.

Adult hard-covered book sales have risen in America's 10 TV years from 115,000,000 a year to round 144,000,000 and children's book sales have risen even more than this.

Health is unaffected by tele-viewing, and so is schoolwork. Extensive surveys done by

TELEVISION PARADE

● What is happening to your child since you bought your TV set? Does it affect his health, his school work, his reading, his recreation? Experts say that TV can be either a social evil or an asset, depending on parental guidance.

American school-teachers are summed up in the remark of one teacher:

"With or without television, good students tend to remain good; poor students stay poor."

The Australian picture seems to be much the same.

"Television has been an education for our children — a built-in babysitter and storyteller," Mrs. H. C. Gramer, an Australian doctor's wife, says.

"TV teaches them quickly what it would take months of reading to accomplish."

"My own youngsters, six and four and a half, have learned to sing and developed rhythm as they dance with the Mickey Mouse Club."

"Their vocabulary has increased, while their general knowledge often amazes me. They treat their story books with a new respect as they look through them to rediscover something they have seen on TV."

"Many parents feel that TV would bring homework problems with school-age children."

"My own children are still too young for me to have had this problem, but before TV we had comics and radio, and the child who is disinclined to study will find temptation in many things."

Dr. Paul Witty, director of an American psycho-educational clinic, writes in "To-

By
NAN MUSGROVE

day's Health": "Our studies suggest that children's strong interest in TV may be a liability or an asset."

"Let people stop deploring and over-emphasising the ill-effects of televiewing."

"Let adults work together to give the guidance and encouragement needed to derive the greatest benefit from chil-

dren's newest and best-loved recreation."

NEW Australians nostalgic for the Christmas of their homeland can join in a traditional Christmas celebration in a series of special Christmas programmes shown in the Mickey Mouse Club.

Each night of Christmas week, from December 23 to 27 in the Mickey Mouse Show, they may see their people celebrating the Christmas festival.

Countries featured this week are Holland, Sweden, Switzerland, Italy, and Denmark, and the films are little gems.

"LIP-SYNCH" is the latest piece of TV jargon I have to offer. It's short for "lip-synchronisation," which is what people have to do when a soundtrack is dubbed on to a film and lip movements have

to be synchronised with sound.

Patti Page is, according to the experts, the tops in this field. (Watch her in the Patti Page Show, TCN, Channel 9, 7.15 p.m. Mondays.)

When the show is filmed, all the dialogue spoken by Patti and the cast is recorded, but Patti dubs the songs by a new recording process specially devised for her.

The secret is a series of "bleeps" inserted on the recording by an engineer in the control booth as she records each tune. Four bleeps are carefully inserted into each song at spots chosen rhythmically, so that they don't interfere with Patti's lip movements when she breathes.

When the recording is played back during the actual filming, the bleeps on the record electronically touch off a flash of light.

The film editor sits down to integrate the film with the soundtrack, and the combination of bleeps and flashes allows him to synchronise exactly the lyrics with her lip movements. Of course the bleep and the flash are cut out of the finished film.

Like me you no doubt wonder why go to all this trouble? Well, the method provides the finest sound quality yet evolved for 35 millimetre filming.

Treasure under the floorboards

● Here is the first story of the strange historical finds which Miss Dorothy Wentworth's trustees made at her home in Wentworth Road, Vaucluse, N.S.W.

MISS WENTWORTH was the only granddaughter of that famous early Australian William Charles Wentworth.

She was also the first student at the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Rose Bay, Sydney, and the only Australian woman visitor to Japan ever to be tattooed—with a blue butterfly on her arm.

Before she died more than a year ago at 83 her trustees asked her whether she owned any letters, documents, jewellery, or anything else of historical value.

"Not a thing," she said in her bluntly disconcerting way, the cigarette in her mouth flapping ash into her lap.

The trustees accepted this statement, but with reservations.

They knew Miss Wentworth had inherited from her mother practically the entire contents of Vaucluse House — silver, china, antiques, and the rest.

They knew she was an eccentric recluse who lived most of the time alone in a house so packed with family treasures that it resembled a huge, untidy antique shop.

Her stories

They also knew that, although she had once told a family member that she had burnt documents and had told a historian she had dumped documents into the harbor, there was no way of knowing if this was true.

Miss Wentworth was many things — unconventional, highly intelligent, extremely kind — but she was also charmingly unpredictable.

The trustees had the added knowledge, based on positive family information, that one piece of furniture, an escritoire (small writing bureau), contained a secret drawer, though nobody knew where the drawer was or how to open it.

When Miss Wentworth died in July, 1956, the work of the trustees really began.

In addition to the general contents of the house, which included more than 500 pieces of china and porcelain (early Dresden, Wedgwood, Chinese), small amounts of money, jewellery, and other valuable or worthless bits and pieces were hidden in the 10 rooms.

Practically every room had a deliberately loosened floorboard under which something was hidden or had been hidden at some time by the amount of tissue and other wrapping paper that was found.



DOROTHY WENTWORTH,
an early portrait.

Working with the enthusiasm of second-class burglars, the trustees searched every crack in the house, tapped walls, looked under floors, examined every place they tried to imagine Miss Wentworth might have hidden things.

The escritoire was a problem. They pressed, tapped, pushed until finally they found that the way to the secret door was a secret panel near the floor.

The secret drawer contained jewellery, some of which the family had never seen, but one of the finest pieces was a gold-and-blue enamel fob watch, set with diamonds, which had been made in Paris, probably by the court jeweller to the Russian Czars, Fauberge.

Among the hundreds of drawers the trustees opened was one which held something the family didn't know existed, and couldn't explain how it came to be owned by a Protestant family.

This was a Cardinal's surplice in Venetian point lace with ruffles at the sleeves.

Roman Catholic authorities who have seen the surplice confirm that it is a Cardinal's and say that it is so old that it may date to pre-Reformation times. The ruffled sleeves alone are a feature which Cardinals have not worn for hundreds of years.

Furniture in the house included the "Constitution Table" at which the Constitution Bill, which gave New South Wales responsible government, was drafted, and 14 stiff-backed chairs with hand-tooled gold leather.

The Wentworths have long believed that William Charles

Wentworth contributed more than £30,000 to help finance Giuseppe Garibaldi's rebellion in Italy, and that in return the Italian Liberator presented him with marbles from Pompeii (now at Vaucluse House) and 14 chairs from the Doge's Palace in Venice.

Another story, from a source outside the family, is that the chairs are not Italian, but may be 18th-century German.

Whatever the explanation, W. C. Wentworth thought so highly of them that he would never let anyone sit on them.

The chairs are now for sale and can be seen at a city store art gallery.

One of the curious things about Miss Wentworth was her almost morbid preoccupation with the past, her constant awareness of the "sins" of the early days of convict Australia, her knowledge of skeletons in many an Australian family cupboard.

Because of this, because she left no personal records — no letters, documents, diaries — her trustees were particularly suspicious. They felt certain there must be historical papers of some kind in the house and did their best to find them.

Eventually, at the bottom of a small, dusty cupboard in an upstairs room, they found a 19th-century attache case packed with letters and documents.

But the first thing they saw when they opened the case was a wooden seal, about an inch and a half across, which turned out to be the personal seal of Admiral Lord Nelson. The seal was made from oak from one of his ships.

The attache case contained old letters of no importance, but scattered among them were 28 letters and documents of historical value — letters from Governor Lachlan Macquarie, Governor King, Captain Piper, Dr. Land, Dr. Redfern, and others, and a satire on a well-known Australian family written by W. C. Wentworth. The satire has never been published — and won't be.

According to Mr. M. H. Ellis, biographer of Macquarie and Macarthur, who is at present writing a biography of W. C. Wentworth, these latest Wentworth letters are not an historical find, but they do help fill in a few more holes in the picture of early Sydney.

The letters, among many other things, tell that the salary of D'Arcy Wentworth (father of W. C. Wentworth), as Principal Surgeon in the Colony, was £365 a year in 1817; that a man was paid £8/11/6 for clearing the stumps from nearly five acres of the Sydney Domain; that Governor King offered a reward of three suits of slops

LOUIS XV FAN of carved mother-of-pearl and hand-painted chicken skin. Nobody knows how long it has been with the Wentworths.



MRS. ALAN WEEKES (she was Miss Joan Wentworth) with some of the family collection. She is holding a piece of Royal Worcester.

and a two-month exemption from public work for the capture "dead or alive" of three escaped convicts.

But the most interesting letters concern Mrs. Macquarie's repeated pregnancies and the race meeting in the Domain when everyone got drunk.

The meeting, in 1816, must have been a beauty, because Governor Macquarie the next day banned racing and confined all soldiers to barracks.

Soldiers fought civilians, a bookie probably welshed, there were brawls all over the place, and a riot started.

Mrs. Macquarie, whose repeated miscarriages were the talk of early Sydney, was having young Lachlan in 1814 and was being attended by two doctors, Drs. D'Arcy Wentworth and Redfern, but refused to see them together, as Governor Macquarie's letter to D'Arcy Wentworth shows:

"Call alone"

"From some foolish mistaken delicacy, I find Mrs. M. is unwilling to talk to you and Dr. Redfern when together, although willing and even desirous of consulting with you singly on the present state of her health; and she appears anxious to have her first consulting with you alone. When, therefore, you have the leisure to give her a call (unattended by Dr. Redfern) any day after the present one, she will be happy to see and talk to you."

It's not recorded how the two doctors got on when the time came for young Lachlan to be born, but born he was, despite Mrs. Macquarie's constant "spasms," as another letter records.

Thirty-odd years later this same young Lachlan, of the Scots Greys, got drunk, fell down a stairway, and broke his neck.



HAND-TOOLED gold leather chair, one of 14 believed to have been presented to W. C. Wentworth by Garibaldi. **CARDINAL'S** surplice (below), made from Venetian point lace, is so old that it may be pre-Reformation.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 1, 1958

Helen (17) is head of house

By ANNE BRADLEY, staff reporter

● All the bruised knees, sore fingers, and tears of a small girl and a small boy of Guildford, N.S.W., are being soothed these days not by their mother but by their 17-year-old sister, Helen.

WHEN five-year-old Diddy, christened Allen, and eight-year-old June Kreymborg return home from school or from "doing a message," they run into the house to tell Helen all about it.

Helen has been head of the Kreymborg family since June, when her mother, who is separated from her husband, was severely burned.

She will continue to be "mother" to her 15-year-old sister Pat and June and Allen until about Easter, when Mrs. Kreymborg, a patient in St. Joseph's Hospital, Auburn, hopes to be home again.

"Mum's accident happened so suddenly," Helen said. "We had all been to the pictures and when we got home Mum started to carry the kerosene heater from one room to another. Her dress caught alight and in an instant the flames were all over her."

"It would have been worse but for my boy-friend. He grabbed a blanket, smothered Mum in it, and put the flames out that way."

Stay together

After Mrs. Kreymborg had been taken to hospital the Child Welfare Department wanted to board out Helen and Pat, and put the two youngest in an institution.

"We all would have hated that," said Helen emphatically. "We are a family and we wanted to stay together in our own home."

"We had a conference around the table and decided what to do. I was working then, in a factory, and Pat had just left school. We decided that I'd be the house-keeper and that Pat would get a job to be the breadwinner. She's learning to be a book-binder."

"I'd done a bit of cooking at school a few years before, but hadn't done any at home. But I'm learning all the time, and everyone eats what I cook. That's the main thing. Of course, we just have plain things, nothing fancy."

The Child Welfare Department agreed to let the young people try to manage for themselves, and an officer visits them about once a fortnight to see that all is well.

If the officer finds the house as spotless as I did, and June and Diddy happily eating their after-school fruit, there should be no



ABOVE: "Stand-in mother" Helen Kreymborg makes sure that Allen and June are tidy for school—a daily check she will resume after the holidays.

LEFT: Allen, nicknamed Diddy, watches carefully as June mends his sock. The Kreymborg children decide family problems round the table in the dining-room.



doubt about the capabilities of the 17-year-old in charge.

Helen was wearing a floral skirt and crisply ironed white shirt. Her attractive, dusted-with-freckles face welcomed us with a wide smile as she invited us inside.

Weekend plan

The living-room had masses of fresh leaves and flowers on the hearth and on the mantelpiece, and the floral curtains smelt of sunlight and starch.

The linoleum in the dining-room and kitchen was polished to a soft gloss, and the cream kitchen gleamed.

Most family problems are discussed around the dining-room table. There the four children decide on a plan for their weekends, so that Pat and Helen have equal leisure.

"We take it in turns at weekends to look after the two young ones," said Helen.

"When it's Pat's turn, she can take them with her if she goes out, or she can stay home with them, but I can go out with my boy-friend. When it's my turn to have them, they come out with us, and Pat is free to go to the beach with her girl-friends."

Helen thinks that housework is boring. "It's the same thing day after day," she said, "and you've got too much time on your hands."

"I don't mind any of the work," she said, "except washing. Gee, I hate washing! It might even put me off getting married."

Naturally there are family squabbles. The youngsters of the Kreymborg family bicker

and make up; occasionally they dispute Helen's authority. Helen thinks she should get more help from Pat; Pat counters by saying Helen should launder her clothes.

But these are little things. In the big things—such as their decision to stay together—there is no dissension. Despite their youth they all have a strong sense of family pride and duty, and the thought of turning to strangers was not their solution.

Good manager

They visit their mother in hospital every night, and tell her all about their day's activities.

"They're all wonderful kids," Mrs. Kreymborg said, "and Helen's a real little manager. They're getting along very well without me."

This will be the first Christmas the family have spent apart, and each is a little upset about it.

"I won't be telling Helen how to cook a Christmas pudding—we always use a tinned one—but she'll be putting the threepences in it in my place," Mrs. Kreymborg said wistfully.

All four young people are looking forward to having their mother home, and being children again. Meantime, they are bearing their adult burdens with extraordinary skill and courage.

BUSHFIRE DEFENCES

● Our editorial about bushfires in the December 12 issue provoked a letter from Mrs. N. H. Langdon, of "Hillside," Molong, N.S.W., stating the case for the people of the State's Central West. We thought the letter should be given prominence. It is printed below.

WE feel you are doing a great injustice to the average country-dweller, who by no means forgets bushfires from one summer to the next, nor does he neglect to prepare for such emergencies.

But, because of carelessness—often by town and city people—and other, accidental, causes, many fires are unavoidable.

In this area—and I have no reason to believe that we are different from other parts of the country—preparations begin in the early spring.

Fire-breaks are ploughed around properties and in danger areas within the properties, such as along railway-lines and near the hills.

Some hills, however, are almost inaccessible, except on foot, and the clearing of them would entail the work of a team of men working full-time.

The only way to clear such danger-spots would be to burn them out, and this could be done only in winter, when frosts make everything too damp to burn, anyway.

Though these spots are isolated, they can still throw out fire into the open country. Earlier this year, warm ash from a bad hill-fire fell in the gardens of Molong, 15 miles away.

Most years the railway-line is "broken" and burnt by fencers, but, as they didn't do that last year, local bushfire brigades burned the line from Parkes to Molong.

They worked day and night to remove the hazard, and had to look after their own properties at the same time.

When you consider that these brigades consist of all farmers in the area, do you think it is right to say that no precautions are taken?

We who live along the railway-lines are doubly aware of the dangers.

Of eight fires which occurred last summer in this brigade's area, five were started by locomotives.

It is said that arrestors make it impossible for engines to start fires, but you have only to live against the line to know this is a fallacy.

Night and day during the summer we have to watch after every train and, especially during the wheat-trucking season, this is very exhausting.

Even our children get the habit of watching the horizon after trains have passed through, and, believe me,

this does not easily pass from our minds during the winter.

Every spring, too, the bushfire brigades meet to decide how best to handle things in the coming season.

They assess likely danger-points (every season differs from the last).

All fire-fighting equipment is checked, and any necessary additions and replacements made. These men work voluntarily and without payment.

They are, of course, covered by insurance, and are provided with meals if fighting the whole day or night.

But they use their own vehicles, petrol, and often their own fighting equipment.

Is this apathy, or unpreparedness?

They will, of course, fight anywhere they are needed, not just in their own section, though in dangerous weather a skeleton brigade is left in each area in case of a local "blow-up."

To give you an idea of the lack of "apathy and forgetfulness," the first fire in this area last year brought the following results:

My husband saw the smoke on a neighbor's place, and rang me. I immediately rang the exchange and gave them a list of numbers to call.

Within minutes of the smoke being sighted, men and equipment went into action against the fire.

This was due largely to the fact that most of the men keep their vehicles loaded with full tanks of water each summer when the vehicles are not in use for something else.

My husband came home from this fire badly scorched.

Regarding local authorities, our council is most co-operative about providing all possible material for fire-fighting, and its staff take all possible preventive measures.

Apart from railway locomotives and, of course, lighting, careless humans are our worst fire-hazards.

We have many times seen cigarette butts and matches thrown from cars—even a bit of grass blowing across one of these will set the countryside alight in windy, hot weather.

And picnickers, on a windy day, boiling the billy—our farmers would rather drink cold water than take this risk.

I cannot close without mentioning the work of the girls on the telephone exchange. Without them, many fires would have become much more serious.



WEDDING GROUP. Mrs. Michael Matthews (formerly Wendy Lloyd Jones) bends down to speak to Susan Matthews, who was flowergirl at her wedding at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. Mike is the son of the Bill Matthews', of Parkes. The other attendants are (from left) Murray Cole, Ross Stanford, Ian Curlewis, and bridesmaids Caroline Clark, Pam Macarthur-Onslow, and Diana Pitt. The bride is the only daughter of Mrs. Patricia Lloyd Jones, of Darling Point, and Mr. P. Lloyd Jones.



TO LIVE IN CANADA. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Dwyer leave the Star of the Sea Church, Watson's Bay. Mrs. Dwyer was Judith Henderson, daughter of the Cedric Hendersons, and with her husband will leave in January for Vancouver.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

AN informal Christmas at the beach seems to be an ideal way of celebrating the festive season in hot, midsummer weather, and lots of people will be sitting down to their Christmas dinner after spending the morning on the beach.

Among the regulars at Palm Beach will be the Bruce McWilliams and Jan, Peter, and Bruce, who plan to stay on for at least six weeks, the Alan Copelands and daughter Caroline, Dr. and Mrs. Reg Bettington, who will be over from New Zealand with 12-year-old Victoria. Mrs. Sep Levy will celebrate Christmas with her son Pat and his wife, Pearl, at their Palm Beach home.

Farther north at Terrigal, Pam and Peter Macgrath and their three daughters, Sally, Susan, and Penelope, will stay with her parents, the Ken Humphries, of Muswellbrook, and from Singleton will come the Stuart Bowmans, their son Mick, and his lovely wife, Wendy.

AN all-white wedding has been chosen for pretty blonde Judy Ann Clark, who marries popular Bain Bennet at St. Michael's, Vaucluse, this evening, December 23. Judy will have three bridesmaids—her sister Jill, Robin Kelsa, and Francis Gibson, of Forbes—and the groom will be attended by Graham Nock, David Brockhoff, and Hugh Vallance.

FASHION notes at the opening of "The Chalk Garden" . . . suntanned Mrs. John Scott Wayne wore an elegant sheath of navy-blue lace and pinned an enormous full-blown cabbage rose at the V neckline . . . Mrs. Darcy Ryan chose white delustrated satin for her draped sheath with a wide collar tied at the back.

AFTER spending three weeks holidaying on the beach in Sydney, the Alan Buttenshaws, of "Coniston," West Wyalong, are returning home with their three-year-old son, Andrew, and daughter, Melanie, who was born recently at King George V. Mrs. Buttenshaw was formerly Rosemary Bedkofer.

NEWLYWEDS Jim Ferguson and his bride, the former Morna McPhail, of Randwick, are now holidaying in Tasmania and will live at Hunter's Hill when they return to Sydney.

POPULAR stage couple Roger Livesey and his charming wife, Ursula Jeans, gave a wonderful luncheon party at Glen Ascham before they left for Melbourne to play in "The Great Sebastians." Among the guests were Mrs. Gregory Blaxland, Mrs. Alan Copeland, and Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere catching all eyes in a dress of vivid scarlet.

TO England through Italy, Switzerland, and France is the schedule ahead of Michael and Judy White, who leave Sydney by air on January 3. Michael will be one of the judges at the Aberdeen-Angus show at Perth, Scotland, in February.

THEY'RE engaged . . . pretty Dimity George, younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. F. L. George, of Double Bay, to Tony Perry, son of the A. W. Perrys, of Point Piper.



FROM ENGLAND. Mr. and Mrs. John Keeling, here on a three months' visit to Mrs. Keeling's parents, the John Stantons, of Bellevue Hill, at a pre-Christmas party given by the Stantons to welcome Robin and John.



HAPPY COUPLE. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Marsden leave St. Swithun's Church, Pymble, with bridesmaids Johanna Bishop and Judy Woodward (right). Mrs. Marsden was formerly Robin Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Brown, of Castlecrag. Reception was at "Girraween," Killara.



FIRST-NIGHTERS. Caroline Niabet and Robert Albert were in the enthusiastic audience at the Theatre Royal for the opening performance of "The Chalk Garden."



ABOVE: St. Nicholas (J. W. Goedegebuure) and his five Black Peters, all Dutch New Australians, arrive at the Methodist Hall, Launceston, for the children's big party.

Bad children get the sack



● Crowds in Launceston, Tasmania, watched the Dutch procession of St. Nicholas and his five Black Peters, who give presents to good children and take the bad ones away in sacks.

ORGANISED by the Dutch-Australian Association, the 1500-year-old St. Nicholas celebration opened the Christmas festive season.

Dutch legend has it that St. Nicholas was a very rich Spanish bishop, who, on his birthday, December 5, presented gifts to children and grown-ups.

In Amsterdam each year, St. Nicholas and his five Black Peters arrive from Spain by special steamer.

Queen Juliana and her four daughters are often among the thousands who welcome St. Nicholas.

Children, before they go to bed, place one of their shoes in front of the fireplace.

They believe that St. Nicholas

rides over the roofs of the houses on his white horse and listens at each chimney-top to hear whether a child has been good during the year.

If he is satisfied, he sends one of his Black Peters down the chimney to put a present in the child's shoe.

Only boys and girls with guilty consciences expect to disappear in the sacks.

In Launceston, St. Nicholas and his five Black Peters arrived at the Town Pier by special boat.

He was welcomed on behalf of the citizens by the chairman of the Dutch-Australian Association, Mr. W. Veldhuis.

At the Town Hall, St. Nicholas was welcomed by the Mayor of Launceston, Mrs. Dorothy Edwards.

He had a gift from Holland for her—a vase made in Gouda, world-famous for pottery and pipes.

Children with sparkling eyes followed St. Nicholas, and some with fearful faces watched the Black Peters.

LEFT: Two-year-old Robbie Van Riel must have been a good boy, because a Black Peter is giving him some sweets. If he had been bad, a Black Peter would have taken him away in a sack.

'HE'S SAVED ALMOST AS MANY LIVES AS PENICILLIN'

The story of an American teacher-surgeon whose name is famous in medicine for a major advance in abdominal surgery

THIS is the story of Dr. Wangenstein, frustrated farmer who never wanted to be a doctor but who became a distinguished teacher-surgeon. After 40 years, he is afraid to buy a farm for fear of deserting surgery for pigs and poultry.

There is a softness, a gentleness about him which reminds you of the old family doctor when you were a sick kid.

It's all mixed up with "old-fashioned" words like healer and dedication—something you recognise but can't adequately explain.

But even after five minutes' talk with this man you know he is both skilled and wise, and that wisdom has taught him tolerance and humility.

Dr. Owen Wangenstein has been Professor of Surgery at the University of Minnesota at Minneapolis, U.S.A., for the past 27 years, and is, among other things, one of the most noted surgeons, particularly in cancer surgery, in the Americas.

That is why the Post-graduate Committee in Medicine and the Cancer Council of New South Wales brought him to Australia as their guest to lecture in Sydney and Melbourne.

He is small, grey-haired, even-featured, with typical sea-water-blue eyes which gave away his racial origin the moment he smiled over his glasses and held out his hand.

He is only a second-generation American citizen. His Norwegian ancestry on both sides goes back so many generations that he has lost count, although his family traces direct to the year 1000, when his Viking pirate ancestors were proud of the name of "Stony Cheek."

Even his name of Owen is an Anglicisation of his father's Norwegian name, Ove. Although he says his family

was not particularly distinguished, a Wangenstein was sufficiently learned to translate the medical works of Leonardo da Vinci from the Latin into Italian, French, German, and English. On his mother's side Gerhard Armauer Hansen, of Bergen, was the discoverer of the leprosy bacillus.

So that medicine is in Dr. Wangenstein's blood, even though he long resisted becoming a doctor.

By

RONALD McKIE

His migrant father was first a small businessman, then a successful farmer at Lake Park, in Minnesota's wheat area, where Owen was born 59 years ago.

But one spring when Owen was about 14 the Wangenstein pigs caught distemper and their 50 sows could not farrow.

"You'll have to destroy them all," the vet said.

Young Owen wouldn't hear of it. He took three weeks off from school and personally delivered every piglet.

His father was so amazed, proud, and grateful—those piglets represented a lot of money—that he said, "Anyone who can save 50 litters on his own deserves encouragement. You're going to be a doctor."

"I don't want to be a doctor," the boy said, "I want to be a farmer."

When the time came, Owen was packed off to the medical school in Minneapolis—still protesting.

While still a student, he served in the U.S. Military Corps in World War I, and eventually graduated as a doctor in 1921.

He was a Fellow in Surgery at the Mayo Clinic in 1924, spent 1927-1928 at the Kocher Clinic in Switzerland, in Germany, and in England, and became Professor

of Surgery at Minneapolis in 1931 when the medical school there was practically unknown.

The name Wangenstein, however, soon became known throughout the medical world.

In the same year he invented his gastro-intestinal syphonage apparatus (commonly called the Wangenstein suction apparatus) for the relief of intestinal distention and blockage during and after surgery.

"It sucks gas and fluid from the stomach and has simplified surgery and convalescence," Dr. Wangenstein told me. "Yes, it is used world-wide."

"Its value is that it prevents post-operative pneumonia, distention, and other problems, and makes it possible to discharge patients seven or eight days after major operations."

A doctor had told me that the Wangenstein apparatus had saved almost as many lives as penicillin. I asked Dr. Wangenstein if this were true.

He smiled and said: "Kind friends say that it has saved many lives during and after operations. Let's leave it at that."

Dr. Wangenstein has devoted nearly a lifetime to surgery, to new techniques, to the extension of medical knowledge through research, and to teaching.

"Surgery is so personal, so intimate," he says, "and its responsibilities are so great and its rewards in human gratitude so moving, that no surgeon can feel anything but humble."

"But the most important thing is the opportunity surgery gives to contribute to new techniques and to enlarge medical knowledge in the service of man."

Cancer work

Although he is interested in all forms of surgery, he has concentrated largely on stomach-cancer surgery.



DR. OWEN WANGENSTEEN

Cancer is something he will talk about for hours. His constantly recurring theme is the urgent need to improve diagnostic methods and to perfect some simple test that will detect cancer in its earliest stages.

As he says: "If cancer could be detected in its silent stage—within the first two years—we would be able to cure 50 per cent. of all cases by surgery."

"With cancer of the breast, stomach, colon, and rectum, the cure rate would be around 80 per cent."

"The tragedy, however, is that about two-thirds of all cancers have already spread when they are discovered."

"In the past there has been much apathy among American doctors, and elsewhere, towards cancer. Surgeons, particularly, have gravitated to more medically dramatic and rewarding work like heart surgery."

"But this will change with the development of detection centres and the long-hoped-for organ scrutiny tests for cancer."

"At our clinic at the University of Minnesota we have examined 7000 people since 1948. Two per cent. had cancer in the silent stage and we have been able to cure most of them."

"I'm positive that if pilot clinics, which could undertake mass surveys, were opened in Australia the tremendous latent concern about cancer would be stimulated, vital research would be pushed ahead, and many people with early cancer would be discovered and cured."

Find the cause

Dr. Wangenstein thinks that much present cancer treatment is "on the wrong side of the woodpile."

He says: "Diagnosis is more important than anything else. It is much more important at present than finding the cause or causes of cancer."

"We have great hopes of detection with radio-active iron."

"You inject iron into a vein, and if iron traces

eventually appear in the stool, there is a leak in the intestinal canal, and that leak may be cancer."

"We're working on this technique, but the positive means of detection may be at this moment on a chemist's shelf."

"It may be a dye which, if injected, would pinpoint cancer anywhere in the body."

"A simple foolproof method of detection—that's what is most urgently needed. Once we get that, cancer will no longer be the great killer."

Dr. Wangenstein is not only a great surgeon but a passionate enthusiast who believes that the "teacher affects eternity."

He gets up every day at 4 a.m., dictates letters, writes, reads medical journals, studies, and by 8 a.m. is at his medical school, where he operates on three or four days a week.

While running a huge department (which includes 60 resident surgeons) at the University of Minnesota hospitals, he still finds time to read six books a week—particularly essays, biographies, and classical literature.

And still, at the back of his alert, well-stocked mind, is a nagging urge to return to the land.

"I would love to have a farm," he said, blue eyes flickering with humor, "but I'm afraid that if I went back to the land it would mean deserting surgery and teaching."

"And yet . . . You see, I'm still a farmboy at heart."

SCIENCE FACTS—

"SHOOTING STARS"

COUNTLESS millions of meteors, or "shooting stars," which dive into the earth's atmosphere every day at 100,000 m.p.h. are particles of rock or metal (mostly iron) from outer space.

Only the largest and smallest get through to earth. The others vaporise (and glow at night) through friction with the atmosphere about 50 miles above the earth.

The smallest meteors are minute dust particles from space, yet thousands of tons (average 5lb. to 10lb. a square mile) of this space debris reaches the earth—even lands on your new hat—each day.

This debris is gradually adding to the earth's weight, but the daily (or even per century) addition is infinitesimal compared with the earth's weight of 6,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons.

But big meteors, which are fortunately rare, hit the world occasionally at up to 150,000 m.p.h. When they land they are known as meteorites.

Although about half a ton of meteorites land on earth daily, only about 1400 have been found. They are mostly in museums and are named after the town or landmark nearest their landing point.

They weigh from a few pounds up to the 60-ton block called Hoba West (South-West Africa), which is 10ft. square and 3ft. thick.

An even bigger one which landed in Quebec, Canada, unknown centuries ago made a crater more than two miles across. The one which hit Siberia on June 30, 1908, made such a blast that a Trans-Siberian Railway train was almost tossed off the line 400 miles away.

"Normal" meteors vary greatly in numbers. Sometimes there are few "shooting stars" seen. Sometimes, as in 1833 over the Americas, they were "as thick as snowflakes."

These "meteor showers," or "flying gravel banks," may be remnants of exploded planets which circle the sun and through whose orbits the earth sometimes passes.

Well-known meteor showers are the Perseids and the Leonids, which are more than 1,000,000 miles across.

When space debris is in close mass it is a comet which sweeps round the sun in an elliptical orbit.

Although meteor showers like the Perseids can be avoided, a space ship or rocket could easily be wrecked if hit by even a small meteor travelling at 100,000 m.p.h. or more.



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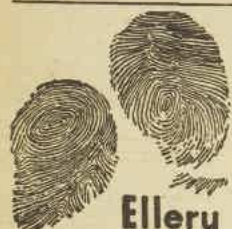
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Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

ON New Year's Eve, 1956, my husband and I resolved to get to know our neighbors. We'd lived in the flat for a year, but beyond exchanging the occasional "Good Morning" or "Good Night," and once receiving a complaint when our youngsters were noisy, we knew nothing of those in the same building. Since making that resolution 12 months have passed. It took time to break down the barrier, but it has been worth it, for we're now surrounded by friends instead of nameless faces. Our resolution for 1958 is to meet New Australians, try to know them better, and make them feel at home in this, their new country.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Irene Smythe, Box 14, P.O., Nunawading, Vic.

I THINK it would be a great inducement to save money if stamp-saving cards were issued. Buying a stamp each week soon mounts up, and cards could be transferred to the bank when filled. This scheme would appeal both to children and to adults, who'd be spared the temptation of breaking into their savings.

10/6 to Mrs. A. Lambert, 58 Riverview Terrace, Mt. Pleasant, W.A.

MY thought for the New Year is the launching of a "Miss Aboriginal Australia Quest," competitors having to be full, three-quarter, or half-caste aborigines. Money raised could benefit these people. Prizes for the winner and place-getters could be trips to other British Commonwealth countries. Here's hoping such a worth-while scheme gets under way.

10/6 to Mrs. A. Harrison, Reservoir Rd., Belgrave, Vic.

WHY doesn't someone organise an annual "Wedding Dress Dance" where past and present brides could again wear their wedding-gowns? What memories it would provide to both husbands and wives, whether recently or long married. I'm sure there are many like myself who paid for expensive and beautiful wedding-dresses, which have been put away in moth-balls after the one wearing.

10/6 to Mrs. H. R. Williams, 18 Boundary Rd., Mortdale, N.S.W.

THIS is the best country in the world, but its people think the world is as it used to be 100 years ago, and tell their children only nice things. I warn mine that there is good and bad everywhere and they must always be ready to face this. If they are told these things in a firm but kind way, I believe children will grow up honest, good, and strong. I don't see how they could develop into good people if they grow up on fairytales. Those stories belong to the past, which never will come back. So, if you love your children and think of their future, tell them the truth. I told my children of the terror I have lived through and I keep telling them how lucky they are to live in this rich and free country.

10/6 to "Former New Australian" (name supplied), Mitcham, S.A.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

HARDLY a day goes by without the age of our Queen appearing in print. To me, this shows a far greater lack of respect than the failure to stand in her presence. Queen Victoria was not subjected to the same indignity, nor was King George VI. Surely the age of a person, Royal or otherwise, should be his or her own private concern.

10/6 to Una G. Prentice, 98 Highland Terrace, St. Lucia, Qld.

THOUGH the demand for scientists is justified in this "Sputnik Age," more than ever we need men trained in social sciences and the knowledge of human nature. We need people trained to guide a young lad to the work which will bring him happiness in something well done; trained to find a job for the man whom automation has robbed of his livelihood; and qualified to teach the subnormal boy and handicapped girl to take their place in the world. We need people with understanding to help the bodgie find something worth while; to advise the husband and wife whose marriage is breaking; to mend the mind warped under the strain of living. Above all, we need those who can help us to understand which things are of ultimate value. We must ask ourselves in this age, as wise men have in the past: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

10/6 to "Joan" (name supplied), Ashgrove, Brisbane.

Family affairs

WHEN he was seven years old, our boy was troubled by insomnia. Night after night he would either be wide awake for hours or have his sleep interrupted by nightmares. This problem was overcome when we gave him a crystal set. He then fell asleep in 10 minutes, and it was a simple matter to remove the headphones without disturbing him. There was no noise from the radio to disturb anyone else, and the boy became so keen that a year later he made a set entirely without help or supervision. It took first prize at a local field day. The idea worked so well that recently I started to use a crystal set fitted with a pillow-phone myself.

£1/1/- to Mr. K. L. Gillespie, Clayton, Vic.

Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

WITH New Year's Eve coming up, the thought struck me: "I suppose I'm going to make another mess of 'Auld Lang Syne'."

I have sung it for years, I'm ashamed to say, without being sure of the words.

To tell the truth I am shaky on the words of most of the good old songs.

I start them all right then tail off—like this: "Tis the last ro-ho-hose of summer doo-doo-doodle-um-te-doo."

In *Auld Lang Syne* I begin strongly with "Should auld acquaintance be forgot."

But I lose confidence at the chorus.

Usually I render it: "For auld lang syne, my boys."

I'm not really sure whether it should be "boys" or "lads." Moreover, there are always women at New Year's Eve parties, so "For auld lang syne, my boys (or lads)" does not seem adequate.

Then comes the ticklish part that goes:

WORDS AND MUSIC

Let's tak a cup of kindness up
For days of auld lang syne.

I have never been happy about the "up." People often seem to be singing something else, like: "Let's take a cup of kindness-ship."

I know there is no such word as "kindness-ship," but occasionally I



mumble something like it, to be in the swim.

I get going again with "Now here's a hand, my trusty friend."

But then I'm in trouble over "And here's a hand of mine."

As I have offered my hand

already, there seems no point in offering it again.

It is so silly that I often just sing: "And here's a hand of mmmmmmmmmmm."

Anyway, I decided not to go through it again this year. So I went and looked up the words of the song.

They were full of surprises. It is not "For auld lang syne, my boys." It's "For auld lang syne, my dear."

The kindness part should be: "We'll tak a cup of kindness yet." As for the hand part I was away off the beam. It goes:

And there's a hand, my trusty fere!

And gie's a hand o' thine!
I've never heard of a fere before, but the book says it is Scotch for "companion."

On New Year's Eve I'm going to give the first correct performance of *Auld Lang Syne* they have heard our way for years.

When I come to the fere part they will probably think I'm showing off.

But I won't care, after taking the cup of kindness up—I mean yet.

The Lost Chapel Picnic

A complete short story

By MARGERY SHARP

FACED with so enormous and complex a subject as the Lost Chapel picnic (six miles each way, on bicycles), one hardly knows where to start. To any member of the Bly family it is like starting to write about the French Revolution, or the United States of America—there is so much to bring in.

Nor can one safely generalise; even the statement that it took place every summer, for instance, at once calls to mind the summers when it didn't, such as 1927 (chicken-pox) and 1940 (Battle of Britain). Only its essential characteristic was constant: the Lost Chapel picnic always took place in rain.

Even for England, it was remarkable. Lost Chapels—an abbreviation also employed in such construction as "to go on a Lost Chapel," or "to go Lost Chapelling"—happened invariably, and only, in August, when we children were home from school and friends stayed holidaying round about; but however brilliant the weather before and after, it always rained for Lost Chapel.

In time this became so notorious that ladies planning garden-parties or vicars organising fetes used to inquire of my aunt in advance what date had been fixed, to avoid it. Theoretically, of course, it should have been possible to wait for a really fine afternoon, fling together sufficient provisions, and set off "à l'improviste." But that wouldn't have suited us Blys at all.

A Lost Chapel was not only a serious event, to be looked forward to for at least ten days, but also, so to speak, a serious sporting event, which we would have scorned to rig. Moreover, one of its most important and beloved features, the pony-cart, had to be hired ahead of time.

No one rode in the cart, but we needed it to carry enough kindling and firewood to build a good big fire. The fire was to dry ourselves at, because it always rained; and if there was a sort of circular lunacy about the whole scheme, no Bly ever seemed to notice. Getting wet through, and then rough-dried, was what one did on a Lost Chapel.

Who first found the Lost Chapel—my cousin Bryan or my cousin Sarah?

Bryan's juvenile claim was that he actually lived there for several months when at the age of six he left home to become a bandit. No one took this

seriously, since he was well known to have been back in time for tea. If he saw the Lost Chapel at all he didn't mention it at the time.

Sarah, rather cleverly, was completely vague; she said she'd just found the Lost Chapel one day when she was out by herself, and thought she'd told everyone, though she mightn't have. This point remains mysterious. In any case, by about 1924 we were going there regularly.

No one knew, either, who first gave the place its name. It almost certainly wasn't a chapel at all, but the barn of a pulled-down farm. Nor was it lost, in the sense of being hidden or unknown; it could be seen, high up on a spur of moorland, from any point in our village. It was still remote.

Of the six miles we had to cover to reach it, only three lay along a proper road; at the third milestone one had to turn through a gap and pedal desperately up a narrow, slippery track. (From this point the pony was led.) Here heather grew on either hand, thickening as one ascended, then thinning out again to what was called the tundra-line, beyond which there was only grass again, much shorter and less lush than the grass below. (When the sun shone it must have been very hot up there. But we went to Lost Chapel only for the picnic, only once a year. It was one of those rules children make for themselves in their perennial quest for stability.)

Then the last fifty yards or so flattened out again, and there the farm and its buildings must once have stood. Now only the barn was left, big and high, stone-floored and very dark inside.

Solemnly dark; the first few moments, before we lit the fire and set up the oil-stove, were always rather hushed. We children would fling down our bicycles and race in, panting and noisy, sweating under our wet mackintoshes—and for a moment be hushed.

It was the moment, in a way, we came for; we always tried to arrive before the adults. (Actually, this was easy, the last half-mile on grass winded them so.) For a moment we would all stand silent,

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The last mile to the Lost Chapel was up a narrow, slippery track that tired us all out.



ILLUSTRATED
BY

Tip on a dead jockey

By
**IRWIN
SHAW**

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

LLOYD BARBER was lying on his bed reading "France-Soir" when the phone rang. It was only two o'clock in the afternoon, but it was raining for the fifth consecutive day and he had no place to go, anyway. He was reading about the relative standing of the teams in the Rugby Leagues. He never went to Rugby games, and he had no interest in the relative standings of Lille and Pau and Bordeaux, but he had finished everything else in the paper.

It was cold in the small, dark room, because there was no heat provided between ten in the morning and six in the evening, and he lay on the lumpy double bed, his shoes off, covered with his overcoat.

He picked up the phone, and the man at the desk downstairs said, "There is a lady waiting for you here, M. Barber."

Barber squinted at himself in the mirror above the dressing-table opposite the bed.

He wished he was better-looking. "Did she give her name?" he asked.

"No, Monsieur. Should I demand it?"

"Never mind," Barber said. "I'll be right down."

He hung up the phone and put on his shoes. He always put the left one on first for luck. He buttoned his collar and pulled his tie into place, noticing that it was frayed at the knot. He got into his jacket and patted his pockets to see if he had cigarettes. He had no cigarettes. He shrugged, and vindictively left the light on because the manager was being unpleasant about the bill, and went downstairs.

Maureen Richardson was sitting in the little room off the lobby in one of those age-colored plush chairs that fourth-rate Parisian hotels furnish their clientele to discourage excessive conviviality on the ground floor. None of the lamps was lit, and a dark, dead,

greenish light filtered in through the dusty curtains from the rainy street outside.

Maureen had been a young, pretty girl with bright, credulous blue eyes when Barber first met her, during the war, just before she married Jimmy Richardson. But she had had two children since then and Richardson hadn't done so well, and now she was wearing a worn cloth coat that was soaked, and her complexion had gone, and in the greenish lobby light she seemed bone-colored and her eyes were pale.

"Hello, Beauty," Barber said. Richardson always called her that, and, while it had amused his friends in the squadron, he had loyally stuck to it, and finally everyone had picked it up.

Maureen turned around quickly, almost as though he had frightened her. "Lloyd," she said. "I'm so glad I found you in."

They shook hands, and Barber asked if she wanted to go some place for a coffee.

"I'd rather not," Maureen said. "I left the kids with a friend for lunch and I promised I'd collect them at two-thirty and I don't have much time."

"Sure," Barber said. "How's Jimmy?"

"Oh, Lloyd..." Maureen pulled at her fingers, and Barber noticed that they were reddened and the nails were uneven. "Have you seen him?"

"What?" Barber peered through the gloom at her, puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"Have you seen him?" Maureen persisted. Her voice was thin and frightened.

"Not for a month or so," Barber said. "Why?" He asked it, but he almost knew why.

"He's gone, Lloyd," Maureen said. "He's been gone thirty-two days. I don't know what I'm going to do."

"Where did he go?" Barber asked.

"I don't know," Maureen took out a packet of cigarettes and lit one. She was too distracted to offer the packet to Barber. "He didn't tell me." She smoked the cigarette avidly but absently. "I'm so worried. I thought maybe he'd said something to you—or that you'd bumped into him."

"No," Barber said carefully. "He didn't say anything."

"It's the queerest thing. We've been married over ten years and he never did anything like this before," Maureen said, trying to control her voice. "He just came to me one night and he said he'd got leave of absence from his job for a month and that he'd be back inside of thirty days and he'd tell me all about it when he got back, and he begged me not to ask any questions."

"And you didn't ask any questions?"

"He was acting so strangely," Maureen said. "I'd never seen him like that before. All hopped up. Excited. You might even say happy, except that he kept going in all night to look at the kids. And he's never given me anything to worry about in the— the girl department," Maureen said primly.

"Not like some of the other boys we know. And if there was one thing about Jimmy, it was that you could trust him. So I helped him pack."

"What did he take?"

"Just one bag," Maureen said. "With light clothes. As though he was going off on a summer vacation. He even took a tennis racquet."

"A tennis racquet," Barber nodded, as though it were the most natural thing in the world for husbands to take tennis racquets along when disappearing. "Did you hear from him at all?"

"No," Maureen said. "He told me he wouldn't write. Did you ever hear of anything like that?" Even in her anguish she permitted herself a tone of wifely grievance. "I knew we shouldn't have come to Europe. It's different for you. You're not married and you were always kind of wild, anyway, not like Jimmy..."

"I'm sure you can use the money," Barber said to Maureen, "and don't worry, Jimmy will be all right."



"Did you call his office?" Barber asked, interrupting. He didn't want to hear how wild people thought he was or how unmarried.

"I had a friend call," Maureen said. "It would look too fishy—his wife calling to ask where he was."

"What did they say?"

"They said that they had expected him two days ago, but he hadn't come in yet."

Barber took one of Maureen's cigarettes and lit it. It was the first one in four hours and it tasted wonderful. He had a little selfish twinge of gratitude that Maureen had come to his hotel.

"Lloyd, do you know anything?" Maureen asked, worn and shabby in her damp, thin coat in the foggy green light.

Barber hesitated. "No," he said. "But I'll put in a couple of calls and I'll telephone you tomorrow."

They both stood up. Maureen pulled on gloves over her reddened hands. The gloves were worn and greenish black. Looking at them Barber suddenly remembered how neat and shining Maureen had been when they first met, in Louisiana, so many years before, and how healthy and well dressed he and Jimmy and the others had been in their lieutenants' uniforms with the new wings on their breasts.

"Listen, Beauty," Barber said. "How are you fixed for money?"

"I didn't come over for that," Maureen said firmly.

Barber took out his wallet and peered judiciously into it. It wasn't necessary. He knew exactly what was there. He took out a five-thousand-franc note. "Here," he said, handing it to her. "Try this on for size."

Maureen made a motion as though to give it back to him. "I really don't think I should..." she began.

"Sh-h-h, Beauty," Barber said. "There isn't an American girl in Paris who couldn't use five mille on a day like this."

Maureen sighed and put the note in her pocketbook. "I feel terrible about taking your money, Lloyd."

Barber kissed her forehead. "In memory of the wild blue yonder," he said, pocketing the wallet with its remaining fifteen thousand francs, which, as far as he knew, would have to last him for the rest of his life. "Jimmy'll give it back to me."

"Do you think he's all right?" Maureen asked, standing close to him.

"Of course," Lloyd said lightly and falsely. "There's nothing to worry about. I'll call you tomorrow. He'll probably be there answering the phone, getting sore at me for being nice to his wife when he's out of town."

"I bet," Maureen smiled miserably. She went through the cave-like murk of the lobby, out into the rainy street, on her way to pick up the two children, who had been sent out to lunch at the home of a friend.

Barber went to his room and picked up the phone and waited for the old man downstairs to plug in. There were two suitcases standing open on the floor, with shirts piled in them, because there wasn't enough drawer space in the tiny dressing-table supplied by the hotel.

On top of the dressing-table there were: a bill, marked overdue, from a tailor; a letter from his ex-wife in New York saying she had found an Army pistol of his in the bottom of a trunk and asking him what he wanted her to do with it, because she was afraid of the Sullivan Law; a letter from his mother telling him to stop being a damn fool and come home and get a regular job; a letter from a woman in whom he was not interested inviting him to come and stay with her in her villa near Eze, where it was beautiful and warm, she said, and where she needed a man around the house; a letter from a boy who had flown as his waist-gunner during the war and who insisted that Barber



"What do I say when they ask me about the box?" said Barber, putting out his cigarette and looking carefully at Smith.

had saved his life when he was hit in the stomach over Palermo, and who, surprisingly, had written a book since then. Now he sent long, rather literary letters at least once a month to Barber.

He was an odd, intense boy, who had been an excitable gunner, and he was constantly examining himself to find out whether he and the people he loved, among whom he rather embarrassingly included Barber, mostly because of the eight minutes over Palermo, were living up to their promise.

"Our generation is in danger," the boy had typed in the letter on the dressing-table, "the danger of diminution. We have had our adventures too early. Our love has turned to affection, our hate to distaste, our despair to melancholy, our passion to preference. We have settled for the life of obedient dwarfs in a small but fatal sideshow."

The letter had depressed Barber and he hadn't answered it. You got enough of that sort of thing from the French. He wished the ex-waist-gunner would stop writing to him, or at least write on different subjects. Barber hadn't answered his ex-wife either, because he had come to Europe to try to forget her. He hadn't answered his mother, because he was afraid she was right. And he hadn't gone down to Eze, either.

Stuck into the mirror above the dressing-table was a photograph of himself and Jimmy Richardson taken on the beach at Deauville the summer before. The Richardsons had taken a cottage there, and Barber had spent a couple of weekends with them. Jimmy Richardson was another one who had attached himself to Barber during the war.

Somehow, Barber was always being presented with the devotion of people whose devotion he didn't want. "People hang on to you," a girl who was angry at him once told him, "because you're an automatic hypocrite. As soon as somebody comes into the room you become gay and confident."

Jimmy and he had been in bathing trunks when the picture was snapped, and Barber was tall and blessed with a blond, California kind of good looks next to Jimmy, who seemed like a fat, incompetent infant standing there with the sunny sea behind him.

Barber peered at the photograph. Jimmy didn't look like the sort of man who would ever be missing from anywhere for thirty-two days. As for himself, Barber thought wryly, he looked automatically gay and confident.

He leaned over and took the picture down and threw it into a drawer. Then, holding

the phone loosely, he stared around him with distaste. In the glare of the unshaded lamp the dark woodwork looked gloomy and termite-ridden, and the bed, with its mottled velour spread, the color of spoiled pears, looked uncomfortable. For a second, he was piercingly homesick for all the rooms of all the Hotel Statlers he had slept in and all the roomettes on trains between New York and Chicago, and St. Louis and Los Angeles.

There was a whistling, static-like sound in the phone, and he shook himself and gave the number of the George V. When he got the George V he asked for Monsieur Smith, M. Bert Smith. After a while the girl said M. Smith was no longer at the hotel. Barber asked hurriedly, before the girl could cut him off, whether M. Smith was expected to return shortly or if he had left a forwarding address. No, the girl said after a long wait, he was not expected to return and there was no forwarding address.

Barber hung up. He was not surprised about Bert Smith. He was a man who wandered mysteriously from hotel to hotel, and he might have used half a dozen names besides Smith since Barber had spoken to him last.

With a conscious effort Barber tried not to think about Jimmy Richardson or his wife, who was called, as a friendly squadron joke, Beauty, or about Jimmy Richardson's two small sons.

Scowling, Barber went over to the window. The winter rain of Paris was seeping down into the narrow street, blurring it with the unproductive malice of city rain, chipping colorlessly at the buildings opposite, making it impossible to imagine what they had looked like when they were new. A workman was unloading cases of wine from a truck, looking persecuted by the weather, the Paris sound of clinking bottles muted and made hollow and mournful by the flow of grey water from the skies and from window-ledge and signs and rolled awnings.

It was not a day for a husband to be missing, for a friend to be missing. It was not a day to be alone or to have only fifteen thousand francs in your pocket or to be in a narrow hotel room where the heat was off from ten in the morning till six at night. It was not a day to be without a job or cigarettes or lunch. It was not a day on which to examine yourself and realise that no matter how many excuses you gave yourself, you were going to wind up knowing that, finally, you were responsible.

Barber shook himself again. There was no

sense in just staying in the room all day. If he was going to do any good he would have to find Bert Smith. He looked at his watch. It was nearly two-thirty. He tried to remember all the places he had ever seen Bert Smith at two-thirty in the afternoon. The fancy restaurant near the Rond-Point, where the movie people and the French newspaper owners and the rich tourists ate; the bistro on the Boulevard Latour-Maubourg on the Left Bank; the restaurants at Auteuil and Longchamp and St. Cloud. Barber looked at the newspaper. They were running at Auteuil today.

If he was not at the races and if he was still in Paris, Bert Smith was likely to be in one art gallery or another in the middle of the afternoon. Bert Smith was an art lover, or at least he bought pictures, shrewdly and knowingly.

Since Smith lived in hotel rooms, which were unlikely places for a collection, it was probable that he bought paintings on speculation or as an agent or, when they were important ones that the Government did not wish to leave the country, to be smuggled out of France.

Barber had also seen Smith late in the afternoons in the steam-room at Claridge's, a small, round man with surprisingly well-shaped legs, sitting in the vapor wrapped in a sheet, growing pinker and pinker, smiling luxuriously in the steam, sweating off the fat that he had accumulated in many years of eating in the best restaurants in Europe.

He had also seen Smith several times around six o'clock in the evening in the barber's shop at the George V getting shaved, and after that in the bar upstairs, and in the bar at the Relais Plaza and the English bar downstairs at the Plaza-Athenée. And late at night he had seen him at various night-clubs—L'Elephant, Blanc, Carroll's, La Rose Rouge.

Barber thought unhappily of the last fifteen thousand francs in his wallet. It was going to be a long, wet, hard, expensive day. He put on his hat and coat and went out. It was still raining, and he hailed a taxi and gave the driver the address of the restaurant near the Rond-Point.

It had started about two months before in the stand at Auteuil just before the sixth race. The day was misty and there weren't many spectators, and Barber had not been doing very well, but he had got a tip on the sixth race on an eight-to-one shot. He put

five thousand down on the nose and climbed high up in the stand to get a good view of the race.

There was only one other spectator near him in the stand, a small, round man wearing an expensive-looking velour hat and carrying a pair of binoculars and a rolled umbrella like an Englishman. He smiled at Barber and nodded. As Barber smiled back politely he realised that he had seen the man many times before, or his brother, or a half-dozen other men who looked like him, in restaurants and in bars and on the streets, usually with tall girls who might have been lower-class mannequins.

The man with the umbrella moved over to him along the damp concrete row of seats. He had little, dapper feet and a bright neck-tie, and he had a well-cared-for international kind of face, with large, pretty dark eyes, fringed by thick black lashes. He had what Barber had come to call an import-export face.

It was a face that was at the same time bland, cynical, self-assured, sensual, hopeless, and daring, and its owner might be Turkish or Hungarian or Greek or he might have been born in Basra. It was a face you might see in Paris or Rome or Brussels or Tangier, always in the best places, always doing business. It was a face, you felt somehow, that was occasionally of interest to the police.

"Good afternoon," the man said in English, tipping his hat. "Are you having a lucky day?" He had an accent, but it was difficult to place it. It was as though as a child he had gone to school everywhere and had had ten nurses of ten different nationalities.

"Not bad," Barber said carefully.

"Which do you like in this one?" The man pointed with his umbrella at the track, where the horses were gingerly going up to the distant starting-line on the muddied grass.

"Number Three," Barber said.

"Number Three." The man shrugged as though he pitied Barber, but was restrained by his good breeding from saying so. "How is the movie business these days?" the man asked.

"The movie business went home a month ago," Barber said, slightly surprised that the man knew anything about it. An American company had been making a picture about the war, and Barber had had four lucky, well-paid months as a technical expert, buckling

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For the first time in his life Angus discovered
that the mysterious is not always what it seems

Mirage

By DOROTHY EDEN

SET back a little from the street, the sun pouring in its windows, the shop stood like a jewel in a shabby setting. On one side there was a drapery store hung to the doors with cheap and gaudy cottons, and presided over by a stout flashing-eyed colored woman with several piccaninies hopping like frogs about her, on the other there was a fruit and vegetable market, odorous with the rich, warm smell of rotting bananas.

These mundane neighbors made Flora's shop all the more unexpected, like a mirage. The door had a polished brass knocker shaped like a dragon, and above hung a swinging sign such as might hang from an English inn, with "Flora's" printed on it.

The windows themselves were the most astonishing. They contained a small but exquisite collection of antiques. One might have been looking into the windows of a highly expensive Mayfair or Kensington art dealer's establishment.

And all this in such an unlikely spot, with the light, warm Caribbean wind blowing, the sun beating down, the street jostling with gaudily dressed, slim-waisted, brown-faced girls and lounging, staring young men whose hair bore the sophisticated gleam of oil but whose eyes had still the round, rolling, inquisitive gaze of the piccaninies.

Angus felt as if he had suddenly come upon order and civilisation. That old highly polished rocker might have come out of his grandmother's parlor, the beautiful rosewood cabinet was exactly what he wanted for his flat in London. But more than that—the shawl, the ivory fan, the delicate and lovely porcelain figures suggested an irresistible feminine quality.

He had an instinctive feeling that the owner of this shop, the mysterious Flora, would be as rare and beautiful as her wares. When he went in she would appear out of the darkness, as cool and pale as a waterlily. And smile at him.

Why did he suddenly have this overpowering instinct that in this out-of-the-way spot, the little Dutch town of Curacao in the Caribbean, he should find his ideal of womanhood? He could not have said, but as he looked in the window it seemed to him, excitingly, that a face, fair and pale, glimmered in the Dresden mirror and was gone.

His hands were beginning to tremble with eagerness and excitement as he turned the shining knob of the door.

It refused to turn. The door was locked.

Behind him Angus heard a small "Oh!" of disappointment. He was startled, unaware that he had not been alone. He turned and saw the girl in the pink cotton frock. She wore sandals and had bare arms and legs, and her face was lightly dusted with freckles. Her hair was so pale a shade as to be almost white. It framed her round young face in a curious purity.

"Is it shut?" she asked.

For a moment Angus did not take in her question. He still had a vague resentment that his moment of privacy had been intruded on.

"I'm afraid so," he said at last, trying the door handle again uselessly.

"Oh, dear! How disappointing! It looks such a heavenly shop. Surely it's too early to be closed for lunch. Oh, well!" The girl shrugged. "I shall have to come back later."

She strolled away and Angus, except for still feeling that lingering resentment that she should have intruded into his dream, forgot her existence.

Presently he wandered off himself, and within the shop the dark hand that had been about to turn the handle of the door desisted. A look of bewilderment and disappointment lay over the woman's jolly brown face. She shook her tightly curled head slowly. The ways of white people were hard to understand, she thought. But those two would be back.

As the day grew warmer and sleepier they would begin to act like people who shared the same world. She knew. White people may be a little slower and more devious but they were the same in the end. A rich chuckle burst from deep inside the calico-covered bosom. Then she waddled off, for all her apparent clumsiness moving expertly among the carved chairs and tables and carefully displayed porcelain and glass.

"Was that a customer, Mina?" called a light, high voice from upstairs.

"No, ma'am. Not for us. Only tourists passing."

"There's a big ship in today, Mina. Don't go to sleep."

"Sleep! Ma'am, you know I never goes to sleep!"

Could it be that the dark young man really liked the graceful porcelain ladies better than the little pink-and-white flesh-and-blood one who had stood beside him? Mina shook her head again, slowly and definitely. Her knowledgeable eyes shone with warmth and mischief. No, that just wasn't human nature.

For all the crowded, noisy state of the town, with people jostling him off the narrow footpath and shiny opulent cars driven by Dutch businessmen in light suits and gaudy ties, or by dusky-faced chauffeurs, flashing by, Angus found himself deeply lonely. The market-place with its piles of fruits and fish, tourists in large sun-hats, thin sneaking cats, tumbling children with enormous coquettish eyes and their slow-footed majestic mainmas, seemed to him vulgar and squalid.

The gently rocking boats with their cargoes of fruit, manned by slim, wrinkled sailors from Venezuela, at the edge of the canal, had no romance for him. He began to wish he had accepted the invitation of friends from the ship to spend the day ashore with them. Then he knew that his wish to explore alone had been guided by intuition. How could he have found Flora in her shop, slim and cool and exquisite, in company with several high-spirited travellers? In half an hour he would go back. If she had been having a morning coffee break she would by then have returned to the shop.

It was exasperating to a degree that when he returned to the small, sunny cul-de-sac Flora's shop still remained closed, and only the white-haired girl in the pink frock was there peering in the window as if fascinated.

She looked round at the sound of his footstep and said, "Oh! You again!" and returned to her study of the window.

"Is there no one here yet?" Angus asked, deeply disappointed.

"No. As a matter of fact I thought I saw a shadow move inside just now, but I can't have. There's only furniture in there." She began to laugh, her cheeks dimpling. "Unless the place is haunted."

"It's like a mirage," Angus said involuntarily.

The girl flashed round, full of quick interest.

"Do you know, that's what I thought, too. That shawl, that fan, that lovely mirror. It doesn't belong here, in all this heat and muddle. It's like — well, a beautifully dressed woman among a lot of fat, gaudy negroes."

For the first time Angus looked at the girl directly. Her lightly freckled face was round and young and pleasant, her lips were red, her eyes turquoise. The pale-colored hair curled on her smooth forehead. When she smiled at him her face dimpled.

Suddenly, in a spontaneous way that rarely came to him, he was saying, "Haven't I seen you before?"

"You ought to have, I must say! We've been travelling on the same ship for three weeks."

"No! We haven't really!" Angus' eyes were full of consternation.

The girl laughed again.

"We have, you know. I've often seen you, but you've been awfully remote."

"I've been working."

"Yes?" Her turquoise eyes sparkled with friendly interest. "I write a little," said Angus, and to his annoyance his voice sounded embarrassed.

"Oh, how clever! Do you sell things?"

"Not many. Some."

"Well!" Her eyes were full of an admiration that Angus found strangely pleasant. "Then of course you haven't had time for games and things."

"Actually—I'm not a very good mixer," Angus heard himself saying, his shyness, always so carefully hidden behind a pose of aloofness and dignity, suddenly confessed. And to this scrap of a girl in a pink cotton frock! He couldn't believe



his ears. What was happening to him? Was the warm, windy Caribbean air getting into his blood, or was it his secret excitement about the cool, elegant, perfect woman who dwelt, like a waterlily, behind the closed doors of the shop?

"Look, why don't we go and eat somewhere," he suggested with his new confidence. "When we come back this place must surely be open."

"Let's," said the girl gaily. "But wouldn't you like to know my name?"

"I should know it, I expect," Angus said doubtfully.

"Oh, I don't see why you should. There are dozens of girls on the ship. I'm Diana Buckland, and I know you. You're Angus Farmer. Actually I asked—Oh, quick! There's that awful Mrs. Read. If she sees us we'll never escape."

Before he realised what was happening, Angus found himself whisked into the fruit market across the road. There, in the pungent odor of over-ripe fruit, still holding hands they laughed with repressed hilarity, as Mrs. Read, the ship's stout talkative menace, lumbered past.

"She's a terror," Diana whispered. "One night I couldn't escape from her for three hours. Hasn't she ever bothered you?"

"No."

"Oh, you're clever at evading people."

A soft oriental voice behind them said, "Something you want, pliss?"

Angus looked into the ingratiating face that had sprung into view behind the counter. It was like a fruit itself, wrinkled, lemon-colored, part of the warm, odorous atmosphere, of the spell growing over him.

"Let's have a pineapple," he said recklessly. "And what else? Mangoes, papaws, avocado pears?"

"We have to carry these things," Diana protested. But suddenly she was reckless, too. "I've got my beach bag. Let's fill it. We can have a party on board tonight."

"A party?"

"Of course. It's time you stopped working and relaxed."

In the dim interior of Flora's shop the huge colored woman waddled to the windows and dropped the shutters. It was siesta time. She could now legitimately lock the door, no matter what plaintive complaint came from upstairs. She was nearly asleep already, yawning mightily. Only fools and lovers stayed awake at noontime.

Those two who had scampered off hand in hand would not sleep. They would be too busy discovering that each other was flesh and blood and preferable to the cold perfection of porcelain. Ah, life was funny, the ways of the young even funnier. First they were blind to one another, then they found their tongues and talked and talked, then slowly their eyes changed, their tongues grew slower . . .

Mina yawned again, chuckling sleepily. The shuttered noon-day dusk hung over the polished Chippendale, the shining glass and the icy limbs of the porcelain figures. But it could not extinguish the color from Mina's red dress, her ebony hair and her gleaming copper skin. She lay relaxed on the fragile Empire couch, like a brilliant full-blown tropical lily.

Angus had had the brilliant idea of hiring a car and going to the beach a few miles out of the town. They had swum in the turquoise pool safely netted from sharks, eaten watermelon with the juice dripping down their fingers, and then lain in the sun spreadeagled, drowsy with content.

Still in Angus' mind, surrounded with its aura of delicious

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ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

excitement, lay the picture of the shop, with Flora, unknown and mysterious, an exquisite jewel in its centre.

Diana was a remarkably attractive girl. She was slim and beautifully made, her limbs a smooth honey color that one had a secret desire to touch. Her face was laughing and full of life, her hair tousled with the wind, charmingly babyish in its paleness and disarray. But she was not mysterious. She was disconcertingly easy to read.

Flora, the owner of that intriguing shop in the heart of the sun-drowned untidy town, was the unknown, the un-attained.

"How did you know my name?" he asked lazily.

Diana scratched with a twig in the sand. "I found out," she said.

"Why?"

"I—I liked the way you looked."

There was no mystery to her, she was as lacking in intrigue as a child. Angus felt himself relaxing, the wind stroking his limbs, the cries of the dark-skinned children flashing in and out of the water like seals pleasantly in his ears. He put out his hand and laid it carelessly on Diana's arm.

"Where are you going, Diana? Who are you?"

She told him about herself, the uncomplicated story of a girl from an English country home, on a holiday trip half way round the world.

"We had these cousins in New Zealand, so I stayed with them for three months. When I get home I have to get a job. Do you know anyone in England, Angus?"

"Not yet. I've got several letters of introduction."

"Would you—come and stay with us? Oh, only if you're at a loose end, of course. We live in Dorset. The house is quite big, rather tumbledown. I've got a brother I think you'd like. And there's usually a horse to ride—" Her voice was soft and hurried, her face flushed with sun or shyness, he didn't know which.

He was aware of his carefully maintained aloofness being invaded and was conscious of sudden resentment. But the warmth of the sun, the distant cries of the children, the

Together they turned away from the shuttered shop to cross the busy market square.

splashing of the brilliant waves, made resentment too strenuous an emotion. He was filled with a drowsy peace.

"That's very kind of you," he said. "I'd like to come."

It was Diana later who jumped up and said, "Come, we must hurry if we're to get back to Flora's shop before the ship sails. I'd hate to miss it now. Actually—"

"Actually what?"

"There's something there I badly want." She picked up her towel. "Hurry and dress. I'll meet you in five minutes."

It was already growing cooler. The fierceness of the day's heat had gone out of the burnt hills. As they came into the town and drove over the pontoon bridge the tall, narrow, Dutch houses, cinnamon and peach-colored across the water, were scalloped against the sky. The big ships lay waiting for the bridge to swing aside, leaving them free to slide out of the harbor.

A sensation of panic filled Angus. In less than an hour he, on board the larger waiting monster, would be leaving this place forever. And he hadn't yet seen Flora, the unexpected jewel in this hot, haphazard setting. In his haste he seized Diana's hand and pulled her through the crowded streets and alleyways. Skinny cats were still prowling. The paint flaked off the pink, yellow, and blue houses. Nobody swept the rubbish from the footpaths and dusty gardens. The sleepy dark Venezuelan sailors sat in their boats in the market-place.

Flora's shop, at last reached, was a haven of luxury, of quiet, of civilisation. But the door was still inexorably shut.

"She must be away," said Diana disappointedly. "Or ill."

Neither of those explanations pleased Angus. He was so certain that Flora, elegant and remote, sat within waiting for a voice or the touch of a hand to bring her to glowing life.

Was she really a mirage? Was the whole shop, with its alien

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THE GIRL WITH THE BUTTERFLY NET

Her catch was fabulous—an amusing romance

By GLEN and JANE SIRE

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA ROBERTSON

PROBABLY the whole thing never would have happened if Kate Milligan's Aunt Sophie hadn't broken her leg in Detroit. That's why Kate's mother had to go back there, and, since Kate's father was in Mesopotamia, of all improbable places, digging up bones (he's an archaeologist), Kate came to stay with us.

She was terrifically shy about it and kept apologising and apologising, but I was ecstatic, since I had always adored Kate. The prehistorics like her, too—Daddy says she is one of the few adolescents he can talk to without the feeling that he is going mad. (I don't mind—I can tell Daddy loves me, no matter what he says.)

As long as I can remember Kate has been different from the rest of us. ("I know what you mean," she said once when I told her that, "like with two heads—"). But, of course, that wasn't true. I mean not only did Kate not have two heads, she was very attractive. But there was this terrible streak of intellectuality in her family.

She always got straight A's, and the teachers were all terrified of her ever since Miss Dawson in the fifth grade caught her hiding Gibbon's "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" behind her "Spelling is Fun."

Now, with all those brains you would expect Kate to be a real hag, but, strangely enough, that wasn't true. She was tall with a slim but terrific figure and dark hair, and, in a dilapidated sort of way, she had style.

Like now, I thought. It was the first night of her visit—a Friday—and she and I were sitting cozily in front of the fireplace, Kate studying (which is like saying, Kate breathing) and me thinking about Sammy (which is like saying, me breathing).

Anyway, Kate was wearing slacks and a striped shirt, which on me would look like slacks and a striped shirt, but which somehow made Kate resemble a high-fashion model on her day off. But Kate just didn't try. Her face had that big-eyed, hollow-cheeked look that can either be utterly exotic or just tired, and Kate didn't take advantage of it at all. It was all a terrible waste, and I decided to do something about it!

Just as I was thinking these thoughts, a knock came at the door, which proved to be Sammy. He arrived in his cords and a blue shirt the color of his eyes and, as usual when I see Sammy, I felt myself sliding gently into a state of mild shock.

"Hello," I said warmly, looking at him and thinking contentedly, mine, all mine! . . .

"Hi," murmured Kate without looking up. Sammy patted my head in passing and went over beside Kate.

"Well, well, well," he said genially, "how are you two beautiful chicks tonight?" Then, before either of us could reply, he kicked Kate lightly. "Hey," he said, "baby, I'm here!"

"So I see," Kate said, still in that bored tone she used on all males. "Well, have fun, kiddies," she said, still reading.

Sammy peered over her shoulder and studied the page, his eyes widening. "Through the breach in the throat of the butterfly cerebral ganglions are reached," he read aloud. "Great horny toads!" he said, gaping at Kate. "This is light reading?"

"Entomology," Kate said matter-of-factly, "is very interesting."

"Yeah," Sammy said, "it's real gone—especially for the butterfly."

"Don't mind Sammy, Kate," I said. "He's a nice boy, but not very bright—"

Kate sighed and put her book down with a what's-the-use expression. "It's not that," she said calmly. "You both have good minds. You're just adolescent, that's all."

Sammy and I looked at each other blankly. But you can never stop Sammy for long. He reached out suddenly and turned on the hi-fi, letting a wild surge of rhythm-and-blues come rocking into the room.

"C'mon, worm, let's wiggle," he said loudly, grabbing Kate and yanking her to her feet. He began bopping—and to my astonishment I saw that Kate, still with the same bored look, was following him without a miss. When the piece was over we both looked at her with new respect.

"I didn't know you could dance

like that," I said at last, feeling vaguely betrayed.

"My mother and father started me on ballet lessons when I was eight," Kate said, "and tap and ballroom came with the course . . . Those Afro-Cuban rhythms are basically simple."

"But look," I said, "why don't you ever go to the after-noon dances in the gym?"

Kate shrugged. "Why?"

"Why?" I said. "Why?" I stared at her. "Well, for fun," I said. "Fun—you know!"

"I'm going to be a scientist," she said, "not a ballet dancer." She picked up her book again. "Why don't you two go on? You needn't hang around because of me."

"Well, okay," Sammy started to say, which I knew was what he had been wanting to do ever since he got here, as we were going to the drag races, which is practically what he lives for (I sometimes think that if you don't have spark plugs, for Sammy you don't exist), but he saw my significant look and shifted rapidly in mid-sentence.

I had already decided that it would be good for Kate to go out on a date, even a three-cornered one, and Sammy got the message.

"Kate," he said suddenly and passionately, "Kate darling, what's the use of pretending? Laurie has a right to know—!" He threw an arm around Kate's shoulders, turning on me.

SAMMY'S voice was gentle. "Laurie," he said, "Kate and I have tried to fight this thing, but it's bigger than both of us. Heaven knows neither of us wants you to be hurt—"

"If it will make you feel better," Kate said crossly, wriggling from under his arm (which is not easy to do, as, I am glad to say, I happen to know), "I'm going out myself tonight, so don't worry about me—"

"Oh, really?" I cried. "Who? Is he cute?"

"He's a real doll," Kate said, "of about seventy-two. He teaches the course in entomology I'm taking at the University."

"Wait a minute!" I said. "You don't mean you're taking some course at night? Friday night?" I mean I knew she was different, but this, I thought, was ridiculous.

Kate gazed at us for a moment without speaking. Then she smiled—a really beautiful smile—one I'd never seen before.

"I love entomology," she said in a hushed, dedicated sort of voice. She turned then and went slowly out of the room.

"Women—" Sammy sighed, shaking his head. "I used to think it was just you who was crazy, but it looks like old Kate is buggy, too—" Then he grabbed my arm. "C'mon," he said. "If we're going to make the first heat we've got to move."

Well, I didn't expect to think about Kate and her bugs again that evening. When I'm with Sammy I don't usually think about anything but Sammy. But she haunted me, even when we were parked out front and Sammy was kissing me good night, what should rise up in my mind but a picture of poor Kate staring fixedly into a test tube.

Sighing, I drew away from Sammy and stared out into the night. Up in my room, which Kate was sharing, the light was on and I could imagine her, plunging into the love life of the butterfly and absolutely neglecting her own.

"Hey!" It was Sammy, snapping his fingers in front of my face and then passing his outspread hand in front of my eyes. "No reaction," he muttered. "As you can see," he said then, as if to an audience, "the subject is in a state of deep trance. My will is her will. For me, at this moment, she would happily lie down on a track before an oncoming locomotive . . . Allow me to demonstrate." He shifted to a low, oily tone. "And now, my child, as you look into my eyes you are seized with wild, blind desire. You want to hurl yourself upon me, kissing me with wild abandon—"

"Don't bother me, I'm thinking."

"Oh, that's it," he said. "Well, there's a first time for everything. How does it feel?"

"Ha, ha," I said, still thinking of Kate.

"Don't push yourself too hard," he warned.

I sighed again.

"Look," he said, "what is it, girl? You want to elope, is that it? You couldn't stand it, seeing my arm around old Kate? You want to know I am yours and yours alone?"

"Sammy," I said, "I'm serious. I tell you what it is," I said suddenly, taking hold of Sammy's hands and looking

straight into his eyes, which always gives me a peculiar feeling, "it's just that when I get to thinking about how wonderful it is to be in love the way we are and how

much fun we have together—"

"Yes?" Sammy said. "Yes?"

"Well," I said, "it makes me feel sad."

Sammy peered at me. "Would you give me that again?" he said. "A little slower?"

"It's Kate," I said. "I can't be happy when I know she's withering away like this."

"So who's withering?" Sammy said, puzzled. "Kate's probably perfectly happy."

"No girl," I said flatly, "is perfectly happy the way Kate is."

"Well," Sammy said, "even if you're right I don't see that there's much we can do about it."

"You poor, dear foolish boy," I said fondly, "you really believe that, don't you?"

Sammy squinted thoughtfully. "Well," he said, "for instance—"

"For instance," I went on, "you can get Kate a date for the dance tomorrow."

"Meanwhile, back at the ranch—" Sammy said. He just stared at me helplessly. "Do you know how the guys at school feel about Kate? They're all scared of her—"

"Let's put it this way," I said gently, "the boy with whom I go to the dance tomorrow night will get a date for Kate."

"But how do you know she'll go?" Sammy asked. "She's going steady with bugs."

"I'll handle that part," I said confidently. "You just provide the man."

Sammy nodded dubiously. "All right," he said, "but look, Laurie, there's probably some guy somewhere who'd be crazy about Kate, butterflies and all. Why don't you just let Kate get her own man, her own way?"

"There's only one way," I said firmly. "Oh, Sammy," I said impatiently, "don't be so negative. Can't you just see it—how happy she's going to be!" I squeezed his hand.

Sammy got out and opened the door. "Poor Kate," he said resignedly. "The good Samaritan strikes again! Let me tell you," he said, staring at me solemnly, "if you weren't a girl I wouldn't be doing this." Naturally, there was nothing I could say to that, so I just kissed him good-night.

When I got up to my room Kate was curled up on the bed reading "The Anatomy of the Woolly Root-Louse." I shuddered.

"Hi," she smiled in a polite, friendly way.

"Have a nice time?" I asked.

"Wonderful," Kate said. She smiled at me again. "We dissected a *Periplaneta americana*," she said raptly. Her eyes shone. "You know it as the cockroach."

"How dippy," I said. What else can you really say about a cockroach? I sank down on the other bed. "I had a nice time, too," I purred dreamily. "Sammy kissed me."

"This is unusual?" she said, not looking up.

"Well, no," I admitted, "not exactly . . ."

There was another silence. I began to feel desperate. "You know," I began, "now that I'm going with Sammy I just can't believe I ever wasn't."

"Mmmmm," said Kate, nodding vaguely.

"Don't you think Sammy's fabulous?" I asked.

"Yes, he is," Kate said thoughtfully, actually pausing to look at me. "Underneath all that silliness, he's really very intelligent."

"Well," I said contentedly, "I like him." There was another pause. I decided to be blunt. "You know," I said, "I thought we might all four go out tomorrow night."

"What four?" Kate said suspiciously.

"Well, you and I and Sammy and another boy—I don't know who—a blind date."

Kate shook her head. "No, thanks," she said, "thanks very much, but no thanks. I've got work to do, anyway."

Why is it, I asked myself quietly, that people are always trying to bite the hand that is patting them on the back? "Kate," I said with control, "tomorrow is Saturday night. Nobody works on Saturday night."

"I do," she said stubbornly.

"Work," I said, "that's all you think about. Butterflies! What good will they do you?"

"The insect world is tremendously important in our modern culture," Kate said with sudden fire. "There is an

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Sammy and Laurie, their eyes wide with amazement, looked incredulously at the book on entomology which Kate was reading with avid interest.

The Christmas

In searching for this one rose for his mother, Joe found a gift of love he had never dared to dream of . . . a tender story

BY ANN GORDON

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD



HE would not have thought of going into the Cathedral in the ordinary way. He had started coming, not because he was a boy who liked churches, but to get in somewhere out of the cold. And because it was near the hospital.

Later on the music drew him irresistibly.

He'd come in first on a dank November day when the mist hung thick over the pavements and sporadic gusts of rain stabbed at his cheeks and soaked, icy, through his jacket. His boots had made wet smacking sounds on the tiled floor and he'd been surprised seeing how big it was inside and how far off the roof was, sitting away up there atop its columned arches, its gilded bosses looking down at him serenely like the stars of God.

Then he'd heard music coming from somewhere in front and he'd crept in as close as he dared.

The music was all round him now, and, feeling of a sudden less careworn and beset, Joe sat down on one of the front seats and looked about him with interest.

The music, he discovered, was coming from an organ perched high above the floor. The Cathedral was warm, and, except for the music, still with the stillness of mountains, and even to his untrained and inexperienced eyes it was beautiful.

There were, he observed, quite a number of people dotted about the place, each head bent reverently in prayer. Joe gazed at them respectfully. He himself had not prayed for a long time, but he was tolerant. What did they pray for, he wondered. And did they ever get what they wanted?

He'd prayed himself when he was young, of course—"Jesus, Tender Shepherd, hear me," and in those days saw the Shepherd clearly in his mind, dressed in white robes and looking at him kindly with his mother's eyes. He'd enjoyed saying his prayers then—praying for the minister and the schoolmaster and Black Jess the gipsy, and the cow, and he'd prayed for a parrot, and for his father, and to do well at school.

But his father had died and he never got a parrot, and he knew now all that was kid's stuff. When you got older you didn't rely on a sort of glorified Santa Claus to hand out favors on request. You had to work for what you wanted and make do with what you'd got, and if you didn't expect anything you couldn't be disappointed.

If you expected anything at all you only laid yourself wide open to attack, to disappointment—like a smack in the face, like a cold shoulder, like eyes with no kindness in them.

Proud, pugnacious, independent, reserved; asking no favors and expecting none, that was Joe. He was now eleven and there were no dreams left in him.

These sober musings were interrupted by the sound of voices singing in the distance. He heard a clear sweet treble, then another

and another, and the organ which had been playing very softly now swelled into a triumphant crescendo, and Joe sat forward suddenly in his seat, staring, big-eyed, at the procession emerging from the shadowy aisles.

He saw boys, walking two by two, first really small boys, then bigger boys, and then men, all walking very slowly and singing as they walked, the high clear voices of the boys breaking joyously, piercingly sweet, through the dark chorus of the men's voices.

In awe, in wonder, not untinged with disapproval, Joe watched the spectacle unfold before him as the boys, walking so slowly, passed before him, their scarlet cassocks lighting up the shadowy nave, their surplices gleaming white as the driven snow, their scrubbed and shining faces rising from out the stiffened ruffs like the faces of the angels themselves.

The beautiful solemn pageantry, the music, the shadows and, above all, the voices soaring note upon crystal note to the groined and vaulted roof, stirred to the depths his Highland blood, even whilst the Calvinist strain in him regarded with distrust the rich vestments and trappings, undoubted evidence of worldly pomp and temporal pride.

It was his first evensong, and he never forgot it.

After that he came every day, and as it drew near to Christmas and there was no school to worry about, he spent most of his time there.

Indeed, he haunted the place. Matins, Evensong, Litany, and Introit, Sung Eucharist and Second Evensong, he enjoyed every one. But best of all he liked the organ recitals and the boys' choir practices which took place daily.

For these occasions he'd found himself a perfect private place behind the entrance to the choir stalls where he could keep an eye on everything and hear every word and follow the music. Usually he came so early that there was nobody there at all except sometimes the organist practising away up there by himself.

This was beautiful.

Here, alone with the silence and the shadows and the quiet listening stones, he was at peace. Here nobody could get at him or move him on or ask stupid questions. Here Mrs. Busy could not find him. Here all was old and gentle and quiet.

The silence and the beauty, and the peace, reminded him in some mysterious way of his beloved native Highlands, still home to him after two years' exile.

He liked silence. And being alone. With only the music and the peace around him, the hard, tight knot that had been inside him ever since his father died, the knot that came when he thought about his mother seemed to grow at once less tight and less hard.

He'd got to thinking quite a lot about things lately, for he was lost and lonely without his mother and oppressed by diverse cares. He sometimes felt a sort of kinship with the Son of Man who'd no place to lay His head. Joe had a place, but he was growing uneasy about it.

He often felt at night, coming from the hospital, that he and the Son of Man paced

the streets together, two wanderers on the face of the earth, and then Joe went upstairs to his supper at Mrs. Busy's and the Son carried on straight ahead, attending to His Father's business probably. And sometimes when he was frightened or unhappy in the dark the thought of God was like a hand outstretched to him.

Like the time when he needed desperately to find a way to deal with Busy. Mrs. Busy (Busy for Busybody!) Stevenson, Georgie Stevenson's mother, talked too much and asked too many questions. She poked and pried and nattered and fussed with her "do this" and "do that" and her "well, well, Mr. Independent! Turning up your nose at what I set before you."

"Oh, yes!" Mrs. Busy'd said to his mother, "I'll look after Joe. I'll see he's fed all right and he can sleep with Georgie here. Don't you be worrying at all—I'll look after him as if he were my own."

Joe clicked his tongue. Wasn't that just like the woman! All fancy talk and no sense to it. He wasn't her own and never would be, thank heavens, with her preaching and her prating—talk, talk, talk. Sometimes he felt he couldn't stand her disorderly kitchen and the uproarious chaos which always seemed to surround her.

As for Georgie, sometimes he felt Georgie was the meanest thing that walked; forever bragging about the bike he was getting at Christmas and all the other presents, and the fine tree he was going to get and the good things to eat and all the trimmings; flaunting his riches before him until Joe, although he told himself that he didn't care, could not help thinking about his own flat across the passage empty of Christmas.

And sometimes it made him sick inside to hand over his mother's key to Busy so that she could give their flat "a little dust-round"; disarranging everything and touching his mother's things with her big red hands and putting her slippers away instead of keeping them ready waiting for when she came back.

And when he felt he could scarcely bear it any longer, who but the Lord God Himself would have put the aunt from Barra into Joe's ordinarily guileless mind?

"But, Mrs. Stevenson!" he'd said, as she caught him one day disappearing into his own flat, "it's my aunt who's coming. Very particular is this aunt from Barra. That's why I'm tidying up. To save you the trouble—you with so much to do all the time. Oh, yes, Mrs. Stevenson," widening his eyes and staring at Busy with never a blink, "she's certainly coming. It's my father's sister from Barra. She's a bonny singer, too, just like my father was, but she's particular about beds. That's why I must sleep here, you see, one night in my own bed and one in my aunt from Barra's."

Or he'd say when aunt failed to materialise, staring at Busy with a sad, regretful smile, "Well, now, Mrs. Stevenson, it's too bad, but she's missed the boat. Missed the only boat this week and she catching a great cold in the bitter weather just like your Georgie now. But she's certainly coming just as soon as she's better from the sore throat."

So he'd dealt with Busy, bedevilled and bamboozled her with his fine new aunt from Barra, offering his aunt to Busy until he almost believed in her himself.

"Look after things, Joe," his mother'd said

when they carried her off to the hospital; and he was going to do just that in spite of Busy, Good Neighbors, and all. He was keeping the flat neat and clean, and himself all neatly washed and darned ready for when she came home; and for the rest of the time he would just keep out of Busy's way.

And in the end, apart from seeing he was fed and safe in bed at night, Mrs. Busy Stevenson began to leave him alone.

It was the same at the hospital.

"Twelve," he'd said with a wide blue stare when they asked him how old he was. "twelve! Juist sma' fer ma age."

It wasn't that he told lies so much as that circumstances had of late obliged him to prevaricate with the truth. He was taking no chances. His mother had only him. And God, he knew, understood this. Although he did not pray he was quite sure God understood and approved of what he'd done.

Only in His Cathedral did he get rest and peace from all his cares. And he began to learn a surprising lot about the place.

He knew that the silver-haired gentleman who played the organ was called Dr. Smith and that he possessed the enviable and impressive title of Master of the Music. And he knew that the gentle lady with the lovely voice who arranged the flowers was called Mrs. Dean.

He liked this lady. She arranged flowers more beautifully than anything he had ever seen, even in the expensive shops. She came almost every day bearing great armfuls or sometimes carrying them in a great basket. He liked having her there. She did not disturb his silence the way most women did—natter, natter, natter; yell, shriek, bang, prinking and prancing about the place.

She had a still face like a painting, and though she was quite old, older than his mother, her face was beautiful. She reminded him of pictures of the "Mother and Child" he'd seen in the Art Gallery and in books. When she was quiet her face was full of sadness, as though she mourned afresh each day for the Child who grew up to die on Calvary. She had a far better face for the paintings, he thought, than most of the plump, smug, self-satisfied mothers he'd seen depicted there, most of them looking too well-fed and prosperous by half.

Now this lady had a proper face for the Mother, he thought, as though even in the wonder of His Birth she saw the shadow of the destined Cross.

Yet why should she look sad, he wondered, with all this music and the flowers and a special seat to sit upon and as much education as she wanted probably, and everybody always so polite. She, above all, must have plenty to be happy about. Surely you need only be sad when there was nobody to care. Joe knew something about people not caring.

About this time Joe's life became enriched by a further delight—the various conducted tours of the Cathedral led by one or other of the minor canons.

Joe went on them all.

He would attach himself unobtrusively to the numerous groups of visitors, trying hard to disguise himself a little differently each day. He even tried slicking his hair down, hoping to make himself look quite a different boy, lest the canons grew suspicious of an ardor so unparalleled.

In this way he became increasingly familiar with the Cathedral, learning something of

Rose

its history and growing daily more jealous for its reputation and proud record.

But perhaps Joe's peak of happiness was reached during the boys' choir practices. They were hard at work just now practising for the Christmas services, and one day he'd recognised with pleasure that they were singing excerpts from the "Messiah." Filled with enthusiasm he'd dug out the faded copy of the "Messiah" which had belonged to his father, and now he carried it everywhere and at night slept with it under his pillow.

The choristers were at once his joy and pride, his inescapable thorn in the flesh.

At first as he watched them Joe sat entranced, hugging his stained and battered "Messiah," his eyes big with wonder; breathing deeply with them as they sang, his mouth unconsciously forming the words. Soon, however, he grew bolder, and from an initial state of bemused and awed respect he progressed rapidly to a critical and proprietary ownership.

At such times, and on these days, the Cathedral belonged to him.

He began to feel for the boys something of that despairing, fond indulgence a father feels towards his erring, wayward children. He would sit forward in his stall frowning critically like the producer of a play whose cast cannot always be depended upon. The boys all looked the part, he knew, but their deeds belied them.

Sternly, exactly, he checked each boy. Lanky and Big Ears, Copper-top and Snowball—he was the blonde. Spindleshanks was late again. Mournful and Droopy had undoubtedly been scrapping in the vestry. Wait until Dr. Smith noticed their crumpled surplices. He could swear old Freckle Face had torn his cassock, and was it any wonder, the tricks that boy was up to!

Freckle Face sang the verse and was known as Treble Solo. He carried the Cross and wore the medal and was important, and Joe admired him more than words could say. But they were having some trouble just now with Treble Solo who, in turn, was having trouble with his breath, his breath control being far from satisfactory and seeming to deteriorate rapidly as Christmas approached.

Havers, what a boy! Joe shook his head. Was it any wonder he could not always get the high notes and he fooling and palavering around and sucking acid drops instead of getting on with the serious business in hand.

Why, one day Joe had observed, with an awful fascination, that Treble Solo, after fumbling within the deep recesses of his garments, had produced a mouse, a living mouse, a white one, to the hysterical joy of his companions, the bewilderment of Dr. Smith, and the reluctant admiration of the stern Scot sitting dourly like the Day of Judgment in the secluded stall he'd reserved for himself.

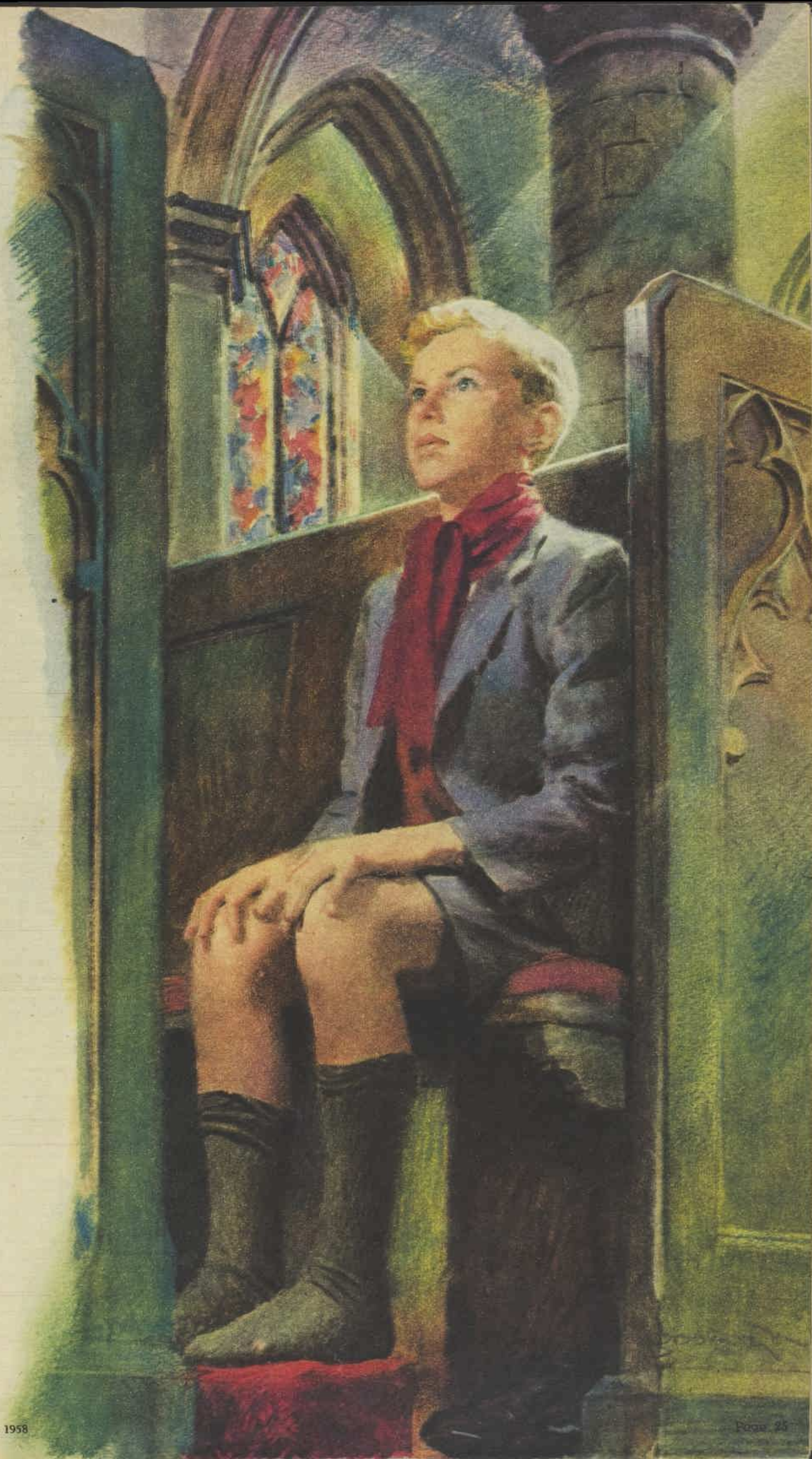
For all that, Freckle Face remained his dear delight, if his increasing burden; and he admired him more than any boy he'd seen before.

And so Joe's life became sharply divided into two parts: the warm, colorful, vibrating life at the Cathedral, and the hospital ward where his mother lay recovering, much too slowly, from pneumonia. He must have eaten and slept, of course, but he was not aware of it.

And then suddenly it seemed Christmas was all over the city with the rush of silver bells and stars and trimmings and holly and

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Joe took off his wet shoes, and as his feet warmed he became conscious of the music around him.



mistletoe bursting out in the most unexpected places and piles of little spruce trees stacked poignantly outside each shop doorway. Joe saw them, but he did not heed them.

He'd always been one for ignoring the fripperies and going straight to the heart of the matter. Christmas was something inside you, Christmas was your mother getting better, and four walls safe around you shutting out the world, Christmas was a singing in your heart.

Still and all, the trees and the holly wreaths were bonny.

He used to walk sometimes the long way round to the Cathedral, through the rich and sheltered part of the city, past all the big, safe houses where a lighted Christmas tree illumined every window. They looked so pretty with all the colored lights winking and blinking and a shining silver star on top. Some houses had great big wreaths and horse-shoes of holly tied up with red ribbon hanging in the windows and sometimes even on the door-knockers. They were pretty. The rooms were pretty, too, with firelight and lamplight; pretty and warm and safe.

He liked these friendly little window trees. Better, much better than the ones you saw in shops, for ordinary toys and presents held little attraction for him. He only wanted two things this Christmas, and you wouldn't find either of them on a Christmas tree.

He wanted a rose for his mother. And next after the rose he wanted to be educated.

His father'd thought a lot about education.

"Education!" he would say. "That's from the Latin. And it means a leading out—a leading out to wider horizons—a broadening of the horizons of the mind." That's what his father had said. So now more than anything else Joe wanted to be educated. He wanted Latin. He felt he needed Latin. And sometimes now he worried about his education, for with no father and an ill mother how he was going to get educated, he did not know.

The rose was a different matter!

After his father had died there'd been little money to spare at home. Yet when his mother knew she had to go into hospital she had somehow scraped together the money to pay a few weeks' rent ahead and to give Mrs. Busy something for looking after him. Threepence every Saturday was the extent of his own resources, in the last few weeks doled out not always cheerfully by Mrs. Busy.

But then he'd never felt the need to spend money, and by now he had in his pocket no less than half-a-crown—a fair, tidy sum. A large sum you'd think for one solitary rose. Back home in Scotland, if you were canny, you'd pick up a whole tree for that! So the rose was a simple matter of elimination, discrimination, and tracking down.

Why, with half-a-crown you should get the finest rose in all the world. The rose, to all intents and purposes, was already his.

But, after all, it was not so easy to get the rose.

He'd tramped the city without success, and now it was the day before Christmas, and his hopes of getting the right specimen were dwindling with every second. Tired, breathless, and dismayed, he arrived panting at the great South Door, later than usual but still in time for the boys' final practice for the special services to-morrow. Later on, before the men joined them and the complete rehearsal began, he would slip out once more to the streets and resume his search for the

Continuing . . . The Christmas Rose

[from page 25]

rose. Meantime he had to think.

Before he entered the sheltering doors, he combed his hair down with his fingers, brushed his hands on his jacket, and tried to clean his boots with his pocket handkerchief. These concessions he always made to the House of God. Besides, his mother liked him smart.

Then he melted like a shadow within the sacred walls and made his way with abstracted determination to the private carved stall he'd chosen for his own.

Joe sighed. He was now so full of trouble that he could neither eat nor sleep nor plan constructively. Tonight was Christmas Eve, and in a few hours he would have to go to the hospital and he still hadn't got a rose.

His face burned as he remembered the painted Jezebel in the Ritzy flower-shop early yesterday. He'd gone there first because it looked expensive and only the best was good enough for his mother. Besides, he was never one to squander hard-earned money on an inferior object.

Jezebel had looked him up and down. Jezebel had said in a high, clear English voice, "Just one rose? A white rose. People don't ask for white roses in winter. Why must it be a white rose?"

She'd a funny, fancy hair-style, he saw, and beads and bangles, and she'd some green stuff on her eyelids and her lips were very red. She looked a sight, he thought, for he'd been reared a staunch Presbyterian and he distrusted women thus bedizened and adorned.

"That's none of yer business," he'd told her curtly, withdrawing at once into the impenetrable fastnesses of his icy Scottish pride.

At the door he'd turned, came back smartly two paces and said, very haughty, "An' whitt's more, ye've naething, naething, naething at all that I fancy," and turned smartly on his heel.

Dourly and doggedly after that he'd trudged up and down the city. He'd tried every shop he could think of and many more he hadn't known about before, but nowhere, nowhere at all could he find a suitable rose.

There were hundreds of roses; roses of every kind and description except the kind he wanted himself. There were pink roses, dark exotic red, and pale yellow roses, and the most glorious glowing golden roses he had ever seen. ("Ay! They're bonny. But they'll no' do. They're no' the same!" he'd told the girl who brought them.)

After that he'd abandoned the expensive places and tried the smaller shops in the less fashionable side-streets; even the barrow-boys and the flower-woman at street corner. But it seemed hopeless; nobody had the right rose, the pure white rose he needed for his mother.

He was tired, and the cold slush on the pavements outside had seeped through his worn-out boots. His feet felt wet, and now in the warmth of the Cathedral the chilblains on his toes began to throb and tingle and swell, until finding them all at once unbearable, Joe, acting on rare impulse, unlaced his boots and placed them neatly under the seat. He set his cold, damp feet upon a velvet hassock and started to rub them with his raw, cold hands until some warmth returned.

It was essential that he should get a rose. And it must be white.

"T'd like a rose," his mother had often said to him. "A white

rose like my father used to grow. They climbed up outside my window when I was a girl and smelled so sweet. I like a white rose best. I carried white roses on my wedding day. I'd like to see a white rose again."

Joe had not forgotten. He knew what was the matter when she took so long getting over the pneumonia. She

surprise them, and being so friendly up there back home with the schoolmaster and the minister himself. He knew well enough she wasn't getting better as quickly as she ought.

He could not understand things at all. He had thought for a long time that there seemed to be two sorts of people in the world: the ones who were secure and safe behind the lighted windows, and the ones left on the outside looking in. He accepted this as he accepted

father would have known what to do.

Gradually he grew conscious of the music swelling and throbbing around him and he leaned forward in his stall as Freckle Face, his cohorts in a ragged band around him, lifted up his voice in the first solo.

Old Freckle Face was running out of breath again, he thought detachedly, as the sweet voice grew fainter on its customary ill-fated C. And surely his voice today sounded less full than usual, Joe enviedly adjudged, remembering with a pang his own empty stomach.

He knew that Dr. Smith was disappointed and a little worried by Treble Solo just now; indeed, Joe'd often thought that if Treble had run barefoot like a deer up and down the corridors and hills of home he'd have had enough wind by now to outlast the organ.

However, today he had his own troubles and he did not take much notice. He glanced across the aisle and saw that Mrs. Dean was sitting in her place in the Deans' stalls and he gave a little nod of approval. He liked her there.

But now, as always, the music soothed his mind and, as Dr. Smith turned to his own Voluntary and the pure, unearthly beauty of what Joe was later to learn was the "Pastoral Symphony" filled the Cathedral, peace once more possessed him.

His entranced spirit soared with the matchless music up to the very roof. He gazed dreamily at the lovely and delicate stone traceries; at the graceful east window, and from the window his eyes travelled down to the High Altar, with its ceremonial cloth of gold and pieces of gold plate, on to the great urns, filled exquisitely with flowers, that flanked it.

To the great urns—

He stared in disbelief. He closed his eyes, then glanced swiftly, incredulously at the additional great urn which stood at the entrance to the choir stalls. And it was true.

There was his rose—the very rose he sought.

Only not one but a multitude of roses, arranged most delicately amongst all the other white flowers, the lilies, the white lilac, the pale, slender tulips and other flowers he could not name, for today, in honor of Christmas, every flower was white—there was the queen of flowers, his pure white Christmas rose.

The boys were silent now. One of them had returned to the Vestry for something. Only the organ still gave out its wonderful music. In the distance shadows crept. The lights above the boys' stalls came on like stars. And there, only a few yards away, was the rose.

It was a miracle.

He hadn't prayed since his father died. Not since they'd prayed for those in peril on the sea, and it hadn't made any difference. To kneel now, when he was desperate, savored of a poltroon's trick. He held himself straight and still and, scowling ferociously beneath bent brows, man to man and straight to God he prayed.

"It's about the rose I'm asking. Just one rose for my mother. I want my mother back."

He waited a minute, his eyes so tightly shut that he began to see strange flashes and rainbow-colored stars. Then slowly, very fearfully, he opened them—and there was his miracle waiting for him.

In the shadows between the aisle and his own carved stall, illuminated now by some late shaft of winter sunlight, there,

perfect, pure-white rose. His mother's rose, for Christmas.

He stared for a moment unbelieving. Then slowly, so slowly that he scarcely moved at all, he knelt down. And as he bent to pick it up he heard the trumpets sounding on the other side.

Perhaps on any other day his reaction might have been more rational, but he had eaten and slept little and it seemed to him a perfect miracle.

Indeed, he would not at that moment have been surprised to learn that the Archangel Gabriel himself had flown down from his place in the great east window, plucked the rose from the urn, and laid it at his feet. He was in the proper frame of mind for receiving miracles.

Dimly, as through a radiant mist, he was aware that Freckle Face was fading out again and Dr. Smith, who had vacated the organ loft to his assistant, spoke to the boy again. Once more and very softly the opening notes for the perfect treble solo, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," came stealing on the air.

Slowly, as in a trance, Joe climbed upon his hassock. He held the rose outstretched before him like a cross. Dimly, as from far off, he heard Treble's sweet voice grow fainter. He drew a deep, exultant breath. His throat swelled, his lips parted, and suddenly he was singing, at first softly, and then, as Treble Solo faded out, faultlessly, effortlessly he took over and allowed his voice to swell out in all its purity and power.

His copy of "The Messiah" lay unopened on the floor. He didn't need the words; he knew them now. He never heard the organist falter nor saw Dr. Smith signal him to carry on. The corporeal world dissolved and there was left to Joe only the music and the celestial fields.

Through all the lovely aria he never faltered, singing his song of triumph and thanksgiving with such a throbbing yet passionless purity that for once the choir boys were held rigid in their stalls, and the organist and Mrs. Dean were near to tears.

Perhaps never again would Joe sing with quite that exultant purity, for never again would there be this time, this place, this miracle together. Pure and round and full, effortless as a spirit, his voice soared high and higher yet, until the shadows and the echoes took it.

So might the angels have sung at the creation of the world.

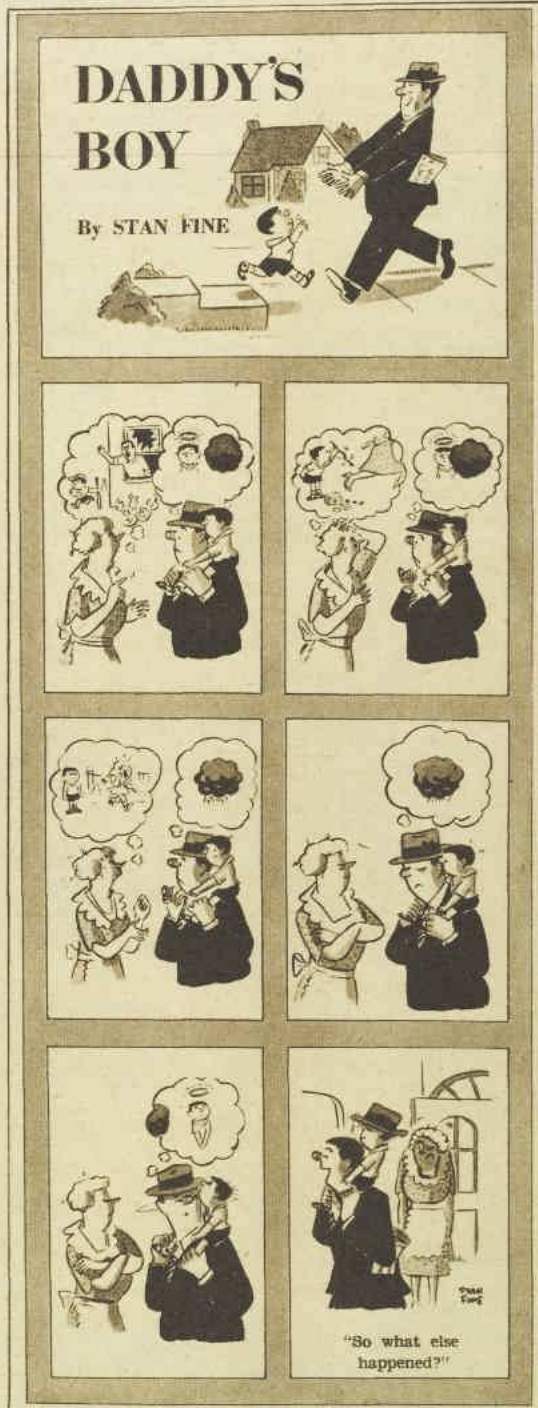
And then the last soft notes died and were hushed in silence and Joe came down from the celestial choir and became conscious all at once that he was perched shoeless upon his hassock, that his retreat was almost certainly discovered, and that he was so hungry he felt he must immediately break in two. The rose started shivering before his eyes, and he saw that it was his own hands trembling.

And that Mrs. Dean was standing quietly before him.

He knew then—about the rose.

He gave a long, deep sigh and climbed down stiffly from his hassock. His chilblains were burning and stinging more than ever, and he knew that he must somehow force his painful swollen feet once more into his hard, tight boots.

The last drop of exaltation ran out of him and pitifully, amazingly, she saw reflected in his face some of the emotions she herself was sometimes so



wanted a rose. If she got the rose, she'd be all right.

For Joe never mentioned it to anyone and he tried not to think about it, but he knew she wasn't getting strong the way she should.

"Nothing organic!" they'd say up at the hospital, and "Needs rousing," they'd say, staring at him in a worried kind of way and then going off into little discussions amongst themselves in that strange way they had, quite as though he had no eyes and no ears and no intelligence or, indeed, were not even there at all.

They couldn't know, of course, what a lot he'd read nor how anxious he was to get educated, and he knowing all the long, fine words that would

most things, because he had to; but he did not understand it.

Being good had nothing to do with it. His father'd been good and a fine singer in the choir, and his mother was good, and where did it get you? Your father dead in a sailor's grave and your mother in hospital and you left not knowing at all which way to turn to get a rose to give her pleasure.

Wearied by his search, perplexed and troubled by these metaphysical questionings, Joe sat sunk in gloom. He who had never in his life acknowledged the possibility of defeat felt a discouragement new to him and his pugnacious chin quivered. Surely a rose was a simple enough thing to ask for. He

The errors of SANTA CLAUS



A short story
complete on this
page

By STEPHEN
LEACOCK



IT was Christmas Eve. The Browns, who lived in the adjoining house, had been dining with the Jones'. Brown and Jones were sitting over wine and walnuts at the table. The others had gone upstairs.

"What are you giving your boy for Christmas?" asked Brown.

"A train," said Jones, "new kind of thing—automatic."

"Let's have a look at it," said Brown.

Jones fetched a parcel from the sideboard and began unwrapping it.

"Ingenious thing, isn't it?" he said. "Goes on its own rails. Queer how kids love to play with trains, isn't it?"

"Yes," assented Brown, "how are the rails fixed?"

"Wait, I'll show you," said Jones. "Just help me to shove these dinner things aside and roll back the cloth. There! See! You lay the rails like that and fasten them at the ends, so—"

"Oh, yes, I catch on, makes a grade, doesn't it? Just the thing to amuse a child, isn't it? I got Willie a toy aeroplane."

"I know, they're great. I got Edwin one on his birthday. But I thought I'd get him a train this time. I told him Santa Claus was going to bring him something altogether new this time. Edwin, of course, believes in Santa Claus absolutely. Say, look at this locomotive, would you? It has a spring coiled up inside the fire-box."

"Wind her up," said Brown with great interest, "let's see her go."

"All right," said Jones, "just pile up two or three plates or something to lean the end of the rails on. There, notice the way it buzzes be-

fore it starts. Isn't that a great thing for a kid, eh?"

"Yes," said Brown, "and say! See this little string to pull the whistle. By gad, it toots, eh? Just like real?"

"Now then, Brown," Jones went on, "you hitch on those cars and I'll start her. I'll be engineer, eh?"

Half an hour later Brown and Jones were still playing trains on the dining-room table.

But their wives upstairs in the drawing-room hardly noticed their absence. They were much too interested.

"Oh, I think it's perfectly sweet," said Mrs. Brown, "just the loveliest doll I've seen in years. I must get one like it for Ulvina. Won't Clarisse be perfectly enchanted?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Jones, "and then she'll have all the fun of

arranging the dresses. Children love that so much. Look! There are three little dresses with the doll. Aren't they cute? All cut out and ready to stitch together."

"Oh, how perfectly lovely," exclaimed Mrs. Brown, "I think the mauve one would suit the doll best, don't you?—with such golden hair—only don't you think it would make it much nicer to turn back the collar, so, and to put a little band—so?"

"What a good idea!" said Mrs. Jones, "do let's try it. Just wait, I'll get a needle in a minute. I'll tell Clarisse that Santa Claus sewed it himself. The child believes in Santa Claus absolutely."

And half an hour later Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Brown were so busy stitching dolls' clothes that they could not

hear the roaring of a little train up and down the dining table, and had no idea what the four children were doing.

Nor did the children miss their mothers.

"Dandy, aren't they?" Edwin Jones was saying to little Willie Brown, as they sat in Edwin's bedroom. "A hundred in a box, with cork tips, and, see, an amber mouth-piece that fits into a little case at the side. Good present for Dad, eh?"

"Fine!" said Willie appreciatively. "I'm giving father cigars."

you love this little Dutch design, or is it Flemish, darling?"

"Dutch," said Clarisse, "isn't it quaint? And aren't these the dearest little things—for putting the money in when you play? I needn't have got them with it—they'd have sold the rest separately—but I think it's too utterly slow playing without money, don't you?"

"Oh, abominable," shuddered Ulvina, "but your mamma never plays for money, does she?"

"Mamma! Oh, gracious, no. Mamma's far too slow for that. But I shall tell her that Santa Claus insisted on putting in the little money-boxes."

"I suppose she believes in Santa Claus, just as my mamma does."

"Oh, absolutely," said Clarisse, and added, "what if we play a little game. With a double dummy, the French way, or Norwegian Skat, if you like. That only needs two."

"All right," agreed Ulvina, and in a few minutes they were deep in a game of cards with a little pile of pocket money beside them.

About half an hour later all the members of the two families were down again in the drawing-room. But, of course, nobody said anything about the presents. In any case they were all too busy looking at the beautiful big Bible, with maps in it, that the Jones' had bought to give Grandfather. They all agreed that with the help of it Grandfather could hunt up any place in Palestine in a moment, day or night.

But upstairs, away upstairs in a sitting-room of his own, Grandfather Jones was looking with an affectionate eye at the presents that stood beside him. There was a beautiful whisky decanter, with silver filigree outside (and whisky inside) for Jones, and for the little boy a big nickel-plated jews'-harp.

Later on, far in the night, the person, or the influence, or whatever it is called Santa Claus, took all the presents and placed them in the people's stockings.

And, being blind as he always has been, he gave the wrong things to the wrong people—in fact, he gave them just as indicated above.

But the next day, in the course of Christmas morning, the situation straightened itself out, just as it always does.

Indeed, by ten o'clock, Brown and



Jones were playing with the train, and Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones were making dolls' clothes, and the boys were smoking cigarettes, and Clarisse and Ulvina were playing cards for their pocket-money.

And upstairs—away up—Grandfather was drinking whisky and playing the jews'-harp. And so Christmas, just as it always does, turned out all right after all.

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An exciting long
instalment begins
our new serial,
the latest novel by
the famous murder
mystery writer

4.50 FROM PADDINGTON

* by Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

MRS. MCGILICUDDY panted along the platform in the wake of the porter carrying her suitcase. Mrs. McGillicuddy was short and stout, the porter was tall and freestriding. In addition, Mrs. McGillicuddy was burdened with a large quantity of parcels; the result of a day's Christmas shopping. The race was, therefore, an uneven one, and the porter turned the corner at the end of the platform whilst Mrs. McGillicuddy was still coming up the straight.

No. 1 platform was not at the moment unduly crowded, since a train had just gone out, but in the no-man's-land beyond, a milling crowd was rushing in several directions at once, to and from undergrounds, left-luggage offices, tea-rooms, inquiry offices, indicator boards, and the two outlets, Arrival and Departure, to the outside world.

Mrs. McGillicuddy and her parcels were buffeted to and fro, but she arrived eventually at the entrance to No. 3 platform, and deposited one parcel at her feet whilst she searched her bag for the ticket that would enable her to pass the stern uniformed guardian at the gate.

At that moment, a voice, raucous yet refined, burst into speech over her head.

"The train standing at platform 3," the voice told her, "is the 4.50 for Brackhampton, Milchester, Waverton, Carvil Junction, Roxeter, and stations to Chadmouth. Passengers for Brackhampton and Milchester travel at the rear of the train. Passengers for Vanequay change at Roxeter." The voice shut itself off with a click, and then reopened conversation by announcing the arrival at platform 9 of the 4.35 from Birmingham and Wolverhampton.

Mrs. McGillicuddy found her ticket and presented it. The man clipped it, murmured: "On the right—rear portion."

Mrs. McGillicuddy padded up the platform and found her porter, looking bored and staring into space, outside the door of a third-class carriage.

"Here you are, lady."

"I'm travelling first-class," said Mrs. McGillicuddy.

"You didn't say so," grumbled the porter. His eye swept her heavy-looking grey tweed coat disparagingly.

Mrs. McGillicuddy, who had said so, did not argue the point. She was sadly out of breath.

The porter retrieved the suitcase and marched with it to the adjoining coach where Mrs. McGillicuddy was installed in solitary splendour. The 4.50 was not much patronised, the first-class clientele preferring either the faster morning express or the 6.40 with dining-car.

Mrs. McGillicuddy handed the porter his tip, which he received with disappointment, clearly considering it more applicable to third-class than to first-class travel. Mrs. McGillicuddy, though prepared to spend money on comfortable travel after a night journey from the North and a day's feverish shopping, was at no time an extravagant tipper.

She settled herself back on the plush cushions with a sigh and opened a magazine. Five minutes later whistles blew, and the train started. The magazine slipped from Mrs. McGillicuddy's hand, her head dropped sideways, and three minutes later she was asleep. She slept for thirty-five minutes and awoke refreshed. Resetting her hat, which had slipped askew, she sat up and looked out of the window at what she could see of the flying countryside.

It was quite dark now, a dreary, misty December day—Christmas was only five days ahead. London had been dark and dreary; the country was no less so, though occasionally rendered cheerful with its constant clusters of lights as the train flashed through towns and stations.

"Serving last tea now," said an attendant, whisking open the corridor door like a jinn. Mrs. McGillicuddy had already partaken of tea at a large department store. She was for the moment amply nourished. The attendant went on down the corridor uttering his monotonous cry. Mrs. McGillicuddy looked up at the rack where her various parcels reposed with a pleased expression.

The face towels had been excellent value and just what Margaret wanted, the space gun for Robby and the rabbit for Jean were highly satisfactory, and that evening coat was just the thing she herself needed, warm but dressy. The pullover for Hector, too . . . her mind dwelt with approval on the soundness of her purchases.

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Her satisfied gaze returned to the window, a train travelling in the opposite direction rushed by with a screech, making the windows rattle and causing her to start. The train clattered over points and passed through a station.

Then it began suddenly to slow down, presumably in obedience to a signal. For some minutes it crawled along, then stopped; presently it began to move forward again. Another up-train passed them, though with less vehemence than the first one. The train gathered speed again. At that moment another train, also on a down-line, swerved inwards towards them, for a moment with almost alarming effect. For a time the two trains ran parallel, now one gaining a little, now the other.

Mrs. McGillicuddy looked from her window through the windows of the parallel carriages. Most of the blinds were down, but occasionally the occupants of the carriages were visible. The other train was not very full and there were many empty carriages.

At the moment when the two trains gave the illusion of being stationary, a blind in one of the carriages flew up with a snap. Mrs. McGillicuddy looked into the lighted first-class carriage that was only a few feet away.

Then she drew her breath in with a gasp.

Standing with his back to the window and to her was a man. His hands were round the throat of a woman who faced him, and he was slowly, remorselessly strangling her. Her eyes were starting from their sockets, her face was purple and congested. As Mrs. McGillicuddy watched, fascinated, the end came; the body went limp and crumpled in the man's hands.

At the same moment, Mrs. McGillicuddy's train slowed down again and the other began to gain speed. It passed forward and a moment or two later it had vanished from sight.

Almost automatically Mrs. McGillicuddy's hand went up to the communication cord, then paused, irresolute. After all, what use would it be ringing the cord of the train in which she was travelling? The horror of what she had seen at such close quarters, and the unusual circumstances, made her feel paralysed. Some immediate action was necessary—but what?

The door of her compartment was drawn back and a ticket collector said, "Ticket, please."

Mrs. McGillicuddy turned to him with vehemence.

"A woman has been strangled," she said. "In a train that has just passed. I saw it."

The ticket collector looked at her doubtfully.

"I beg your pardon, madam?"

"A man strangled a woman! In a train. I saw it—through there." She pointed to the window.

The ticket collector looked extremely doubtful.

"Strangled?" he said disbelievingly.

"Yes, strangled! I saw it, I tell you. You must do something at once!"

The ticket collector coughed apologetically.

"You don't think, ma'am, that you may have had a little nap and—er—" he broke off tactfully.

"I have had a nap, but if you think this was a dream, you're quite wrong. I saw it, I tell you."

The ticket collector's eyes dropped to the open magazine lying on the seat. On the exposed page was a girl being strangled whilst a man with a revolver threatened the pair from an open doorway.

He said persuasively: "Now, don't you think, madam, that you'd been reading an exciting story, and that you just dropped off, and awaking a little confused—"

Mrs. McGillicuddy interrupted him.

"I saw it," she said. "I was as wide awake as you are."

And I looked out of the window into the window of the train alongside, and a man was strangling a woman. And what I want to know is, what are you going to do about it?"

"Well—madam—"

"You're going to do something, I suppose?"

The ticket collector sighed reluctantly and glanced at his watch.

"We shall be in Brackhampton in exactly seven minutes. I'll report what you've told me. In what direction was the train you mention going?"

"This direction, of course. You don't suppose I'd have been able to see all if a train had flashed past going in the other direction?"

The ticket collector looked as though he thought Mrs. McGillicuddy was quite capable of seeing anything anywhere as the fancy took her. But he remained polite.

"You can rely on me, madam," he said. "I will report your statement. Perhaps I might have your name and address—just in case . . ."

Mrs. McGillicuddy gave him the address where she would be staying for the next few days and her permanent address in Scotland, and he wrote them down. Then he withdrew with the air of a man who has done his duty and dealt successfully with a tiresome member of the travelling public.

Mrs. McGillicuddy remained frowning and vaguely unsatisfied. Would the ticket collector really report her statement? Or had he just been soothing her down? There were, she supposed vaguely, a lot of elderly women travelling around, fully convinced that they had unmasked Communist plots, were in danger of being murdered, saw flying saucers and secret space ships, and reported murders that had never taken place. If the man dismissed her as one of those . . .

The train was slowing down now, passing over points, and running through the bright lights of a large town.

Mrs. McGillicuddy opened her handbag, pulled out a receipted bill which was all she could find, wrote a rapid note on the back of it with her ball-point pen, put it into a spare envelope that she fortunately happened to have, stuck the envelope down and wrote on it.

The train drew slowly into a crowded platform. The usual ubiquitous voice was intoning:

"The train now arriving at platform 1 is the 5.38 for Milchester, Waverton, Roxeter, and stations to Chadmouth. Passengers for Market Basing take the train now waiting at No. 3 platform. No. 1 bay for stopping train to Carbury."

Mrs. McGillicuddy looked anxiously along the platform. So many passengers and so few porters. Ah, there was one! She hailed him authoritatively.

"Porter! Please take this at once to the Stationmaster's office."

She handed him the envelope, and with it a shilling.

Then, with a sigh, she leaned back. Well, she had done what she could. Her mind lingered with an instant's regret on the shilling . . . Sixpence would really have been enough . . .

Her mind went back to the scene she had witnessed. Horrible, quite horrible . . . She was a strong-nerved woman, but she shivered. What a strange—what a fantastic thing to happen to her, Elspeth McGillicuddy! If the blind of the carriage had not happened to fly up . . . But that, of course, was Providence.

Providence had willed that she, Elspeth McGillicuddy, should be a witness of the crime. Her lips set grimly.

Voices shouted, whistles blew, doors were banged shut. The 5.38 drew slowly out of Brackhampton station. An hour and five minutes later it stopped at Milchester.

Mrs. McGillicuddy collected her parcels and her suitcase and got out. She peered up and down the platform. Her mind reiterated its former judgment: not enough porters.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 1, 1958



Such porters as there were seemed to be engaged with mail bags and luggage vans. Passengers nowadays seemed always expected to carry their own cases. Well, she couldn't carry her suitcase and her umbrella and all her parcels. She would have to wait. In due course she secured a porter.

"Taxi?"

"There will be somebody to meet me, I expect."

Outside Milchester station, a taxi-driver who had been watching the exit came forward. He spoke in a soft local voice.

"Is it Mrs. McGillicuddy? For St. Mary Mead?"

Mrs. McGillicuddy acknowledged her identity. The porter was recompensed, adequately if not handsomely. The car, with Mrs. McGillicuddy, her suitcase, and her parcels, drove off into the night. It was a nine-mile drive. Sitting bolt

upright in the car, Mrs. McGillicuddy was unable to relax. Her feelings yearned for expression.

At last the taxi drove along the familiar village street and finally drew up at its destination; Mrs. McGillicuddy got out and walked up the brick path to the door. The driver deposited the cases inside as the door was opened by an elderly maid. Mrs. McGillicuddy passed straight through the hall to where, at the open sitting-room door, her hostess awaited her; an elderly frail old lady.

"Elspeth!"

"Jane!"

They kissed and, without preamble or circumlocution, Mrs. McGillicuddy burst into speech.

"Oh, Jane!" she wailed. "I've just seen a murder!"

True to the precepts handed down to her by her mother

In horror Mrs. McGillicuddy helplessly watched the man strangling the woman in the carriage of the train running alongside hers.

and grandmother—to wit: that a true lady can neither be shocked nor surprised—Miss Marple merely raised her eyebrows and shook her head, as she said:

"Most distressing for you, Elspeth, and surely most unusual. I think you had better tell me about it at once."

That was exactly what Mrs. McGillicuddy wanted to do. Allowing her hostess to draw her nearer to the fire, she sat

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Here's your answer

● Cleanliness has a lot more to do with romance than most people think. Boys don't kiss girls goodnight if the girls have got a bad breath or take them out more than once if they have body odor. And girls don't go out with boys who are dirty.

If you don't believe me, read the letter below.

"I have known a boy for just on 12 months, during which time he has given the impression of being very interested in me. He is a very nice boy, dresses well, but for a long time I could not bring myself to go out with him because he has a very unhealthy mouth, which he will not have attended.

"I have always been taught

to look after my own teeth and mouth, and I always clean my teeth before I go out, and I maintain that if he wants me to go out with him he ought to clean his.

"The situation has become so intolerable that all I can see when I talk to him or dance with him is his teeth. I gave in recently and went out with him, and he certainly could not have been nicer, but I was worried all night as to whether he would want

to kiss me goodnight, because I felt that I could not bear him to. However, he did not make any attempt, but I think that the time will come soon when he will want to and I don't want to hurt his feelings, so have refused to go out with him again, although he never seems to give up asking me.

"Once I spoke about the dentist, telling him that I had to go for a check-up and that I go every six months, even though I do not like going,

and I asked him if he did the same. He said that he never goes to the dentist, that he does not like going, and that nothing would make him go.

"Now I am starting to feel annoyed with him for his continual invitations to go out, and I think he is beginning to notice my attitude, although he doesn't know what is causing it.

"Can you suggest how he can be informed that he is offending me and others by neglecting the care of his teeth and gums?"

"Tats," N.S.W.

Hurrah for you, I couldn't agree with you more. I think this is a case that calls for drastic action. I would tell him, if you can, or write him a letter like this one you've sent me. Indeed, why not send him this page?

He'll be hurt, offended, and insulted, but someone will thank you some day for doing it—he might himself once he's got over the shock.

"I AM 21 years old and have a very fair skin and freckle easily. I have very hairy legs and the hair on them is black. I shave my legs, but the very next day it seems as if it is starting to grow again and you can see the black marks on them. The



A word from Debbie . . .

MIXED fruit drinks can be refreshing and different. Here are some recipes.

Mix 1 cup of orange juice, 1 cup pineapple juice, ½ cup lemon juice, and 2 dessertspoons of honey. Chill the mixture, and just before serving add 1 large bottle of chilled ginger-ale or lemonade. Serve in tall glasses with a slice of orange or lemon.

Here's another: To 4 cups freshly brewed tea add 8 sprigs of fresh mint, young, juice of 4 lemons, 2 oranges. Add six cloves and 1½ cups sugar. Chill. When ready to serve add two pints chilled grape or apple juice, ½ cup crushed pineapple, and 2 quarts water.

To make decorative ice cubes, fill refrigerator trays with plain water, colored water, or flavored water. Place a maraschino cherry or a fresh one, a ripe strawberry, a wedge of lemon, a square of pineapple, a piece of fresh peach or apricot, or mint in each block and freeze.

shaving is making my legs very rough when the hair starts to grow again. Please is there something else I can do that will help, as it is very embarrassing if I want to go swimming. Am I lacking in some vitamin that would cause this hair growth? I am healthy, so far as I know, and eat well and nearly every food."

"Worried Queenslander."

There are a number of ways to deal with hairy legs. The most efficient, easiest, and certainly the one that gives your legs the best look is to shave them.

After you've shaved them, soap them heavily under the shower or in your bath and

rub them with a smooth pumice-stone or one of the abrasive mitts that are on the market. This smoothes down the cut ends of the hairs and also any skin roughness.

When you're out of the bath, rub in the tiniest trace of foundation lotion or cream and you should have the best-groomed legs in town.

To keep that way, shave your legs every day, if necessary. It makes no difference to the hair growth, and girls noted for their grooming generally do this.

I can't understand your obvious distaste for shaving your legs; it's clean and efficient. I wouldn't try a bleach. I'd just stick to the razor.

***** DISC DIGEST *****

IT'S always been a mystery to me why M.G.M. weren't smart enough at the outset of Gene Kelly's career to provide him with a dubbed-in singing voice. His deficiency in this department doesn't do much to help along the soundtrack LP of "Les Girls," which definitely needed strong vocalists, since the five songs are very slender.

The main point of interest is the fact that the disc introduces that brilliant comedienne Kay Kendall—remember her in "Genevieve"? She and Kelly do a knockabout routine called "You're Just Too Too," which gives the hint that her

future records could be sensational. Kay, Taina Elg, and Mitzi Gaynor join forces for "Ladies in Waiting," which consists of more girlish giggles than singing, and Kelly joins the belles for the opening number, "Les Girls."

The reverse side of the record is much better. The LeRoy Holmes orchestra presents six Cole Porter tunes, all of which were originally heard in musical films. "Rosalie," "Easy to Love," and "In the Still of the Night" show Porter in top form, and the seldom-heard "I Concentrate On You" is a gem.

As I said when I discussed her series of Extended Play discs called "The Misty Miss Christy," June Christy is one of the most tasteful and stylish performers on record today. Her new EP "Get Happy" (EAP. 1488) definitely confirms my impression. Her versatility is shown in the upbeat title number and the slow, moody "The Man I Love," which are in distinct contrast. June's penchant for unusual tunes is shown by her selection of "My Heart Belongs To Only You" and "I Lived When I Met You."

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

deeply and sadly conscious of, bewilderment, doubt, defeat. They stared at each other in silence for a minute.

She did not seem to mind, he decided, about the rose. She looked as though she knew how dreadful it was to think you've got a miracle, and then find out it isn't yours.

He blinked furiously to keep back the rush of tears that threatened. His legs started to fold up. He laid the rose down very gently on the seat beside him, and sat down suddenly on his hassock.

"If you'll excuse me, Ma'am," he said, very calm and polite, as if she were the Queen, "I'll put my boots on."

"Certainly," she said and sat down in the corner of the seat, and as far as possible from the rose. She did not touch it nor snatch it up; indeed, after a brief, incurious glance, she did not even seem to notice it at all. She seemed more interested in his boots than anything else.

"My feet were wet, so I took my boots off," he explained courteously.

She nodded, "I wondered." A gleam of humor lit her face for a moment, and was gone. "For a moment I wondered if, like Moses, you'd heard a voice saying, 'Take thy shoes from off thy feet . . . But then I don't suppose your name is Moses, is it?' she said, and smiled.

"It's Joseph," he replied formally, for he could speak English with the best when he wanted to. "Joseph Alasdair McLeod. It was my mother wanted Joseph. I am, of course, one of the Highland McLeods."

"Yes, I can see that," she said, and indeed he'd a Highlander's dignity and all a Highlander's poise.

Continuing . . . The Christmas Rose

from page 26

She watched him struggling with a broken lace for a minute and then, "Who taught you to sing like that, Joe?" she asked.

"Nobody." He looked surprised. "I've been listening, you know. I've listened for a long time, more than a month I should think."

She nodded. "You must have listened very well, Joe," she said, and again the gleam of humor lit her face. "Actually I've caught glimpses of you myself, but I didn't know you could sing."

"I didn't know myself, Ma'am," he said. "Until today."

Most of the boys had gone by now, only Freckle Face was left fidgeting about in his stall. Dr. Smith and his assistant were conferring in low tones, turning over sheets of music and sending occasional glances at Joe and Mrs. Dean.

"Once I had a son—called David. He used to sing here, too. He was killed—in the war, you know." She said it quite quietly. Then after a pause, "Would you like to sing here, Joe?"

"To sing. Here!" For a moment his face was transfigured, then the light died out of it again. He had remembered the rose.

He looked at it without speaking and then very slowly he picked it up. He touched one of its petals gently with his finger. He smoothed a shining, crumpled leaf. He said laconically, "I think this must be yours, Ma'am. I think you must have dropped it. I—guess I know well enough—miracles—don't happen now."

"Oh, but they do," said Mrs.

Dean swiftly. She made no movement at all to take the rose.

"Miracles are happening all the time. But they are worked out in a natural, human way." (Well, that was true, wasn't it? Adam was always telling her that God worked for humanity through humanity!)

She said, "You want the rose very much, don't you, Joe? Please tell me why."

He told her everything then, even about the old copy of the Messiah which belonged to his father.

"Well!" she said wonderingly, when he had finished. "Don't you see, that makes it more miraculous than ever." She paused, trying to find the right words to reassure him. "I must have been meant to drop the rose. Never before have I ever done such a thing. Not in all the years I have been here. And why should I drop it exactly near where you would be sitting? You are quite right, Joe. The rose must have been meant for you. And I am sure your mother will be better soon."

She added hesitantly, almost as though she were thinking things out as she went along. "Oh, yes, you must never doubt it, Joe. Miracles are happening every day. Perhaps not always in the way you would expect, or hope for. But, be sure of this, if you have faith it turns out to be a better way."

When she smiled, he thought, it was like the sun coming out. He liked her more than he had ever liked anyone, except his parents.

"And now," she was saying briskly, "will you come with me

to meet Dr. Smith? He looks after our music, you know. The boy with him is our leading chorister, as I expect you have gathered. I dare say you will be singing with him sometimes, in the parts for two trebles. We are all fond of William, but his voice is not really strong enough for some of our pieces. I expect Dr. Smith will think he's got a miracle, too," again that glint of humor, "if you join us! After that I want you both, you and William, I mean, to come with me to the Deanery and have tea with us. You have plenty of time before you go to the hospital. Do you like chicken?"

"I like anything, Ma'am," he said, "that's edible."

Back in the Cathedral later the Dean's wife still sat on even after Second Evensong. She was remembering, still with the same sense of shock, the impact of Joe's voice that afternoon. A full round voice of perfect pitch and miraculous purity, so that all who heard it must be shaken with tears. It was as though this kindly wail with the angel's voice had shocked her into realisation that Death really was not the end.

Notice to Contributors

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Short stories should be from 2500 to 4000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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"Behold, I show you a mystery . . ."

For the first time since David was killed, the festivals of her Church, which can so easily become merely the symbols of a conventional creed, took on reality and meaning; Advent, Christmas, Good Friday, Easter—for the first time in years she saw beyond the grave to the resurrection. And her heart, which for so long had been confined to one lonely soldier's grave, opened now to embrace the world. Out of the mouths of babes, she thought.

At the same time Joe sat stiffly and proudly beside his mother. She was sitting up in bed and she looked the way she used to look. Interested. She seemed to be dividing her attention equally between Joe and the rose. Joe had just finished telling her about the events of the day and wondering if he had missed anything out.

He said, "Mrs. Dean, you know the lady I am speaking about, the wife of the Dean, only she isn't really called that; she's called Mrs. Grantham, only everybody calls her Mrs. Dean, well, she says there will be another rose for you when that one's finished."

His mother smiled. "I don't need another. This is enough." After a while she said, "Your father used to give me a white rose at Christmas. It was our wedding anniversary, you see." She said, "When I come home we must try and make a tiny garden. Even a window-box will do for a start. Your father liked a garden. Later on we'll try and grow a rose."

"Aye!" said Joe.

"Only think, Mother, by the time you come home I'll be Treble Solo. I'll wear the medal. I'll carry the Cross. They'll call me the Crucifer. That is Latin, which you may not understand. It means the boy

who carries the Cross." He reflected, frowning, for a moment.

"It's a pity you didn't call me Simon," he said. "Instead of Joseph. You know—the Cyrenian. Who carried the Cross."

"There was Joseph," she offered, "Of Arimathea. He played his part."

Joe's brow cleared. "Anyhow, is it not a great honor to carry the Cross? Father'd be pleased." His voice faltered. "It's a pity he can't hear me. And see me, Mother."

She said, "He'll hear you. And see you, son."

Joe smiled. "Aye," he said again.

Presently he added regretfully, "Only think, Mother, I might've been singing the Verse tomorrow only I don't know all the words. And they think I might get stage-fright." He shook his head, gently admonitory. "Whoever heard of a Highlander w' stage-fright?"

"Anyway, I am to join in whenever I can, but keeping my voice down so's not to spoil the others. We sing carols, too, you know. Some in Latin. We have a lot of Latin, so after all I am to be educated."

He gave a deep and happy sigh.

"In Quo Christus natus est! Decani. Contoris! Adeste fideles." He said the words slowly over and over in his mind, savoring them extremely, not yet fully understanding, but lingering with joy over the lovely, full-vowelled sound of the words of the Christmas hymn he had heard for the first time that evening—

"Natum vidite . . . Regem Angelorum . . . Venite Adoremus . . . Dominum."

His heart swelled.

(Copyright)



It seems to me

"PHILIP finds take-off fun" was the heading of a recent news item about a theatre skit in London.

Actor Peter Cavanagh impersonated Prince Philip giving a TV performance.

The audience at the show (in a West End theatre) is said to have looked apprehensive, but the script had been cleared by the Palace.

According to reports, Prince Philip greeted the skit with roars of laughter.

Of course he roared with laughter. The subjects of impersonations always do. It is the done thing.

To laugh at a burlesque of oneself is the height of good manners. It carries consideration for others to the ultimate.

Burlesques are always hysterically funny when they are about someone you know, and it is nice to be able to laugh in comfort, having been assured that the victim is amused, too.

But it's all rot. Nine times out of ten the satirised one is cut to the quick. A clever satire picks up mannerisms that the owner has never noticed.

I'm waiting for the day when a character in Prince Philip's situation shouts, "I don't like it," and bursts into tears.

He — or she — will deserve a medal for honesty.

AMONG the flood of statements made in America after the recent satellite flop was that by Mr. James Patterson, a member of the Congressional Atomic Energy Committee.

Calling for a speeding up in research and development, he said: "Let's get an atomic plane airborne and pick the bugs out of it later."

But — this is just a simple, untechnical view — after the last rocket blow-up, doesn't it seem best to pick the bugs out first?

IAM sorry for the 16-year-old girl who has been chosen as "the nicest young lady in Denmark."

This is probably merely a new theme for a beauty contest, but the girl who won it must wish she had been called simply "Miss Denmark."

Picture the home situation. Small brother, infuriating as are all small brothers, runs to mother screaming, "Who do you think pinched me just because I spilled her nail varnish? Only the nicest young lady in Denmark."

Father says: "I don't care what your mother thinks, or what the other girls wear, but that neckline is too darned low for the nicest young lady in Denmark."

And years later, in marriage, the nastiest crack in every domestic argument: "And to think they called YOU the nicest young lady in Denmark."

AND here, there's just enough space to squeeze it in — Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you.



ONE of the attractions of a new Sydney restaurant is a barbecue, visible through plate-glass from the dance floor.

"Guests," said one enthusiastic account, "are able to watch their chickens cooking while they dance."

This is a modern restaurant gimmick that is gaining favor. It must be the men who like it. Since men pay for all the more expensive dinners they are no doubt entitled to their little fancies.

But the last thing your average woman wishes to see is the dinner cooking. The reason she likes eating out is that she is removed from the thought of the kitchen.

I'm sorry for chefs, too, though perhaps my sympathy is a little exaggerated because I'm a strictly secretive cook.

I dislike being watched on the job, not so much because it makes me nervous as because it makes the guests nervous. Their lack of trust, I like to insist, is partly engendered by the improvisations necessary through cramped space. (As any kitchenette worker knows, there are times when it is essential to stow a few things under the stove.)

Once, after a small party, I remarked complacently to a candid friend that everyone had appeared to enjoy the meal.

"I think they were so surprised," she said. "Nobody seeing you can imagine that the meal will be a success, so when it's all right they think it's marvellous."

APOLL of movie-goers somewhere in America recently chose actor Stewart Granger as "the most exciting man in the world."

Some people excite very easily.

THE possibility of changing one's mind should be part of every educational system," said a speaker in a recent B.B.C. programme.

Some minds are early set, as in cement, And never by prevailing winds are bent. The owners of such minds, securely placed, Are seldom troubled or by problems faced. They say "I always think, indeed, I always say,"

And air the attitudes of yesterday. Others, with every wind, blow hot and cold.

You never know on which line they'll be sold.

But here's the crux: whichever you approve

Is governed by your individual groove. YOU are consistent while THEY vacillate.

YOU are broadminded, THEY are obstinate.

Continuing . . . Tip on a Dead Jockey

from page 19

leading men into parachutes and explaining the differences between a P-47 and a B-25 to the director.

"And the blond star?" the man asked, taking his glasses away from his eyes. "With the exquisite hips?"

"Also home." The man moved his eyebrows and shook his head gently, indicating his regret that his new acquaintance and the city of Paris were now deprived of the exquisite hips. "Well," he said, "at least it leaves you free in the afternoon to come to the races." He peered out across the track through the glasses. "There they go."

Number Three led all the way until the stretch. In the stretch he was passed rapidly by four other horses.

"Every race in this country," Barber said as the horses crossed the finish line, "is a hundred metres too long." He took out his tickets and tore them once and dropped them on the wet concrete.

He watched with surprise as the man with the umbrella took out some tickets and tore them up, too. They were on Number Three, and Barber could see that they were big ones. The man with the umbrella dropped the tickets with a resigned, half-amused expression on his face, as though all his life he had been used to tearing up things that had suddenly become of no value.

"Are you staying for the last race?" the man with the umbrella asked as they started to descend through the empty stands.

"I don't think so," Barber said. "This day has been glorious enough already."

"Why don't you stay?" the man said. "I may have something."

Barber thought for a moment, listening to their footsteps on the concrete.

"I have a car," the man said. "I could give you a lift into town, Mr. Barber."

"Oh," Barber said, surprised, "you know my name."

"Of course," the man said, smiling. "Why don't you wait for me at the bar? I have to go and cash some tickets."

"I thought you lost," Barber said suspiciously.

"On Number Three," the man said. From another pocket he took out some more tickets and waved them gently. "But there is always the insurance. One must always think of insurance," he said. "Will I see you at the bar?"

"O.K.," Barber said, not because he hoped for anything in the way of information on the next race from the man with the umbrella, but because of the ride home. "I'll be there. Oh — by the way, what's your name?"

"Smith," the man said. "Bert Smith."

Barber went to the bar and ordered a coffee, then changed it to a brandy, because coffee wasn't enough after a race like that. He stood there, hunched over the bar, reflecting sourly that he was one of the category of people who never think of the insurance. Smith, he thought, Bert Smith. More insurance. On how many other names, Barber wondered, had the man lost before he picked that one?

Smith came to the bar softly, on his dapper feet, smiling, and laid a hand lightly on Barber's arm. "Mr. Barber," he said, "there is a rumor for the seventh race. Number Six."

"I never win on Number Six," Barber said.

"It is a lovely little rumor," Smith said. "At present, a twenty-two-to-one rumor."

Barber looked at the man doubtfully. He wondered briefly what there was in it for Smith. "What the hell," he said, moving towards the seller's window. "What have I got to lose?"

He put five thousand francs on Number Six, and superstitiously remained at the bar during the race, drinking brandy. Number Six won, all out, by half a length, and, although the odds had dropped somewhat, paid eighteen to one.

Barber walked through the damp twilight, across the discarded newspapers and the scarred grass, with its farm-like smell, patting his inside pocket with the ninety thousand francs in a comfortable bulge there, pleased with the little man trotting beside him.

Bert Smith had a Citroën, and he drove swiftly and well and objectionably, cutting in on other cars and swinging wide into the outside lane to gain advantage of lights.

"Do you bet often on the races, Mr. Barber?" he was saying as they passed a traffic policeman, forlorn in his white cape on the gleaming street.

"Too often," Barber said, enjoying the warmth of the car and the effects of the last brandy and the bulge in his pocket.

"You like to gamble?"

"Who doesn't?"

"There are many who do not like to gamble," Smith said, nearly scraping a truck. "I pity them."

"Pity them?" Barber looked over at Smith, a little surprised at the word. "Why?"

"Because," Smith said softly, smiling, "in this age there comes a time when everyone finds that he is forced to gamble — and not only for money, and not only at the seller's window. And when that time comes, and you are not in the habit, and it does not amuse you, you are most likely to lose."

THEY rode in silence for a while. From time to time, Barber peered across at the soft, self-assured face above the wheel, lit by the dashboard glow. I would like to get a look at his passport, Barber thought — at all the passports he's carried for the past twenty years.

"For example," Smith said, "during the war . . ."

"Yes?"

"When you were in your place," Smith said, "on a mission. Weren't there times when you had to decide suddenly to try something, to depend on your luck for one split second, and if you hesitated, if you balked at the act of gambling — assst!" Smith took one hand from the wheel and made a gliding, falling motion, with his thumb down. He smiled across at Barber. "I suppose you are one of the young men who were nearly killed a dozen times," he said.

"I suppose so," Barber said. "I prefer that in Americans," Smith said. "It makes them more like Europeans."

"How did you know I was in the war?" Barber said. For the first time, he began to wonder if it was only a coincidence that Smith had been near him in the stand before the sixth race.

Smith chuckled. "You have been in Paris how long?" he said. "A year and a half?"

"Sixteen months," Barber said, wondering how the man knew that.

"Nothing very mysterious about it," Smith said. "People talk at bars, at dinner parties. One girl tells another girl. Paris is a small city. Where shall I drop you?"

Barber looked out of the window to see where they were. "Not far from here," he said. "My hotel is just off the Avenue Victor Hugo. You can't get in there with a car."

"Oh, yes," Smith said, as though he knew all about

hotels. "If it doesn't seem too inquisitive," he said, "do you intend to stay long in Europe?"

"It depends."

"On what?"

"On luck," Barber grinned. "Did you have a good job in America?" Smith asked, keeping his eyes on the traffic ahead of him.

"In thirty years, working ten hours a day, I would have been the third biggest man in the company," Barber said.

Smith smiled. "Calamitous," he said. "Have you found more interesting things to do here?"

"Occasionally," Barber said, beginning to be conscious that he was being quizzed.

"After a war it is difficult to remain interested," Smith said. "While it is on, a war is absolutely boring. But then when it's over you discover peace is even more boring. It is the worst result of wars. Do you still fly?"

"Once in a while."

Smith nodded. "Do you maintain your licence?"

"Yes."

"Yes, that's wise," Smith said.

He pulled into the kerb and stopped, and Barber got out.

"Here you are," Smith said. He put out his hand, smiling, and Barber shook it. Smith's hand was softly fleshed, but there was a feeling of stone beneath it.

"Thanks for everything," Barber said.

"Thank you, Mr. Barber, for your company," Smith said. He held Barber's hand for a moment, looking across the seat at him. "This has been very pleasant," he said. "I hope we can see each other again soon. Maybe we are lucky for each other."

"Sure," Barber said, grinning. "I'm always at home to people who can pick eighteen-to-one shots."

Smith smiled, relinquishing Barber's hand. "Maybe one of these days we'll have something even better than an eighteen-to-one shot," he said.

He waved a little and Barber closed the car door. Smith sprinted out into the traffic, nearly causing two cars to pile up behind him.

It had taken two weeks for Smith to declare himself. From the beginning, Barber had known that something was coming, but he had waited patiently, curious and amused, lunching with Smith in the fine restaurants Smith patronised, going to galleries with him and listening to Smith on the subject of the Impressionists, going out to the racetracks with him, as a winning more often than not on the information Smith picked up from tight-lipped men around the paddocks.

Barber pretended to enjoy the little, clever man more than he actually did, and Smith, on his part, Barber knew, was pretending to like him more than he actually did. It was a kind of veiled and cynical wooing, in which neither party had yet committed himself. Only, unlike more ordinary wooings, Barber for the first two weeks was not sure in just what direction his desirability, as far as Smith was concerned, might lie.

Then, late one night, after a large dinner and a desultory tour of the nightclubs, during which Smith had seemed unusually silent and abstracted, they were standing in front of Smith's hotel and he made his move. It was a cold night, and the street was deserted except for a girl with a dog, who looked at them casually as she passed them on the way to the Champs-Élysées.

"Are you going to be in your hotel tomorrow morning, Lloyd?" Smith asked.

"Yes," Barber said. "Why?"

"Why?" Smith repeated absently, staring after the

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chilled-looking girl and her poodle walking down the empty, dark street. "Why?" He chuckled irrelevantly. "I have something I would like to show you," he said.

"I'll be in all morning," Barber said.

"Tell me, my friend," Smith said, touching Barber's sleeve lightly with his gloved hand. "Do you have any idea why I have been calling you so often for the past two weeks and buying you so many good meals and so much good whisky?"

"Because I am charming and interesting, and full of fun," Barber said, grinning. "And because you want something from me."

Smith chuckled, louder this time, and caressed Barber's sleeve. "You are not absolutely stupid, my friend, are you?"

"Not absolutely," said Barber.

"Tell me, my friend," Smith said, almost in a whisper. "How would you like to make twenty-five thousand dollars?"

"What?" Barber asked, certain that he had not heard correctly.

"Sh-h-h," Smith said. He smiled, suddenly gay. "Think about it. I'll see you in the morning. Thank you for walking me home." He dropped Barber's arm and started into the hotel.

"Smith!" Barber called.

"Sh-h-h," Smith put his finger playfully to his mouth. "Sleep well. See you in the morning."

Barber watched him go through the glass revolving doors into the huge, brightly lit, empty lobby of the hotel. Barber took a step towards the doors to follow him in, then stopped and shrugged and put his collar up, and walked slowly in the direction of his own hotel. I've waited this long, he thought, I can wait till morning.

Barber was still in bed the next morning when the door opened and Smith came in. The room was dark, with the curtains drawn, and Barber was lying there, half-asleep, thinking drowsily. Twenty-five thousand, twenty-five thousand. He opened his eyes when he heard the door open. There was a short, bulky silhouette framed in the doorway against the pallid light of the corridor.

"Who's that?" Barber asked, without sitting up.

"Lloyd. I'm sorry," Smith said. "Go back to sleep. I'll see you later."

Barber sat up abruptly. "Smith," he said. "Come in." "I don't want to disturb..." "Come in, come in," Barber got out of bed, and threw back the curtains. He looked at the street. "By jings, that do you know?" he said, averring and closing the window. "The sun is shining. Shut the door."

Smith closed the door. He was wearing a grey suit, very British, and a soft Italian felt hat, and he was carrying a large manila envelope. He looked newly bathed and shaved, and wide awake.

Barber, blinking in the sudden sunshine, put on a robe and a pair of moccasins and lit a cigarette. "Excuse me," he said. "I want to wash."

He went behind the screen that separated the wash-basin from the rest of the room. As he washed, scrubbing his face and soaking his hair with cold water, he heard Smith go over to the window. Smith was humming, in a soft, true, melodious tenor voice, a passage from an opera that Barber knew he had heard but could not remember. Aside from everything else, Barber thought, combing his hair roughly, I bet he knows fifty operas.

Feeling fresher and less at a disadvantage with his teeth washed and his hair combed, Barber stepped out from behind the screen.

"Paris," Smith said, at the

Continuing . . . Tip on a Dead Jockey

[from page 31]

window, looking out. "What a satisfactory city. What a farce." He turned around, smiling. "Ah," he said, "how lucky you are. You can afford to put the water on your head. Every time I wash my hair it falls like leaves. How old did you say you are?"

"Thirty," Barber said, knowing that Smith remembered it.

"What an age," Smith sighed. "The wonderful moment of balance. Old enough to know what you want, still young enough to be ready for anything." He came back and sat down and propped the manila envelope on the floor next to the chair. "Anything." He looked up at Barber, almost coquettishly. "You recall our conversation, I trust," he said.

"I recall a man said something about twenty-five thousand dollars," Barber said.

"Oh—you do remember," Smith said gaily. "Well?"

"Well what?"

"Well, do you want to make it?"

"I'm listening," Barber said. Smith rubbed his soft hands together gently in front of his face, his fingers rigid, making a slight, dry, sliding sound. "A little proposition has come up," he said. "An interesting little proposition."

"What do I have to do for my twenty-five thousand dollars?" Barber asked.

"What do you have to do for your twenty-five thousand dollars?" Smith repeated softly. "You have to do a little flying. You have flown for considerably less, from time to time, haven't you?" He chuckled.

"I sure have," Barber said.

"What else do I have to do?" "Nothing else," Smith said, sounding surprised. "Just fly. Are you still interested?"

"Go on," said Barber.

"A friend of mine has just bought a brand-new single-engine plane. A Beechcraft, single engine. A perfect, pleasant, comfortable, one-hundred-percent dependable aircraft," Smith said, describing the perfect little plane with pleasure in its newness and dependability. "He himself does not fly, of course. He needs a private pilot, who will be on tap at all times."

"For how long?" Barber asked, watching Smith closely. "For thirty days. Not more."

Smith smiled up at him. "The pay is not bad, is it?"

"I can't tell yet," Barber said. "Go on. Where does he want to fly to?"

"He happens to be an Egyptian," Smith said, a little deprecatingly, as though being an Egyptian were a slight private misfortune, which one did not mention except among friends, and then in lowered tones. "He is a wealthy Egyptian, who likes to travel. Especially back and forth to France. He is in love with the South of France. He goes there at every opportunity."

"Yes?"

"He would like to make two round trips from Egypt to the vicinity of Cannes within the next month," Smith said, peering steadily at Barber. "In his private new plane. Then, on the third trip, he will find that he is in a hurry and he will take the commercial plane and his pilot will follow two days later, alone."

"Alone?" Barber asked, trying to keep all the facts straight.

"Alone, that is," Smith said, "except for a small box."

"Ah," Barber said, grinning. "Finally the small box."

"Finally," Smith smiled up at him delightedly. "It has already been calculated. The small box will weigh two hundred and fifty pounds. A comfortable margin of safety for

this particular aircraft for each leg of the journey."

"And what will there be in the small two-hundred-and-fifty-pound box?" Barber asked, cool and relieved now that he saw what was being offered to him.

"Is it absolutely necessary to know?"

"What do I tell the Customs people when they ask me what's in the box?" Barber said. "Go ask Bert Smith?"

"You have nothing to do with Customs people," Smith said. "I assure you. When you take off from the airport in Cairo the box is not on board. And when you land at the airport at Cannes the box is not on board. Isn't that enough?"

Barber took a last pull at his cigarette and doused it. He peered thoughtfully at Smith, sitting easily on the chair in the rumpled room, looking too neat and too well dressed for such a place at such an hour. Drugs, Barber thought. Oh, no!

"No, Bertie, boy," Barber said roughly. "It is not enough. Come on. Tell."

Smith sighed. "Are you interested up to now?"

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



"I am interested up to now," Barber said.

"All right," Smith said regretfully. "This is how it will be done. You will have established a pattern. You will have been in and out of the Cairo airport several times. Your papers always impeccable. They will know you. You will have become a part of the legitimate routine of the field. Then, on the trip when you will be taking off alone, everything will be perfectly legitimate."

"You will have only a small bag with you of your personal effects. Your flight plan will show that your destination is Cannes and that you will come down at Malta and Rome for refuelling only. You will take off from Cairo. You will go off course by only a few miles. Some distance from the coast you will be over the desert. You will come down on an old R.A.F. landing strip that hasn't been used since 1943. There will be several men there . . . Are you listening?"

"I'm listening," Barber had walked to the window and was standing there, looking out at the sunny street below, his back to Smith.

"They will put the box on board. The whole thing will not take more than ten minutes," Smith said. "At Malta nobody will ask you anything, because you will be in transit and you will not leave the plane and you will stay only long enough to refuel. The same thing at Rome. You will arrive over the south coast of France in the evening, be-

fore the moon is up. Once more," Smith said, speaking as though he was savoring his words, "you will be just a little off course. You will fly low over the hills between Cannes and Grasse."

"At a certain point you will see an arrangement of lights. You will throttle down, open the door, and push the box out from a height of a hundred feet. Then you will close the door and turn towards the sea and land at Cannes airport. Your papers will be perfectly in order. There will have been no deviations from your flight plan. You will have nothing to declare. You will walk away from the aeroplane once and for all, and we will pay you the twenty-five thousand dollars I have spoken of. Isn't it lovely?"

"Lovely," Barber said. "It's just a delicious little old plan, Bertie, boy." He turned away from the window. "Now tell me what will be in the box."

Smith chuckled delightedly, as though what he was going to say was too funny to keep to himself. "Money," he said. "Just money."

"How much money?" "Two hundred and fifty pounds of money," Smith said, his eyes crinkled with amuse-

ment. "Two hundred and fifty pounds of tightly packed English notes in a nice, strong, lightweight metal box. Five-pound notes."

At that moment it occurred to Barber that he was speaking to a lunatic. But Smith was sitting there, matter of fact and healthy, obviously a man who had never for a minute in all his life had a single doubt about his sanity.

"When would I get paid?" Barber asked.

"When the box was delivered," Smith said.

"Bertie, boy . . ." Barber shook his head reprovingly.

Smith chuckled. "I have warned myself that you were not stupid," he said. "All right. We will deposit twelve thousand five hundred dollars in your name in a Swiss bank before you start for the first time to Egypt."

"You trust me for that?"

Fleeting the smile left Smith's face. "We'll trust you for that," he said. Then the smile reappeared. "And immediately after the delivery is made we will deposit the rest. A lovely deal. Hard currency. No income tax. You will be a rich man. Semi-rich." He chuckled at his joke. "Just for a little plane ride. Just to help an Egyptian who is fond of the South of France and who is naturally a little disturbed by the insecurity of his own country."

"When will I meet this Egyptian?" Barber asked.

"When you go to the airfield to take off for your first flight," Smith said. "He'll be there. Don't you worry. He'll be

there. Do you hesitate?" he asked anxiously.

"I'm thinking," Barber said. "It's not as though you were involved in your own country," Smith said piously. "I wouldn't ask a man to do that—a man who had fought for his country in the war. It isn't even as though it had anything to do with the English, for whom it is possible you have a certain affection. But the Egyptians?"

He shrugged and bent over and picked up the manila envelope and opened it. "I have all the maps here," he said, "if you would like to study them. The route is all marked out, but, of course, it would be finally in your hands, since it would be you who was doing the flying."

Barber took the thick packet of maps. He opened one at random. All it showed was the sea approaches to Malta and the location of the landing strips there. Barber thought of twenty-five thousand dollars and the map shook a little in his hands.

"It is ridiculously easy," Smith said, watching Barber intently. "Foolproof."

Barber put the map down. "If it's so easy what are you paying twenty-five thousand bucks for?" he said.

Smith laughed. "I admit," he said, "there may be certain little risks. It is improbable, but one never knows. We pay you for the improbability, if you want to put it that way." He shrugged. "After all, after a whole war you must be somewhat hardened to risks."

"When do you have to know?" Barber asked.

"Tonight," Smith said. "If you say no, naturally we have to make other plans. And my Egyptian friend is impatient."

"Who is he?" Barber asked.

"Naturally," Smith said, "I have certain colleagues."

"Who are they?"

Smith made a small regretful gesture. "I am terribly sorry," he said, "but I cannot tell you."

"I'll call you tonight," said Barber.

"Good," Smith stood up and buttoned his coat and carefully put the soft Italian felt hat on his head at a conservative angle. He played gently and appreciatively with the brim. "This afternoon I will be at the track. Maybe you would like to join me there."

"Where're they running today?"

"Auteuil," Smith said.

"Jumping today?"

"Have you heard anything?"

"Perhaps," Smith said.

"There is a mare who is doing the jumps for the first time. I have spoken to the jockey and I have been told the mare has responded in training, but I'll hear more at three o'clock."

"I'll be there."

"Good," Smith said enthusiastically. "Although it is against my interests, of course, to make you too rich in advance." He chuckled. "However, for the sake of friendship . . . Should I leave the maps?"

"Yes," said Barber.

"Until three o'clock," Smith said as Barber opened the door. They shook hands, and Smith went out into the corridor, a rich, tweedy, perfumed figure in the impoverished light of the pallid hotel lamps.

Barber locked the door behind him and picked up the packet of maps and spread them on the bed, over the rumpled sheets and blankets. He hadn't looked at aerial maps for a long time. Northern Egypt. The Mediterranean. The island of Malta. Sicily and the Italian coast. The Gulf of Genoa. The Alpes-Maritimes.

He stared at the maps. The Mediterranean looked very wide. He didn't like to fly over open water in a single-engine plane. In fact, he didn't like to fly. Since the war he had flown as little as possible. He hadn't made any explanations to him-

self, but when he had had to travel he had gone by car or train or boat whenever he could.

Twenty-five thousand dollars, he thought.

He folded the maps neatly and put them back into the envelope. At this point the maps weren't going to help.

He lay down on the bed again, propped against the pillows, with his hands clasped behind his head. Open water, he thought. Five times. Even that wouldn't be too bad. But what about the Egyptians? He had been in Cairo briefly during the war. He remembered that at night the policemen walked in pairs, carrying carbines. He didn't like places where the policemen carried carbines. And Egyptian prisons . . .

He moved uneasily on the bed.

Who knew how many people were in on a scheme like this? And it would only take one to cook you. One dissatisfied servant or accomplice, one greedy or timid partner. . . . He closed his eyes and almost saw the fat, dark-uniformed men with their carbines walking up to the shiny, new little plane.

Or suppose you blew a tyre or crumpled a wheel on the landing strip? Who knew what the strip was like, abandoned in the desert since 1943?

Twenty-five thousand dollars.

Or you would think you were making it. The box would be on the seat beside you and the coast of Egypt would be falling off behind you and the sea stretching blue below and ahead and the engine running like a watch—and then the first sign of the patrol. The shimmering dot growing into . . . What did the Egyptian Air Force fly? Spitfires, left over from the war, he supposed. Coming up swiftly, going twice as fast as you, signalling you to turn around . . .

He lit a cigarette. Two hundred and fifty pounds. Say, the box alone—it would have to be really solid—weighed a hundred and fifty pounds. How much did a five-pound note weigh? Would there be a thousand to a pound? Five thousand multiplied by a hundred, with the pound at two-eighths. Close to a million and a half dollars.

His mouth felt dry, and he got up and drank two glasses of water. Then he made himself sit down on the chair, keeping his hands still. If there was an accident, if for any reason you failed to come through with it . . . If the money was lost but you were saved. Smith didn't look like a murderer, although who knew what murderers looked like these days? And who knew what other people he was involved with? My colleagues, as Smith called them, who would then be your colleagues.

The wealthy Egyptian, the several men at the old R.A.F. landing strip in the desert, the people who were to set out the lights in the certain arrangement in the hills behind Cannes—how many others, sliding across frontiers, going secretly and illegally from one country to another with guns and gold in their suitcases, the survivors of war, prison, denunciation—how many others whom you didn't know, whom you would see briefly in the glare of the African sun, as a running figure on a dark French hillside, whom you couldn't judge or assess and on whom your life depended, who were risking prison, deportation, police bullets for their share of a box full of money . . .

He jumped up and put on his clothes and went out, locking the door. He didn't want to sit in the cold, disordered room, staring at the maps.

He walked around the city aimlessly for the rest of the morning, looking blindly into

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Worth Reporting

● Christmas Day is not one of leisure for everyone. Here are some stories worth reporting about people whose Christmas Day will be occupied with more than turkey dinners and reunions with relatives and friends.

THE isolated lookout tower of the South Head Signal Station, N.S.W., is a long way from the hustle and excitement of most festivities.

But that is where ex-sailor, ex-Londoner "Snowy" Gosling, of Rockdale, is spending most of Christmas Day.

Robert McCabe, of Mascot, shares with him the 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. shift in the tiny hexagonal lookout room.

Christmas dinner is sandwiches.

Their view is an uninterrupted 19 miles of sea; the only sound the noise of the waves breaking against the rocks 218 feet below them.

These silent Christmases are no novelty for the men, who climb the narrow spiral staircase of the 140-year-old tower for one of the three shifts each day.

"It's quiet up here, and not many ships pass through the Heads on Christmas Day," said Mr. Gosling.

"But Boxing Day is the exciting time. We get a grandstand view of the start of the Sydney-Hobart Yacht Race."

The caretakers . . .

IN the hush of a Sydney minus the clamor of heavy traffic, Mr. and Mrs. Len Tindle celebrate Christmas 150 feet above the city pavements.

Their garden is on the roof of a George St. building where Mr. Tindle is caretaker.

Mrs. Tindle climbs the 30 steps from their flat on the 10th floor to the roof with the roast pork and plum pudding she cooks every Christmas.

"We hang an awning over the rotary clothes-line, and have our dinner in the sun," she told us.

"When our children were young, we used to have a Christmas tree as well, but we don't keep that up now they are married."

From the vantage point on the roof, she pointed out her neighbors; caretakers, like the Tindles in buildings scattered round the city.

The chefs . . .

MORE than 600 Christmas dinner guests at Lennons Hotel, Brisbane, will consume about 40 turkeys, three dozen ducklings, 100 chickens, 10 sucking pigs, as well as individual plum puddings and other delicacies.

Chief Joe Barillaro is on the job at 5.30 a.m., supervising the cooking.

So by the time he returns home about 3.30 p.m. his wife says he won't want any more than a cup of coffee for his own Christmas dinner.

"We have only sat down together for Christmas dinner once during the seven years of our marriage," she added.



"... and maybe next year, if you're good, Santa will bring you some of those sticks that go in it."

The telephonists . . .

ACCORDING to Sydney's G.P.O., Christmas is one of the busiest times for telephone calls, and not just local ones.

Hundreds of people phone greetings to friends and relatives in England, America, and Europe.

One of the voices which will say "Go ahead, caller!" to Sydney subscribers this Christmas belongs to Norma Leal, of Gordon, N.S.W. It's her sixth successive year working on Christmas Day.

With fellow shift workers Norma's dinner is a "snack" party in the decorated lunchroom at the G.P.O.

The rest of the time she will spend in the muted, tense world of clicking switches and flashing lights which show that London is "on the line" and a greeting is travelling 12,000 miles.

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

SOLITARY candles flickering in windows all over Australia on Christmas Sunday this year will recall an ancient legend to passers-by.

It is part of a drive by the Australian Council for the World Council of Churches to foster a greater awareness of the true meaning of Christmas.

In medieval times lighted candles were placed in windows as a welcome to the Christ Child, to show that there was a place in the home for Him.

The Reverend Dr. Cumming Thom, chairman of the N.S.W. Committee for Inter-Church Aid, said that the lighting of candles would be allied with this year's Christmas Bowl appeal in aid of the World Council of Churches refugee relief programme.

The toll-keeper . . .

CHRISTMAS DAY means "business as usual" for Toll Master George McDougall and the rest of the staff of Brisbane's Indooroopilly Bridge.

"Members of the public always have a cheery word of greeting for us, and Christmas party-goers often hand out balloons and streamers to brighten up the tollhouse box," said Mr. McDougall.

The staff "on deck" with him will be Ron Green, Harry George, Bill Money, Bob McDougall, Will Kemp, Mervyn Larfield, Kevin Doyle, and Charles Munro.

The ticket collectors work in six-hour shifts, while Mr. McDougall and his assistant book-keeper, Ron Green, share the responsibility of handling the cash and keeping the books up to date.

THE FIREMEN . . . with other essential services like the police, ambulance-men, and transport employees, have a normal working day on December 25.

And the firemen won't have so much to do this time if exuberant office party-goers take heed of some wise words from Executive Officer D. R. Hazekins, of Sydney's Fire Brigade H.Q.

"We get quite a few calls from firms and factories where perhaps employees have gone home after a Christmas party and in the excitement left some appliance switched on. It gets overheated and we are called out to deal with it."

The vets . . .

COWS making a meal of indigestible wire and prize sows having difficult confinements are just two of many complaints likely to disturb the Christmas activities of Queensland University Veterinary School Clinic members.

Owners of animals in distress phone the clinic, and the calls are relayed to the home of the vet "on call."

Peter English, one of the team on call duty, said colic is a common worry for horses and cattle at this time of the year. And sudden infections and cases of poisoning, as well as accidents, have to receive prompt treatment—even if it means the vet missing his Christmas dinner.

AND THE COOKS . . .

Miss Mary O'Dea, who has been a cook at the Royal Adelaide Hospital for 20 years, says Christmas Day is the best day of the year.

"It's no hardship to work here at Christmas," she said. "It's wonderful. You really get something from it."

Miss O'Dea's regular job is to prepare the special light desserts.

But Christmas calls for something different and 110 Christmas puddings have been made, ready for reheating, and 40 2lb. Christmas cakes.

shop windows and thinking of the things he would buy if he had money. Turning away from a window, he saw a policeman watching him incuriously. Barber looked speculatively at the policeman, who was small, with a mean face and a thin moustache.

Looking at the policeman, Barber remembered some of the stories about what they did to suspects when they questioned them in the back rooms of the local prefectures. An American passport wouldn't do much good if they picked you up with five hundred thousand English pounds under your arm.

This is the first time in my life, Barber thought curiously, walking slowly along the crowded street, that I have contemplated moving over to the other side of the law. He was surprised that he was considering it so calmly. He wondered why that was.

Perhaps the movies and the newspapers, he thought. You get so familiar with crime it becomes humanised and accessible. You don't think about it, but then, suddenly, when it enters your life, you realise that subconsciously you have been accepting the idea of crime as an almost normal accompaniment of everyday life. Policemen must know that, he thought, all at once seeing things from the other side. They must look at all the shut, ordinary faces going past them and they must know how close to theft, murder, and defaulting everyone is, and it must drive them crazy. They must want to arrest everybody.

While Barber was watching the horses move in their stilled, trembling walk around the paddock before the sixth race he felt a light tap on his shoulder.

"Bertie, boy," he said, without turning round.

"I'm sorry I'm late," Smith said, coming up to the paddock rail beside Barber. "Were you afraid I wouldn't come?"

"What's the word from the jock?" Barber asked.

Smith looked around him suspiciously. Then he smiled. "The jockey is confident," Smith said. "He is betting himself."

"Which one is it?"

"Number Five."

Barber looked at Number Five. It was a light-boned chestnut mare with a delicate, gentle head. Her tail and mane were braided, and she walked alertly but not too nervously, well mannered and with a glistening coat. Her jockey was a man of about forty, with a long, scooped French nose. He was an ugly man, and when he opened his mouth you saw that most of his front teeth were missing. He wore a maroon cap, with his ears tucked in, and a white silk shirt dotted with maroon stars.

Barber, looking at him, thought: It's too bad such ugly men get to ride such beautiful animals.

"O.K., Bertie, boy," he said, "lead me to the window."

Barber bet ten thousand francs on the nose. The odds were a comfortable seven to one. Smith bet twenty-five thousand francs. They walked side by side to the stands and climbed up together as the horses came out on the track. The crowd was small and there were only a few other spectators that high up.

"Well, Lloyd?" Smith said. "Did you look at the maps?"

"I looked at the maps," Barber said.

"What did you think?"

"They're very nice maps."

Smith looked at him sharply. Then he decided to chuckle.

"You want to make me fish, eh?" he said. "You know what I mean. Did you decide?"

"I . . ." Barber began, staring down at the cantering horses.

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He took a deep breath. "I'll tell you after the race," he said.

"Lloyd!" The voice came from below, to the right, and Barber turned in that direction. Toiling up the steps was Jimmy Richardson. He had always been rather round and baby-plump, and Parisian food had done nothing to slim him down, and he was panting, his coat flapping open, disclosing a check waistcoat, as he hurried towards Barber.

"How are you?" he said breathlessly as he reached their level. He clapped Barber on the back. "I saw you up here and I thought maybe you had something for this race. I can't figure this one and they've been murdering me all day. I'm hopeless on the jumps."

"Hello, Jimmy," Barber said. "Mr. Richardson. Mr. Smith."

"Pleased to meet you," Richardson said. "How do you spell it?" He laughed loudly at his joke. "Say, really, Lloyd, do you know anything? Maureen'll murder me if I go home and tell her I went into the hole for the afternoon."

Barber looked across at Smith, who was watching Richardson benignly. "Well," he said, "Bertie, boy, here, thinks he heard something."

"Bertie, boy," Richardson said, "please . . ."

SMITH smiled thinly. "Number Five looks very good," he said. "But you'd better hurry. They're going to start in a minute."

"Number Five," Richardson said. "Roger. I'll be right back." He went galloping down the steps, his coat flying behind him.

"He's a trusting soul, isn't he?" Smith said.

"He was an only child," Barber said, "and he never got over it."

Smith smiled politely. "Where do you know him from?"

"He was in my squadron."

"In your squadron," Smith nodded, looking after Richardson's hurrying, diminishing figure on the way to the seller's window. "Pilot?"

"Uh-huh."

"Good?"

Barber shrugged. "Better ones got killed and worse ones won every medal in the collection."

"What is he doing in Paris?"

"He works for a drug company," Barber said.

The bell rang and the horses raced towards the first jump.

"Your friend was too late, I'm afraid," Smith said, putting his binoculars to his eyes.

"Yep," Barber said, watching the bunched horses.

Number Five fell on the fourth jump. She went over with two other horses, and suddenly she was down and rolling. The pack passed around her. The fourth jump was far off down the track, and it was hard to see what, exactly, was happening until, a moment later, the mare struggled to her feet and cantered after the pack, her reins broken and trailing.

Then Barber saw that the jockey was lying there motionless, crumpled up clumsily on his face, with his head turned in under his shoulder.

"We've lost our money," Smith said calmly. He took his binoculars from his eyes and pulled out his tickets and tore them and dropped them.

"May I have those, please?" Barber reached over for the binoculars. Smith lifted the strap over his head, and Barber trained the glasses on the distant jump where the jockey

was lying. Two men were running out to him and turning him over.

Barber adjusted the binoculars, and the figures of the two men working on the motionless figure in the maroon-starred shirt came out of the blur into focus. Even in the glasses, there was something terribly urgent and despairing in the movements of the distant men. They picked the jockey up between them and started running clumsily off with him.

"Damn it!" It was Richardson, who had climbed up beside them again. "The window closed just as I . . ."

"Do not complain, Mr. Richardson," Smith said. "We fell at the fourth jump."

Richardson grinned. "That's the first bit of luck I had all day."

Down below, in front of the stands, the riderless mare was swerving and trotting off down the track to avoid a groom who was trying to grab the torn reins.

Barber kept the glasses on the men who were carrying the jockey. Suddenly, they put him down on the grass, and one of the men bent down and put his ear against the white silk racing shirt. After a while, he stood up. Then the two men started to carry the jockey again, only now they walked slowly, as though there was no sense in hurrying.

Barber gave the glasses back to Smith. "I'm going home," he said. "I've had enough of the sport for one day."

Smith glanced at him sharply. He put the glasses to his eyes and stared at the men carrying the jockey. Then he put the glasses into their case and hung the case by its strap over his shoulder. "They kill at least one a year," he said in a low voice. "It is to be expected in a sport like this. I'll take you home."

"Say," Richardson said. "Is that fellow dead?"

"He was getting too old," Smith said. "He kept at it too long."

"Holy man!" Richardson said, staring down the track. "And I was sore because I came too late to bet on him. That was some tip." He made a babyish grimace. "A tip on a dead jock."

Barber started down towards the exit.

"I'll come with you," Richardson said. "This isn't my lucky day."

The three men went down under the stands without speaking. People were standing in little groups, and there was a queer rising, hissing sound of whispering all over the place, now that the news was spreading.

When they reached the car, Barber got into the back, allowing Richardson to sit next to Smith, on the front seat. He wanted to be at least that much alone for the time being.

Smith drove slowly and in silence. Even Richardson spoke only once. "What a way to get it," he said as they drove between the bare, high trees. "In a lousy, three-hundred-thousand-franc claiming race."

Barber sat in the corner, his eyes half closed, not looking out. He kept remembering the second time the two men had picked up the jockey. Smith's selection for the afternoon, Barber thought. He closed his eyes altogether and saw the maps spread out on the bed in his room. The Mediterranean. The wide reaches of open water. He remembered the smell of burning. The worst smell of your dreams during the war. The smell of hot metal, smouldering rubber. Smith's tip.

"Here we are," Smith was saying.

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4 delicious Carnation Summer Recipes

So easy to make . . . so economical, too!

Make sure you keep these four popular Carnation recipes where you can find them at a moment's notice. You'll use them time and time again this summer, because they're so simple and so delicious. Of course, the reason for their popularity is Carnation Milk. Carnation's special blending qualities make mixing easier, give food a smoother, creamier texture than ordinary milk. Try one of these lovely recipes tonight. Carnation Milk will guarantee its success.

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and for a special treat . . .

CREAM PIE DE LUXE

One 9" pie shell; ½ cup sugar; 3 tablespoons cornflour; ½ teaspoon salt; 1½ cups Carnation Milk; 1 cup water; 2 egg yolks; ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Combine sugar, cornflour and salt with Carnation and water over low heat or double saucepan. Cook about 10 minutes till slightly thick, stirring constantly. Add egg yolks, blending carefully and cook 3 minutes longer. Add vanilla. Pour into cool pie shell, and allow to become quite cold.

TO DECORATE: Frozen strawberries or other berry fruit; Cornflour; Sugar; Sliced bananas; Whipped cream.

Cover the pie with the frozen fruit that has been thickened with a little cornflour. Allow 1 tablespoon cornflour to the juice from 1 pint berries. Sweeten to taste. Chill thoroughly. Finally, cover with a layer of sliced bananas and top all with whipped cream. Chill several hours before serving.



CARNATION JELLY WHIP

1 packet jelly crystals or tablet of any desired flavour; 1 cup boiling water; 1 cup Carnation Milk, icy cold.

Dissolve jelly crystals or tablet in boiling water, allow to cool, but not set. Whip icy cold Carnation until thick and blend

in jelly mixture. Set in ice-chest or refrigerator.

For Variations: 1. Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice to dissolved jelly. 2. Add pulp of 3 passion fruit to dissolved jelly. 3. Just before setting, fold in 1 cup of any tinned fruit, well drained and cut into small dice.



CARNATION ONE-WHIP ICE-CREAM

1 large can Carnation Milk; 3 tablespoons castor sugar; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 1 teaspoon gelatine; 1 tablespoon boiling water.

Set refrigerator at coldest point before mixing ice-cream. Pour undiluted Carnation Milk, castor sugar and vanilla into ice-cream tray. Thoroughly dissolve gelatine in boiling water and while still hot stir into milk mixture. Place in refrigerator and chill until ice crystals form. Pour into chilled mixing bowl and beat until stiff. Freeze rapidly at low temperature.

For Variations: 1. Add 1 cup tinned pineapple, apricots or peaches, well drained and finely chopped. 2. For delicious chocolate ice-cream, add 4 heaped teaspoons of drinking chocolate.



QUICK SALAD DRESSING

½ teaspoon mustard
Pinch salt and cayenne pepper
1 teaspoon sugar
3 tablespoons Carnation Milk
1 tablespoon vinegar

Mix the mustard, salt, pepper and sugar with a small amount of Carnation Milk until smooth. Then stir in balance of milk and the vinegar.

THESE PLUS MANY OTHER DELIGHTFUL
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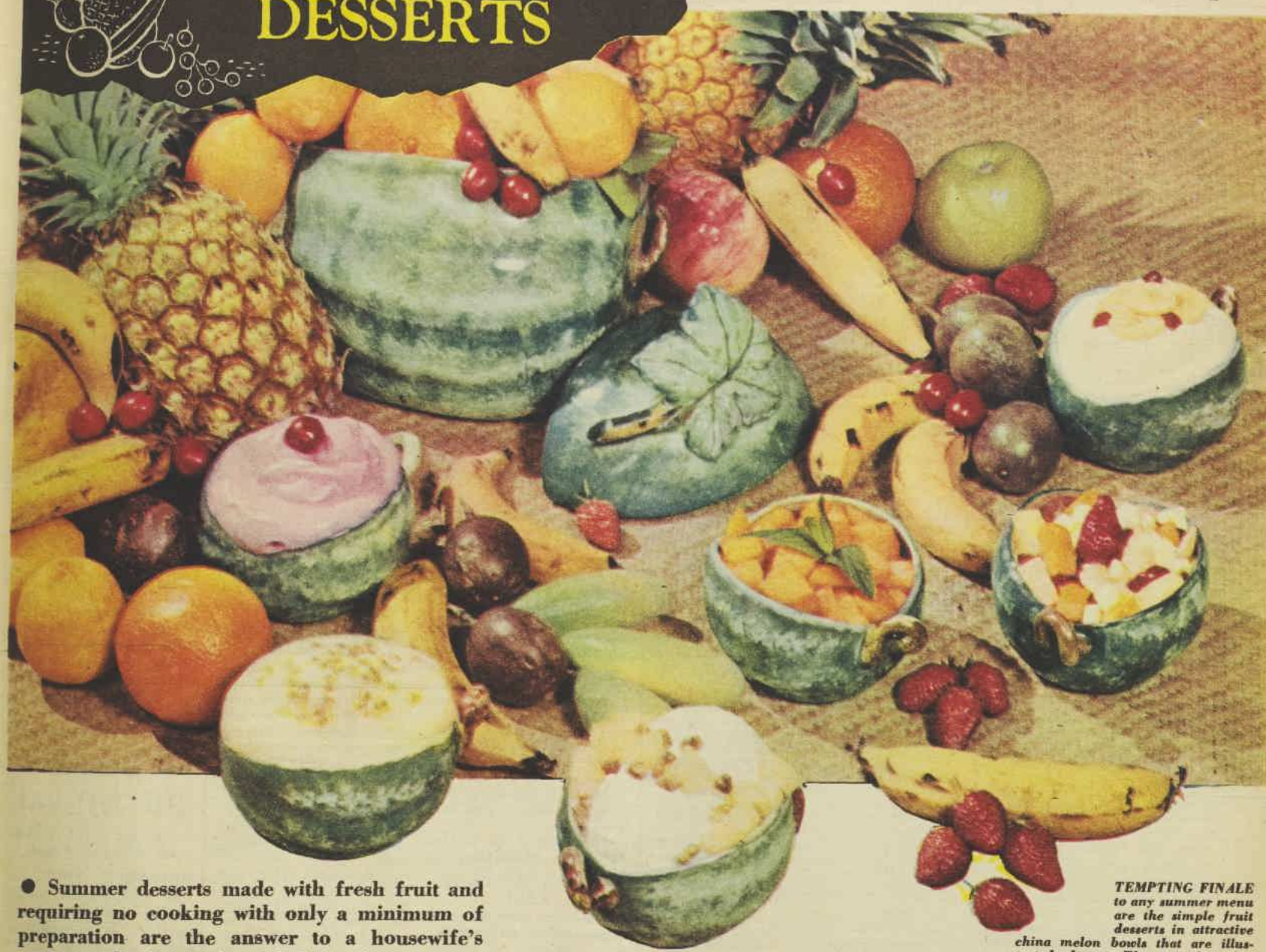


Get your **FREE** copy of this new summer Cookbook now:

Simply send your name and address to Mary Blake, Carnation Home Economist, 252 Swanston Street, Melbourne. You'll get your free copy by return post.

SUMMER FRUIT DESSERTS

By LEILA C. HOWARD,
Our Food and Cookery Expert



● Summer desserts made with fresh fruit and requiring no cooking with only a minimum of preparation are the answer to a housewife's prayer and a boost for jaded family appetites.

NOW is the time to make the most of the fine variety of fruit readily available at this time of the year.

Whenever possible, it is best to use these fruits uncooked and so preserve every bit of their vitamin value. There are also lots of delicious and healthful fruit desserts that can be prepared and cooked in next to no time.

The following selection of summer recipes has been planned with all these points in mind.

All spoon measures are level.

TROPICAL FRUIT COCKTAIL

One small pineapple, 1 small papaw, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice, 2 tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons sherry, 3 passionfruit, maraschino cherries.

Peel and cut pineapple into half-inch dice, peel papaw, remove seeds, and cut as for pineapple. Combine in a bowl and sprinkle with the sherry. Pour over orange juice and sugar and allow to stand in the refrigerator one hour before using. Pile into cocktail dishes and top with passionfruit pulp and a cherry before serving.

FRUIT-FILLED MELON

One cantaloupe melon, 1 lb. to 2 lb. mixed chopped fresh fruits (peaches, bananas, cherries, passionfruit, pine-

apple), $\frac{1}{2}$ packet lemon jelly crystals, ice-cream.

Cut off top of melon and scoop out seeds, remove pulp and mix with fresh fruits. Prepare lemon jelly according to directions on package and cool. Pour over fruits and pile into melon cups (or sweets dishes). Chill thoroughly and serve with a generous scoop of ice-cream.

BANANA FOAM

Half pint evaporated milk, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons castor sugar, 1 tablespoon gelatine dissolved in 1 tablespoon hot water, 3 to 4 bananas, extra lemon juice, 1 cup cherries or strawberries.

Scald evaporated milk and set aside to cool. Combine with lemon juice in a large basin and whisk until light and greatly increased in bulk. Add sugar, dissolved gelatine, and 2 well-mashed bananas, continue whisking until mixture is thick enough to pile into sweets dishes. Chill and decorate with sliced bananas (which have been dipped in lemon juice to prevent discoloration) and cherries or strawberries.

ORANGE SNOW

One tablespoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint boiling water, 3oz. sugar, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint orange juice, 3 egg-whites, orange sections, cherries, and chopped walnuts.

Dissolve gelatine in boiling water

and add the sugar, pour in strained fruit juices and set mixture aside until cold but not set. Whisk until foamy, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pile into individual glasses or dishes and decorate with orange sections, cherries, or nuts.

APRICOT SWIRL

One packet vanilla-flavored quick dessert mix, 6 fresh ripe apricots, mint sprigs.

Prepare dessert mix according to directions on package. Fold in apricots which have been stoned and pureed or finely mashed. Spoon into dessert dishes and keep cool in the refrigerator until ready for use. Other fruits such as peaches, bananas, passionfruit, and papaw could be used in place of the apricots if desired. Garnish with a mint sprig before serving.

RICE TUTTI-FRUTTI

Two-thirds cup cooked rice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice, pinch salt, 12 quartered marshmallows, 6 diced maraschino cherries, 1 cup diced pineapple, 1 diced banana, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 cup whipped cream, extra cherries, angelica.

Combine rice, orange juice, and salt in a saucepan, heat and simmer for three minutes, remove and stand aside for 10 minutes. Add marshmallows, stir until dissolved, and fold in cherries, pineapple, and banana. Add sugar to whipped cream, fold into rice mixture, and refrigerate until chilled. Serve in individual

dishes topped with angelica strips and a cherry.

PINEAPPLE LIME CREAM

One cup custard (made from 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon cornflour), 1 cup shredded pineapple, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, 1 pkt. lime jelly.

Cook pineapple in the water for 20 minutes, add lime jelly and stir until dissolved. Cool, and when beginning to set whisk in the cold custard mixture. Chill until set.

Note: Whenever fresh pineapple is to be used in conjunction with gelatine it must first be boiled, otherwise the liquid will not jell.

GRAPE AND LEMON CHIFFON

Two cups peeled white grapes, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint hot water, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon rind, 2 egg-whites, 2 passionfruit.

Dissolve gelatine and half the sugar in the hot water. Chop grapes, remove seeds, and combine with lemon rind and juice and remaining sugar. When gelatine mixture is cool, fold into grapes and add stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into dish and chill in the refrigerator. Use passionfruit pulp to pour over the sweet just before serving.

FROSTED GRAPE SALAD

Black grapes, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, 1 cup sugar, extra castor sugar, red-skinned apples (one for each person), lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup walnuts, angelica strips. Wash grapes, drain well, cut into

TEMPTING FINALE
to any summer menu are the simple fruit desserts in attractive china melon bowls that are illustrated above. These and other fruit-dessert recipes are given below.

small sprigs. Boil sugar and water for 10 minutes to make a syrup, dip grapes a sprig at a time, drain off surplus syrup, toss in castor sugar, and place on waxed-paper to dry. Wash and dry apples, cut in halves crosswise. Scoop out pulp, discard seeds and cores. Chop pulp finely, moisten with lemon juice, mix with chopped walnuts. Half fill apple-cases, top with frosted grapes. If liked, handles for the baskets may be made from angelica.

STRAWBERRY CUSTARD CREAM

Two eggs, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 cups chopped strawberries, extra 3 or 4 tablespoons sugar, lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint evaporated milk (or use $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream), pink coloring, fresh strawberries to decorate.

Beat eggs and the 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons sugar together. Heat the milk, add to beaten eggs, stirring all the time. Place in top half of double boiler and stir over low heat until mixture coats a silver spoon. Cool and add vanilla. Prepare strawberries, sprinkle with extra sugar and lemon juice, and allow to stand until sugar dissolves and juice flows. Fold into custard with whipped cream and evaporated milk. Add a few drops of coloring. Pour into refrigerator trays, freeze until firm. Serve decorated with fresh strawberries.

Continuing . . . Tip on a Dead Jockey

from page 33

Barber opened his eyes. They were stopped at the corner of the dead-end street down which was the entrance to his hotel. He got out.

"Wait a minute, Bertie, boy," Barber said. "I have something I want to give you."

Smith looked at him inquiringly. "Can't it wait, Lloyd?" he asked.

"No. I'll be just a minute." Barber went into his hotel and up to his room. The maps were folded in a pile on the dressing-table, except for one, which was lying open beside the others. The approaches to Malta.

He folded it quickly and put all the maps into the manila envelope and went back to the car. Smith was standing beside the car, smoking, nervously holding on to his hat, because a wind had come up and dead leaves were skittering along the pavement.

"Here you are, Bertie, boy," Barber said, holding out the envelope.

Smith didn't take it. "You're sure you know what you're doing?" he said.

"I'm sure," Smith said. "I'm in no hurry," he said softly. "Why don't you hold on to them another day?"

"Thanks, no."

Smith looked at him silently for a moment. The fluorescent street lamps had just gone on, hard white-blue light, and Smith's smooth face looked powdery in the shadows under his expensive hat, and his pretty eyes were dark and flat under the curled lashes.

"Just because a jockey falls at a jump . . ." Smith began. "Take them," Barber said, "or I'll throw them in the gutter."

Smith shrugged. He put out his hand and took the envelope. "You'll never have a chance like this again," he said, running his finger caressingly over the envelope edge.

"Good-night, Jimmy," Barber leaned over the car and spoke to Richardson, who was sitting there watching them, puzzled. "Give my love to Maureen."

"Say, Lloyd," Richardson said, starting to get out. "I thought maybe we could have a couple of drinks. Maureen doesn't expect me home for another hour yet, and I thought maybe we could cut up some old touches and . . ."

"Sorry," Barber said, because he wanted, more than anything else, to be alone. "I have a date. Some other time."

Smith turned and looked thoughtfully at Richardson. "He always has a date, your friend," Smith said. "He's a very popular boy. I feel like a drink myself, Mr. Richardson. I would be honored if you'd join me."

"Well," Richardson said uncertainly, "I live way down near the Hotel de Ville and . . ."

"It's on my way," Smith said, smiling warmly.

Richardson settled back in his seat, and Smith started to get into the car. He stopped and looked up at Barber. "I made a mistake about you, didn't I, Lloyd?" he said contemptuously.

"Yes," Barber said. "I'm getting too old. I don't want to keep at it too long."

Smith chuckled and got into the car. They didn't shake hands. He slammed the door, and Barber watched him pull sharply away from the kerb, making a taxi-driver behind him slam on his brakes to avoid hitting him.

Barber watched the big black car weave swiftly down the street, under the hard white-blue lights. Then he went back to the hotel and up to his room and lay down, because an afternoon at the races always exhausted him.

An hour later he got up. He

splashed cold water on his face to wake himself, but even so he felt listless and empty. He wasn't hungry and he wasn't thirsty, and he kept thinking about the dead jockey in his soiled silks. There was no one he wanted to see. He put on his coat and went out, hating the room as he closed the door behind him.

He walked slowly towards the Etoile. It was a raw night and a fog was moving in from the river, and the streets were almost empty, because everybody was inside eating dinner. He didn't look at any of the lighted windows, because he wasn't going to buy anything for a long time.

He passed several movie houses, neon in the drifting fog. In the movies, he thought, the hero would have been on his way to Africa by now. He would nearly be caught several times in Egypt, and he would fight his way out of a trap on the desert, killing several dark men just in time on the air-strip. And he would develop engine trouble over the Mediterranean and just pull out, with the water lapping at the wing-tips, and he would undoubtedly crash, without doing too much damage to himself—probably just a photogenic cut on the forehead—and would drag the box out just in time.

And he would turn out to be a Treasury agent or a member of British Intelligence, and he would never doubt his luck, and his nerve would never fail him, and he would not end the picture with only a few thousand francs in his pocket. Or, if it was an artistic picture, there would be a heavy ground mist over the hills and the plane would drone on and on, desperately and lost, and then, finally, with the fuel tanks empty, the hero would crash in flames.

Battered and staggering as he was, he would try to get the box out, but he wouldn't be able to move it, and finally the flames would drive him back and he would stand against a tree, laughing crazily, his face blackened with smoke, watching the plane and the money burn, to show the vanity of human aspiration and greed.

Barber grinned bleakly, rehearsing the scenarios in front of the giant posters outside the theatres. The movies do it better, he thought. They have their adventures happen to adventurers. He turned off the Champs-Elysees, walking slowly and aimlessly, trying to decide whether to eat now or have a drink first.

Almost automatically he walked toward the Plaza-Athenee. In the two weeks that he had been wooed by Smith they had met in the English bar of the Plaza-Athenee almost every evening.

He went into the hotel and downstairs to the English bar. As he came into the room he saw, in the corner, Smith and Jimmy Richardson.

Barber smiled. Bertie, boy, he thought, are you wasting your time. He stood at the bar and ordered a whisky.

"Fifty missions," he heard Richardson say. Richardson had a loud, empty voice that carried anywhere. "Africa, Sicily, Italy, Yugo—"

Then Smith saw him. He nodded coolly, with no hint of invitation. Richardson swivelled in his chair then, too. He smiled uncomfortably at Barber, getting red in the face, like a man who has been caught by a friend with his friend's girl.

Barber waved to them. For a moment he wondered if he ought to go over and sit down and try to get Richardson out of there. He watched the two men, trying to figure out what they thought of each other, or, more accurately, what Smith thought of Richardson.

You didn't have to speculate about Jimmy. If you bought Jimmy a drink he was your friend for life. For all that he had been through—war and marriage and being a father and living in a foreign country—it had still never occurred to Jimmy that people might not like him or might try to do him harm. When you were enjoying Jimmy you called it trustfulness. When he was boring you, you called it stupidity.

Barber watched Smith's face carefully. By now he knew Smith well enough to be able to tell a great deal of what was going on behind the pretty eyes and the pale face. Right now Barber could tell that Smith was bored and that he wanted to get away from Jimmy Richardson.

Barber turned back to his drink, smiling to himself. It took Bertie boy just about an hour, he thought, an hour of looking at that good-natured, empty face, an hour of listening to that booming, vacant voice, to decide that this was no man to fly a small box of five-pound notes from Cairo to Cannes.

Barber finished his drink quickly and went out of the bar before Smith and Richardson got up from the table. He had nothing to do for the evening, but he didn't want to get stuck with Jimmy and Maureen Richardson for dinner.

AND now it was almost two months later and nobody had heard from Jimmy Richardson for thirty-two days.

In the whole afternoon of searching, Barber had not come upon any trace of Bert Smith. He had not been at the restaurants or the track or the art galleries, the barber's shop, the steam bath, the bars. And no one had seen him for weeks.

It was nearly eight o'clock when Barber arrived at the English bar of the Plaza-Athenee. He was wet from walking in the day's rain, and tired, and his shoes were soggy and he felt a cold coming on. He looked around the room, but it was almost empty. Indulging himself, thinking unhappily of all the taxi fares he had paid that day, he ordered a whisky.

Barber sipped his whisky in the quiet room, thinking circularly, I should have said something. But what could I have said? And Jimmy wouldn't have listened. But I should have said something. "The omens are bad, Jimmy; go home . . . I saw a plane crashing at the fourth jump, I saw a corpse being carried across dead grass by Egyptians, Jimmy; I saw silks and maps stained by blood."

I had to be so damned superior, Barber thought bitterly. I had to be so damned sure Jimmy Richardson was too stupid to be offered that too much money. I had to be so damned sure that Bert Smith was too clever to hire him.

He hadn't said any of the things he should have said, and it had all wound up with a frantic, husbandless, penniless girl pleading for help that could only be too late now. Penniless. Jimmy Richardson had been too stupid even to get any of the money in advance.

He remembered what Jimmy and Maureen had looked like, smiling and embarrassed and youthfully important, standing next to Colonel Summers, the group commander, at their wedding in Shreveport.

He remembered Jimmy's plane just off his wings over Sicily; he remembered Jimmy's face when he landed at Foggia with an engine on fire; he remembered Jimmy's voice singing drunkenly in a bar in Naples; he remembered Jimmy the day after he arrived in

To page 39

WINNING RECIPES

● An unusual Italian-style meat roll which makes a substantial and appetising meal wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest for readers.

THIS winning meat roll is filled with a combination of sweet and savory ingredients which give it a tangy flavor.

The consolation prizes include two interesting recipes for ice-cream, one flavored with pineapple and coconut, the other containing lemon and crushed peanut brittle. There is also an eggless fruit and nut cake suitable for cut lunches or morning teas.

All spoon measurements are level.

ITALIAN BEEF ROLL

Two to 2½ pounds topside or round steak (cut in one piece), ¼ cup grated tasty cheese and raisins, 2 cloves garlic, 4oz. tomato paste, 4 large tomatoes, 1 cup burgundy, salt, pepper, 2 or 3 sprigs parsley.

Sprinkle cheese, chopped raisins, and minced garlic over meat, and roll up from longest side; tie securely with string or coarse thread. Brown on all sides in hot oil in large pan. Drain off excess fat, add tomato paste, skinned whole tomatoes, and wine. Cover with tightly fitting lid. Simmer about 2 to 2½ hours till meat is tender. Remove tie-threads and place meat roll on serving-dish, and then arrange tomatoes around dish with boiled spaghetti. Add parsley sprigs to liquid in pan, season to taste with salt and pepper, and simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Strain; pour into sauce boat.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Discher, Woomelang, Vic.

EGGLESS NUT FRUIT CAKE

One cup each of water, sugar, chopped preserved figs, dates, currants, and walnuts, 8oz. butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon golden syrup or molasses, 3 cups flour, 1½ teaspoons bicarbonate of soda.

Place water, sugar, fruits, nuts, butter, and golden syrup in saucepan, and stir over low heat until sugar is dissolved and butter melted; boil 5 minutes. Remove from heat; set aside to cool. When lukewarm stir in sifted flour and soda; mix well. Fill mixture



A SUBSTANTIAL MEAL for four to six people can be made from the stuffed meat roll and spaghetti illustrated above. Ingredients and method for the recipe are on this page.

into 8in. cake-tin lined with two thicknesses of paper. Bake in moderate oven 2 hours. Cool in tin.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Carpenter, Mt. Pleasant Road, Upper Monck's Spur, Christchurch S.E.3, New Zealand.

PINEAPPLE COCONUT ICE-CREAM

Two eggs, ¼ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 cup milk, 1 cup pineapple syrup, 1 cup cream or thoroughly chilled evaporated milk, 1½ cups crushed pineapple, ½ cup coarsely chopped shredded coconut.

Combine eggs, sugar, cornflour, milk, and pineapple syrup in saucepan, and stir over heat until thickened slightly. Remove from heat; chill thoroughly. Whip cream or evaporated milk, and fold into chilled custard mixture. Fill into ice-cream trays; freeze until just firm. Return to basin, beat until light and fluffy and fold in drained pineapple and coconut. Fill back into trays; freeze.

LEMON CRUNCH ICE-CREAM

Two cups milk, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ cup lemon juice, 2 egg-whites, extra 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup cream or evaporated milk, ½ cup crushed peanut brittle.

Combine milk, sugar, lemon rind and juice and beat well. Fill into ice-cream trays, freeze until almost firm. Return to chilled basin; beat until fluffy. Fold in egg-whites which have been stiffly beaten with extra sugar and whipped cream; lastly add peanut brittle. Fill back into trays and freeze.

Consolation Prize of £1 for the above two ice-cream specials to Mrs. M. Wright, 100 Parker St., Devonport, Tas.

A BABY'S PROBLEM

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse.

"TONGUE TIE," an early abnormality among babies and toddlers, is a condition which should be given careful attention, although it is not as common as many mothers fear.

The condition is due to a shortening of the fold of skin (frænum) beneath the tongue, or to the fold being attached nearer the tip of the tongue than is usual, causing it to be slightly divided.

Tongue tie prevents the tongue protruding beyond the lips. In some cases the baby's sucking action may be interfered with and, later, the speech may be affected.

When this happens, the tight skin needs cutting. This should be done only by a doctor.

When the condition is slight it usually rights itself, and if the baby or toddler can put the tip of his tongue between his lips, no treatment is needed.

This and other early abnormalities are discussed in a chapter of my parentcraft book "You and Your Baby."

Copies can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau or from bookshops in the capital cities. Price of the fifth enlarged and revised edition is 15/-, plus 9d. postage. Please print names and addresses clearly.

FAMILY DISH

COLD cooked veal with a pineapple flavor makes this week's interesting family dish. It costs approximately 6/6 and serves four.

VEAL WITH PINEAPPLE

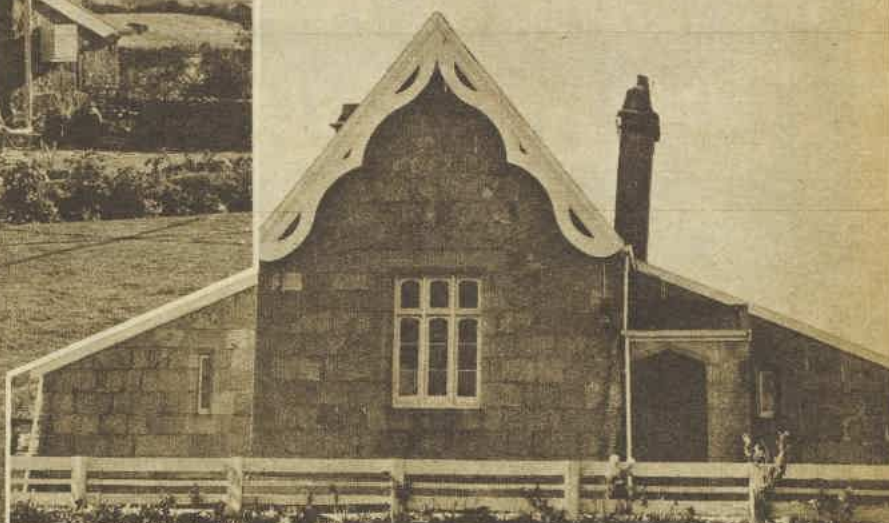
One and a half to two cups diced cooked veal, 1½ cups white sauce, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 diced carrot, 1 stick diced celery, ½ cup pineapple juice, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, ½ cup grated cheese, extra butter.

Cook onion in melted butter or substitute until soft; add pineapple juice, celery, and carrot, and simmer 10 minutes. Add to veal and white sauce and mix well together. Reheat thoroughly; fill into half a hollow pineapple shell or greased oven-proof dish. Top with grated cheese and butter pieces. Brown under hot griller, garnish with parsley.



ABOVE. The back view of Rokeby Court is often mistaken by visitors for the front of the house, which has been transformed from a prison into an attractive cottage.

An old gaol – but it's a delight to occupy



RIGHT. The front entrance to the quaint residence. Notice the angle of the chimney. The windows, an original feature of the building, are of hand-blown glass.

Convicts' dingy quarters are now elegant with mahogany

By HARRY FRAUCA

● Good taste and imagination have been used to turn a dingy and sombre stone building that once served as a convict gaol into one of the most attractive cottages in the vicinity of Hobart, Tasmania.

THE cottage, known as Rokeby Court, is the property and residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Foot, who spent almost four years transforming it into a charming home.

These days the old-world hamlet of Rokeby, set by the blue waters of Ralph's Bay and backed by rolling, gum-clad hills, is a popular drive for sightseers.

All are anxious to visit the five-room Georgian cottage which was designed about 130 years ago by William Porden-Kay, a government architect, as court-house and convict gaol.

Looking at the freestone building with its flagstone courtyard, slanting roof, and crooked chimney transports you more than a century back to the days of Van Diemen's Land penal settlement.

Those were the days when convicts toiled in the rich wheatfields of the district and Tasmania's first chaplain, colorful "Bobby" Knops-

wood, who is buried in the Rokeby churchyard, covered his parish mounted on his famous white horse and followed by his faithful white dog.

But Rokeby Court today is a far cry from those times, and where ticket-of-leave men

once spent sunless days in dingy cells there are bright and cosy living-rooms.

Where the heavily armed guards yarned, smoked, snored, and had their food and rum, there is today a modern kitchen, a dining-room set with beautiful mahogany furniture, and cupboards filled with exquisite silverware.

The courtroom itself is now a sunny and cheerful lounge-room.

All this is why Mr. and Mrs. Foot relinquished a lovely flat in one of Hobart's pleasant suburbs to live in an old gaol.

But perhaps it would be better to let Mrs. Foot explain it herself.

"I had always wanted a house of my own," she says. "However, our antique furniture just wouldn't fit into a modern house, and I decided to find a place with an old-world atmosphere if I could."

During a weekend drive Mr. and Mrs. Foot first saw Rokeby Court standing on a weedy clearing, and Mrs. Foot immediately fell in love with it.

But the idea of living in a cheerless stone pile with leaking roofs, rotting rafters, and no running water had little appeal for Mr. Foot.

Then finally Mrs. Foot talked her husband into buying and renovating the place, and before long both were

busily engaged in removing from it the century-old grime.

First the two grim cells, in which the walls had been heavily timbered to prevent unfortunate prisoners from making a break, were pulled down.

Later on, the cell-stones were used as walls for a double garage, and for fencing part of the three-quarter acre garden where flowers and fruit now flourish.

Ventilation and sunlight were introduced by installing large windows and glass doors, and a large underground tank supplies the household water service.

A near-permanent finish was given to the walls by scraping the plaster down to the original freestone and treating the surface with a type of colored cement.

To preserve some of Rokeby's original character, the old windows were left untouched.

From the bathroom you look through an iron-barred slit

AN INSIDE VIEW of Rokeby Court shows Mrs. A. D. Foot carrying a bowl of flowers through a door into the dining-room. This room was formerly one of the guards' rooms.



window, and the lounge window is interesting with its rounded top, mullions, transoms, and wavy, hand-blown glass.

Quite often visitors enter Rokeby Court by the kitchen entrance, mistaking it for the front door. The front entrance is a small stone porch of the type generally found in small rural churches.

Smart as paint

The roof of the house is black, with eaves and drainpipes painted yellow to blend with the sand-colored house stones.

Outdoors there's a picturesque pond which Mrs. Foot dug herself and stocked with goldfish. Overhead are sweeping branches of a yellow willow making an effective corner of the garden.

But it's the angled chimney, slanted like the Pisa Tower, that is the real con-

versation piece of Rokeby Court.

Then there's Rokeby's own special "ghost," a very old man who called on the owners one wild and stormy night to tell them that he had been one of the guards at the court about the turn of the century.

"The place's changed a bit, though," he muttered, gazing round the gleaming kitchen where once he had slept on a straw palliase with his rifle slung on a nearby wall.

Now all these years later, Rokeby Court stands as a fine example of how an old building can be turned into an attractive and modern dwelling without sacrificing atmosphere.

For proof of this, you should see it in the evening when the Tom Bowling lamp glimmers a welcome above the small front porch, and the slanting roof and crooked chimney are etched against the night sky.



THE FRONT PORCH of Rokeby Court is lit with a Tom Bowling lamp. This lamp is another original feature of the old building.

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DRESS SENSE *Betty Keep*

● This beltless sheath dress with bosom-length jacket is chosen for a young reader who has written for a design and paper pattern to use some plain and check material.

HERE is her letter and my reply:

"I would appreciate a style and paper pattern to make up 3yds. 36in. white material and 1 1/2yds. check material. The design is for day wear and I do not want a waistless sack frock but something slim-fitting and beltless. My figure is one of my chief assets. Do you think the check material would be good as a stole?"

The dress-jacket ensemble illustrated at right is chosen in answer to your letter. The dress will flatter your well-proportioned figure, as it sheaths the body in a long, graceful descent to mid-calf length. I chose a bosom-length jacket in preference to a stole because I feel it will be more suitable for day wear. You can obtain a paper pattern for the ensemble in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"WITH a beltless dress sheath, what style of corset would be most slimming?"

The answer to your query does to some extent depend on your own figure proportions. However, a beltless sheath does require supple corseting, which for the average figure is achieved by a one-piece foundation garment.

"I WANT to look bridal when I am married, but our wedding is to be only small and informal. What shall I wear?"

You will look bridal in a white dress made with a waltz-length skirt and a shoulder-length veil, held in place with a simple wreath of orange blossom.

"WOULD you suggest some new idea for the skirt of a short evening dress? The frock is to be made in a silk taffeta. I want the skirt full."

A harem hemline looks particularly attractive for a full-skirted formal.



DS 274. — Dress-and-jacket ensemble in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material for dress; 1 1/2yds. 36in. contrast for jacket, and 3yd. 36in. material for jacket lining. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"I AM going up north for my annual holiday. As I want to make a new pair of shorts I would like to know if there is anything new in styles. I don't like shorts with very short trouser legs."

As you don't like short shorts I suggest knee-length shorts. (called Bermuda in America). These will look very new made in printed cotton and novelty printed piques. The new looks come via the material.

"WOULD you kindly assist me with the following problem? My bridesmaids are wearing white lace dresses and we want to introduce some color into the designs."

Color interest could be introduced by posing the white lace over a color. Either pale turquoise, lilac, or a deep rose would be a pretty color to carry out the idea. A further suggestion: have white satin shoes dyed to match the color you decide on.

Beauty in brief:

"Eyes bright" for new charm

By CAROLYN EARLE

● The recent news in beauty from overseas is the new soft or luminous look for eyes. This soft look is achieved partly with pretty new colors in eye cosmetics.

ALSO of major importance to the finished effect is the technique used in applying these colors.

Fortunately, the new cosmetics are so designed that even a novice at make-up can give her eyes a natural-looking beauty.

The basic preparations needed for the job are iridescent eye-shadow for the lids and eye pencil with the silvery quality of gunmetal that avoids the starkness of black and brown.

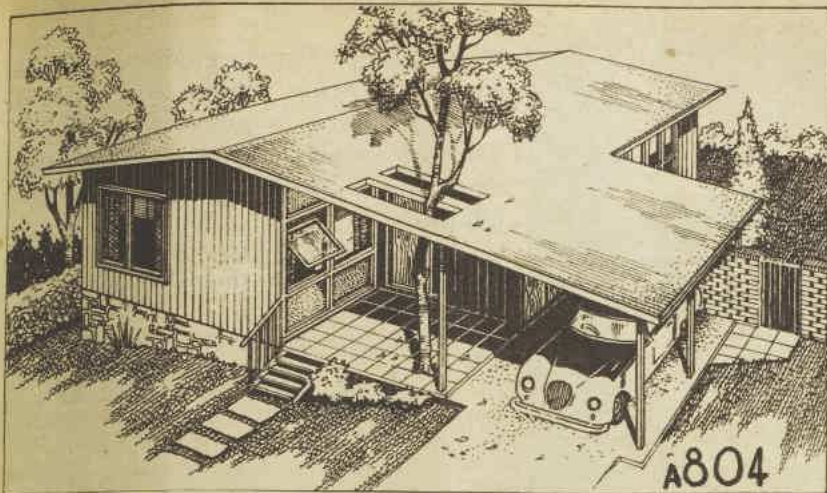
It is this silvery ingredient that blurs the color so subtly that the eyes don't look made-up or theatrical.

Finally, there is a cream-based mascara that encircles each eyelash to induce an alluring velvet fringe effect.

According to the chart, blue eyes take a color scheme of sapphire shadow, charcoal pencil, and mascara. Mauve is a becoming shadow for deep blue eyes, and silver-blue goes with blue-grey eyes.

For hazel eyes there is green eye-shadow and mascara, and brown pencil. Brown eyes that are flecked with green become really beautiful when allied with turquoise shadow, charcoal pencil, and black mascara to emphasise the eyes' clear color.

COOL COMFORT



Windows make this home plan weather-wise

● This week's home plan is ideal for a hot climate, where the emphasis is on coolness and comfort. Its attractive, practical layout features three bedrooms at the rear of the house, and living areas in the front.

DESIGNED by Queensland architect Cecil Robinson, this 10-square home is one of our signature plans, and is now available for £7/7/-, complete with specifications, at our Home Planning Centres, for which addresses are given below.

The home was planned, in timber or fibro, specially for the warm Queensland climate, but with different window treatment in front it is suitable for building in other States, and also lends itself to 11-square brick construction.

For protection against the heat, the front windows are kept to a minimum in the standard design, and cross-ventilation in the living-room is provided by hopper windows opening on to the covered patio.

Mail orders for this plan should state what building and roofing materials are desired, and what sewerage facilities are available.

Approximate costs of building the home would be:

OUR HOME PLAN A804 is shown above in vertical timber boarding with a corrugated asbestos roof. It was specially designed for a hot climate, with front windows kept to a minimum. The window variation sketched directly above makes it suitable for other climates.

In New South Wales: Brick, £4775; brick veneer, £4330; timber, £3550; fibro, £3250.

In Victoria: Brick, £4275; brick veneer, £3890; timber, £3150; fibro, £3050.

In South Australia: Brick, £3450; asbestos, £3000.

In Queensland: Brick, £4775; timber, £3150; fibro, £3050.

This home plan can be obtained at our Home Planning Centres, established in conjunction with leading stores in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane. The centres offer a comprehensive service to intending home-builders.

● All standard plans published in The Australian Women's Weekly are available at the centres simultaneously with publication.

● Hundreds of other standard plans cost £7/7/- each, complete with specifications, and are available in six variations.

● Plans will be prepared to any individual design at a fee of £1/1/- per square, based on total area.

Plans can also be ordered by mail, enclosing fee. Addresses of the centres are:

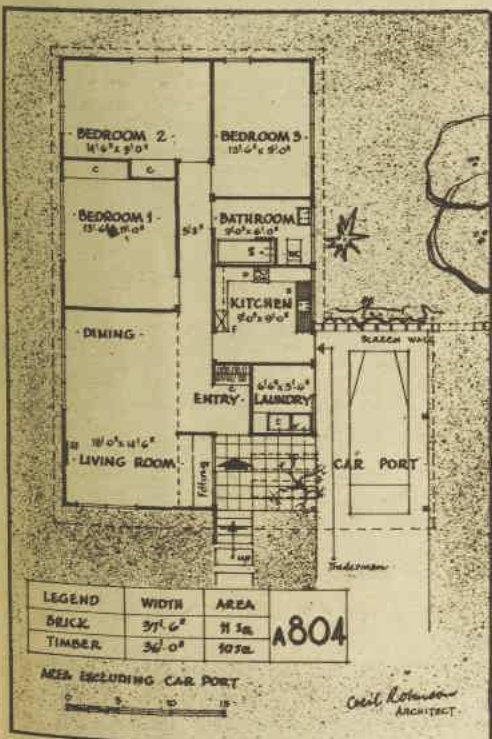
SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd. (third floor), Brickfield Hill.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium Ltd. (sixth floor), Lonsdale St. Mail to Box 5038Y, G.P.O.

GEELONG: Our representative will be in attendance at the Myer Emporium in Geelong every Friday and Saturday to advise on home plans.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd. (second floor), The Valley. Mail to Box 151, Broadway P.O.

ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd. (second floor), Rundle St. Mail to Box 629E, G.P.O.



FLOOR LAYOUT of the house shows its practical layout, with bedrooms at the rear and living and service areas in front. Built-ins are a feature of the modern home. A storage wall divides bedrooms one and two, and there is excellent cross-ventilation. If desired, the bedroom wing can be closed off completely from the rest of the house.

Continuing . . . Tip on a Dead Jockey

[from page 36]

Paris, saying, "Kid, this is the town for me, I got Europe in my blood."

He finished his drink and paid and went upstairs slowly. He went into a phone booth and called his hotel to see if there were any messages for him.

"Mme. Richardson has been calling you all day," the old man at the switchboard said. "Ever since four o'clock. She wanted you to call her back."

"All right," Barber said. "Thank you." He started to hang up.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," the old man said irritably. "She called an hour ago to say she was going out. She said that if you came in before nine o'clock, she would like you to join her at the bar of the Hotel Bellman."

"Thanks, Henri," Barber said. "If she happens to call again, tell her I'm on my way." He went out of the hotel. The Bellman was near by, and he walked towards it slowly, even though it was still raining. He was in no hurry to see Maureen Richardson.

When he reached the Bellman, he hesitated before going in, feeling too tired for this, wishing Maureen could be put off at least until the next day. He sighed, and pushed the door open.

The bar was a small one, but it was crowded with large, well-dressed men who were taking their time over drinks before going out to dinner. Then he saw Maureen. She was sitting in a corner, half turned away from the room, her shabby, thin coat thrown back over her chair. She was sitting alone and there was a bottle of champagne in a bucket in a stand beside her.

Barber went over to her, irritated by the sight of the champagne. Is that what she's doing with my five thousand francs? he thought, annoyed. Women are going crazy, too, these days.

He leaned over and kissed the top of her head. She jumped nervously, then smiled when she saw who it was. "Oh, Lloyd," she said, in a funny kind of whisper. She jumped up and kissed him, holding him hard against her. There was a strong smell of champagne on her breath and he wondered if she was drunk. "Lloyd, Lloyd . . ." she said. She pushed him away a little, holding on to both his hands. Her eyes were smeary with tears and her mouth kept trembling.

"I came as soon as I got your message," Lloyd said, trying to sound practical, afraid Maureen was going to break down in front of all the people in the bar. She kept standing there, her mouth working, her hands gripping his avidly. He

looked down, embarrassed, at her hands.

They were still reddened and the nails were still uneven, but there was an enormous ring glittering, white and blue, on her finger. It hadn't been there when she came to his hotel, and he knew he had never seen her with a ring like that before. He looked up, almost frightened, thinking—What the hell has she started? What has she got herself into?

Then he saw Jimmy. Jimmy was making his way among the tables towards him. He was smiling broadly and he had lost some weight and he was dark brown and he looked as though he had just come from a month's vacation on a southern beach.

"Hi, kid," Jimmy said, his voice booming across the tables, across the bar-room murmur of conversation. "I was just calling you again."

"He came home," Maureen said. "He came home at four o'clock this afternoon, Lloyd." She sank suddenly into her chair. Whatever else had happened that afternoon, it was plain that she had had access to a bottle. She sat in her chair, still holding on to one of Barber's hands, looking up, with a shimmering, half-dazed expression on her face, at her husband.

Jimmy clapped Barber on the back and shook hands fiercely. "Lloyd," he said. "Good old Lloyd. Garcon!" he shouted, his voice reverberating through the whole room. "Another glass. Take your coat off. Sit down. Sit down."

Lloyd took his coat off and sat down slowly.

"Welcome home," he said quietly. He blew his nose. The cold had arrived.

"First," Jimmy said. "I have something for you." Ceremoniously he dug his hand into his pocket and brought out a roll of ten-thousand-franc notes. The roll was three inches thick. He took off one of the notes. "Maureen told me," he said seriously. "You were a damn good friend, Lloyd. Have you got change of ten?"

"I don't think so," Barber said. "No."

"Garcon," Jimmy said to the waiter, who was putting down a third glass, "get me two fives for this, please." When he spoke French, Jimmy had an accent that made even Americans wince.

Jimmy filled the three glasses carefully. He lifted his glass and clinked it first against Barber's and then against Maureen's. Maureen kept looking at him as though she had just seen him for the first time and never hoped to see

anything as wonderful again in her whole life.

"To crime," Jimmy said. He winked. He made a complicated face when he winked, like a baby who has trouble with a movement of such subtlety and has to use the whole side of its face and its forehead to effect it.

Maureen giggled. They drank. It was very good champagne.

"You're having dinner with us," Jimmy said. "Just the three of us. The victory dinner. Just Beauty and me and you, because if it hadn't been for you . . ." Suddenly solemn, he put his hand on Barber's shoulder.

"Yes," said Barber. His feet were icy and his trousers hung suddenly around his wet socks and he had to blow his nose again.

"Did Beauty show you her ring?" Jimmy asked.

"Yes," Barber said.

"She's only had it since six o'clock," Jimmy said.

Maureen held her hand up and stared at her ring. She giggled again.

"I know a place," Jimmy said. "where you can get pheasant and the best bottle of wine in Paris and . . ."

The waiter came back and gave Jimmy the two five-thousand-franc notes. Dimly, Barber wondered how much they weighed.

"If ever you're in a hole," Jimmy said, giving him one of the notes, "you know where to come, don't you?"

"Yes," Barber said. He put the note in his pocket.

He started to sneeze then, and ten minutes later he said he was sorry but he didn't think he could last the evening with a cold like that.

Both Jimmy and Maureen tried to get him to stay, but he could tell that they were going to be happier without him.

He finished a second glass of champagne, and said he'd keep in touch, and went out of the bar, feeling his toes squish in his wet shoes. He was hungry and he was very fond of pheasant and actually the cold wasn't so bad, even if his nose kept running all the time. But he knew he couldn't bear to sit between Maureen and Jimmy Richardson all night and watch the way they kept looking at each other.

He walked back to his hotel, because he was through with taxis, and went up and sat on the edge of his bed in his room, in the dark, without taking his coat off. I better get out of here, he thought, rubbing the wet off the end of his nose with the back of his hand. This continent is not for me.

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NEW SUCCESS FOR OLD GARDEN FAVORITES



PELARGONIUM SAMPLES of colored leaf, zonal, and ivy varieties exhibited by the geranium section of the Royal Horticultural Society. These plants should have semi-shade in summer, otherwise the leaves fade. They need full sun in winter.



KING OF DENMARK, a popular zonal pelargonium, blooms for 10 months.



MILLFIELD GEM, a hybrid ivy-leaved pelargonium, is excellent for cutting.



MADAME CROUSSE, an ivy-leaved pelargonium, is one of the most popular.



LORD ROBERTS, a single-flowering zonal, is the darkest of the red blooms.

● Colorful pelargoniums are old garden favorites which are becoming steadily more popular in Australia. They owe much of their success to their drought-resistant and frost-hardy qualities.

There are three classes of these versatile plants: pelargoniums themselves, geraniums, and erodiums.

ALL three are closely related. When cross-pollinated they produce hybrids which are called colored leaf pelargoniums, ivy leaved pelargoniums, zonal pelargoniums, scented leaf, regal, and miscellaneous pelargoniums.

They are all fairly easy to grow and simple to propagate from cuttings.

Cuttings of firm wood will root readily at almost any time of the year. Top shoots, three to four inches long, taken from the parent plant just below the third node or joint will take root in two to three weeks. Cut carefully with a sharp knife and allow to harden for a few hours before planting.

Do not put soft cuttings into water before planting, as this develops black rot. Black rot can also be caused by bruising the nodes when cutting.

The lower leaves should be carefully cut (not pulled) from cuttings. Firm into soil lightly but securely, and water carefully. Further watering should not be necessary for several days under normal conditions.

Specimens grown in pots soon exhaust the nutriment in the soil and require constant supplementary feeding. Weak liquid manure or a renewal of the top inch or two of soil is necessary.

General pruning of pelargoniums is done in autumn, but keep the bushes trim after the main flush of flowering by cutting them back lightly.



DECORATOR, a regal pelargonium of vigorous growth. Blooms should be regularly removed when past their best to prolong the display of color. Usually this class does not flower as long as zonals, but the blooms are excellent for cutting.



ABOVE: Prosperity, a regal pelargonium, is one of the prettiest. It is the pale pink fluted with crimson. It has a strong perfume.

BELOW: Royal Oak, a member of the family known as *P. quercifolium*. It has a strong perfume.



COLORFUL DISPLAY of samples of zonal and regal pelargonium blooms. Some are local varieties, and some are imported to Australia by members of the geranium section of the Royal Horticultural Society. Pictures were taken at a recent geranium exhibition in Sydney, and at the home of Mrs. A. Hammond, of Chateauood, N.S.W.

The Girl With The Butterfly Net

Continuing . . .

[from page 23]

enormous amount of work to be done in medicine, in—

"You can't marry a butterfly," I said coldly. (Sometimes you have to be cruel to be kind.)

"As it happens," Kate said stiffly, "I don't plan to marry." "Not get married?" I gasped. "Not get married! If you don't get married you'll be an old maid!"

"Kate smiled in a superior way. 'Some people call it that,' she said lightly.

I shook my head. "I just can't understand it," I said, "a cute girl like you. Don't you ever want to fall in love?"

Kate just stared silently out the window.

"What have you got against men, anyway?" I pressed on. "Oh, naturally," I admitted, "they're pretty maddening at times, but they're also pretty sweet, really. Haven't you ever liked anyone?" I asked.

"Well," she said at last, in that odd voice, "as a matter of fact, there is one boy—"

"Good," I said with relief in my voice, "that's better. Now all we have to do is—"

"But the trouble is, you see, he doesn't like me," she gave a shaky little laugh, and, to my horror, her eyes filled with tears!

"The square," I said indignantly, "what's wrong with him? And how do you know?"

"Oh, you know," Kate said with that laugh again, "you can tell. They don't notice you."

"Who is he?" I said. "His name is Ben," Kate said evasively. "You don't know him, anyway."

"And it's because of him," I said, "that you're on this butterfly jag?"

"Well, yes," Kate admitted, "in a way. But it just happens that I've always been interested in insects, ever since I was little."

"Listen, Kate," I said, "I know a much better way to forget a man."

"I don't want to forget him," Kate said. "I'll never forget him!"

Good grief, I thought. "Well, look," I began, "I know how you feel. I mean I couldn't forget Sammy, even if he ran off with Marilyn Monroe, but you can't bury yourself in books and butterflies."

"Why not?" Kate said calmly.

"Because," I said violently, "that way you'll never get a man as long as you live. And, Kate—woman to woman—you don't really want to be an old maid, do you?"

She wouldn't look at me. "Well," she said finally in a low voice, "well—no—"

"All right," I said, leaping to my feet, "then you'll go to-morrow night?"

"Well—" she wavered.

"It's the only way," I urged. "You've got to be—"

"I finished triumphantly. Kate looked at me, a gleam coming into her eyes. "Scientific?" she repeated.

"Scientific," I said firmly, striking home.

"Laurie," she said suddenly, "you're right!"

Goodness, I thought, you'd think it was the guillotine instead of a date. "Well," I said with what strength I had left, and started undressing, wondering weakly why doing a good deed is always so exhausting.

"Good night," I said softly, pulling up the covers and getting ready to think about Sammy as I always do when I'm ready to go to sleep. "See you tomorrow."

"Good night," Kate said in a friendly tone. "Do you mind," she added politely, "if I leave the light on for a little while? I'd like to finish this chapter on plant lice."

I sighed. "Go ahead," I said resignedly. (Honestly, sometimes you just wonder.)

Well, in spite of Kate's obsession, things started buzzing after that night, I mean, once she made up her mind she really threw herself into it. And, as with everything, she learned fast, although she was a little slow on subtle points, like the bracelet bit.

"Here," I said as we were getting dressed for the dance. (Sammy had asked Royce Williston for Kate.) "Here, wear this." I handed her a charm bracelet I've got.

Kate eyed it dubiously. "It's very pretty," she said politely, "but I don't know—"

"That's not the point," I explained. "It's not pretty, but it attracts attention."

"But I don't understand," Kate began.

"Here's the point," I said, fastening it deftly around her wrist, "you wear the bracelet and you kind of jangle it around and sooner or later the boy will notice it and ask about it. You know—where did you get it, who gave it to you?"

Well, then you just smile at him with a kind of secret, reminiscent look, and say very casually, 'Oh, somebody . . . It drives them wild,' I ended contentedly.

Kate stared at me. "But that's not true."

"Don't be silly," I said indignantly. "Somebody did give it to you, didn't they? Me. Somebody you like—I hope, and you don't have to tell who, do you?"

Kate looked confused. "Still," she said, "it doesn't seem right—it seems silly."

"Silly," I said, a little annoyed. "Listen, just take my word for it and give it a try."

"If you say so," Kate said doubtfully.

"You'll see," I soothed. I stepped back to really take her in. We had been busy all day and it was amazing what a little scientific interest in clothes and hair had done.

"You are an utter knockout," I said sincerely.

"Just watch," I murmured to Sammy as Royce followed Kate down the walk, "he'll ask her to the formal, mark my words."

Things went well enough at first, she danced like a dream and looked the same, so Royce was happy, but as time went by she became preoccupied and finally, about eleven, asked him to take her home.

"Home!" he said, staring at her.

"Home!" I said.

"Home!" said Sammy.

"Yes," she said, gazing wide-eyed at us. "I have a field trip tomorrow," she explained, "for my entomology class and we're starting at seven so I want to get to bed early."

"Entomology?" Royce echoed blankly. "Field trip?" He turned to Sammy and me. "What's with this girl?" he asked reasonably. We just looked at him. What could we say?

Kate agreed to another dance but her heart wasn't in it and as far as Royce was concerned the flame had definitely died. In fact, that first date was pretty shattering.

But it was only the beginning. The rest was just one ghastly thing after another. Not that I didn't try. I even gave her my best technique that I'd never breathed to a soul before. The Big Switch.

"This one is pure dynamite," I said to her. "Boys who turn into bachelors for life could have been brought around by the Big Switch. Used right—used scientifically—" (a word that never failed with Kate) "sheer, naked power!" I said.

"But there's one catch," I cautioned, "the very thing that makes it so good. You use the Big Switch and you risk everything—if it doesn't work, you're nowhere. It's strictly all or nothing." I waited. "Well," I said, "do you want to hear about it?"

"Yes," Kate said, "yes, I do." She leaned forward, intent. "You say it's scientific?"

"You will agree that psychology is a science?" I said loftily.

"Yes," she nodded doubtfully.

"The Big Switch," I said, "is for the shy type, the type that practically has to have a house fall on him before he realises that a girl is interested. It's very simple," I said.

"You just go up to him and look right straight into his eyes and then, very straightforwardly, you say, 'Jack—' or whatever his name is—'Jack, I like you. I like you a lot.' Of

that he'll just laugh nervously and melt artfully into the crowd.

"Well," I said briskly, "that's enough for now. It's time to get ready—aren't you going out with Rog Henderson tonight?" (These had been busy days for Sammy.)

Kate sighed. "Yes," she said, "yes, I suppose so but I have work for to-mo—"

I closed my eyes. "Please," I grated, "don't say it. There're only two weeks till the formal and you haven't got a date yet. And listen, Kate—" I was firm this time, "if you are ever going to get a man you must forget this entomology bit."

"I can't," Kate said. And that was that.

Well, time went by. Most of that two weeks is a merciful blur in my mind but highlights stand out. The time we thought we had Dick Anderson really



"You start at that end, and I'll start at this end, and we'll meet in the middle."

course, you pick your own words. You might even throw in something like 'I've always wanted to get to know you better,' and then, real quick, while he's still stunned, you say something casual like 'I was wondering if you might like to come by tonight and play some records or something.'

"Yes," Kate said eagerly, "yes, go on."

I shrugged. "That's it," I said. "At that point he ought to say yes, in a dazed sort of way, and then you're set. He'll be terrifically flattered, he'll like you for being so sincere and straightforward and all."

Kate nodded, her face absorbed. "It would scare me to death," she said.

I nodded. "It should," I agreed. "As I told you—this is dynamite. If you've guessed right, it works like a charm. But if you've figured wrong and the boy isn't really shy, but just casey, or if you miff it and don't sound sincere but just desperate—" I shook my head. "That's it," I said, "you've had it. Every time you see him after

interested—he came over twice—and it turned out that he was only behind in his physics experiments.

Joe Ardmore, after an evening with Kate, saying bitterly, "It's no use if you've only got two legs." (It seems he had parked up on Inspiration Point and Kate had explained the butterfly to him—its life and habits.) And still no date for the formal. Things were beginning to look pretty grim.

Sammy's cousin Mac was our last chance. He seemed to like Kate, too; so much so that he made a date I didn't know about the night before the formal. Mac was to meet her at the house at nine and of course Kate wasn't there. It was the night, you see, of her entomology class.

She could have been back by nine easily but she got all carried away with some of her fellow students and didn't get in until after ten. All this I learned in Kate's own faltering words when I got home and found her looking like a frightened child.

"I guess he was pretty mad," she said hesitantly. "When I got home I found this note." She held it out. "Go to the formal," it read, "with your entomology class. Our date is off!" Kate and I looked at each other in silence. What was there to say?

"I told you so," I said. "You and your butterflies will have a quiet evening at home."

"I'm sorry," Kate said. "I—I forgot. It's awful, I know, after you've tried so hard."

I shook my head. "Well," I said dully, "that's it. I'm through. I just can't fight it." I sighed. "I'm going to bed."

Kate had gone off somewhere when I got up the next morning and I was just as glad. I just didn't have the old tiger spirit any more. But the worst of it was that when Sammy and I went to the formal that night, I was so miserable over Kate that I couldn't have any fun and therefore neither could Sammy. We danced glumly about the room.

"Even though it is her own fault," I burst out, "I just can't bear to think of her, all alone there in her room. It's too hideous—"

"Laurie," Sammy interrupted in an odd voice, "Laurie, do you see what I see?" He stopped stock-still and stared. I followed his gaze and practically slid to the floor.

It was Kate—Kate looking merely, utterly devastating with a glow in her face that I had never seen before, not even when she talked about bugs. But what really stunned me was what she had by the hand. Not Mac, but a man—and when I use the word man, I don't use it loosely.

At least twenty if he was a day and a second Guy Madison. He wore with casual ease a dinner jacket, and upon his face was the look of mute adoration that I always like to see in a man.

All over the room feet were getting stepped on as Kate's classmates reeled with shock.

"I don't understand—" I gasped.

"Steady," Sammy said, "here they come."

"Laurie—Sammy—I'm so glad we found you. I wanted you to meet Ben," she said. "Ben, this is Laurie and Sammy, my very best friends—" Then, while everybody was nodding and smiling and I was trying to remember where I'd heard that name before, she said, "Ben is in my entomology class." She smiled up at him. "He's going to be an entomologist."

"An—ah—entomologist—" I faltered.

Ben grinned. "Most people think it's an odd thing to be," he said in a pleasant voice. "I guess that's why I fell for Kate." He looked at her with complete devotion.

"She's the only girl," he said tenderly, "who ever felt the way I did about it."

Well, I tried to say something but all I could do was stand there, opening and closing my mouth. When the music began again, I melted thankfully into Sammy's arms and let him lead me away.

"In her entomology class," I mumbled.

"It seems," Sammy mused, "that there's more than one way to catch a man."

I nodded mutely.

"There's a lot to be said," he added, "for the old-fashioned butterfly net—" Suddenly he laughed. "Man! That kills me! Little old Laurie, the good Samaritan! 'Forget entomology! Do it my way,' you screamed. Suppose she had!"

"Don't say it," I moaned. It

was all hideously clear. I'd overlooked the fact that being a bookworm could also be a way of getting a man. I'd kept saying to forget her butterflies. And now, because of them, she had a man—this utterly fabulous one, at that. She'd done it her own way. Suppose she'd taken my advice!

"Sammy," I said breathlessly, "I've got to see Kate. Find them!"

"Great horny toads," Sammy said, looking shocked. "Haven't we done enough?"

"Find them," I insisted, but just then the music stopped and they were right by us.

I clutched Kate's arm. "Sammy," I said, "why don't you boys get us some punch?" There wasn't any punch, but I pinioned Sammy with a glance and he caught on.

"C'mon, Dad," he said, throwing an arm about Ben and leading him away, a look of protest on his face (Ben's, that is) at being parted from Kate even for a moment.

"Kate," I said desperately. "Kate, I'm so horrible sorry. I couldn't have been more wrong. All those things I said—"

But she wasn't even listening. "Glad to have a chance to talk to you," she was saying, "because I wanted to thank you. It it weren't for you—"

"For me," I said blankly. "Thank me?"

"Well, yes, naturally," she said. "I mean I've loved Ben ever since the first time I saw him in entomology, but he never even looked at me. Anyway," she said, "I went out to the library this afternoon and I just felt so miserable because of last night and then he walked in and started looking at the 'Encyclopaedia of American Insects,' without even glancing at me. I just felt myself go numb all over and I thought, what good is entomology even, without Ben? Honestly, Laurie, I just wanted to die—"

"But—" I said.

"And then I just took hold of myself," Kate said, "and I said to myself, 'Kate, what would Laurie do now?' And so, I did it!"

"Did it?" I said.

"The Big Switch," she said. "Just as you said. And it worked."

"Shy?" I said in disbelief.

"Shy? Him?"

"Oh, yes," Kate said earnestly. "You see, the only thing he's ever really been interested in is insects and it's sort of cut him off from people—oh, here they come." She gave my hand a final squeeze. "I'll never forget what you did for me, Laurie."

"Well," Sammy said as we started to dance, "you're still alive. Did she forgive you?"

"Forgive me?" I echoed.

"Forgive me?" I paused, noticing something: my bracelet on Kate's wrist. Ben had noticed it, too.

"Hey," I heard him say, an unscientific frown on his face, "who gave you that?"

"Oh, that?" Kate said, tilting her head back to look up into his eyes. She smiled then, a secret, reminiscent sort of smile. "Oh," she said lightly, "somebody . . ."

I turned back to Sammy. "Forgive me?" I said. "No, she just wanted to thank me."

"Thank you?" Sammy said, staring at me.

"Well," I said, "that's pretty complicated to explain. There are certain things basic to all women," I said, I smiled tenderly into Sammy's sea-blue eyes, thinking, as I so often do, how adorable Sammy is. "And," I said gently, "there are still quite a few things you don't know about women, Sammy, dear."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 1, 1958

by ourselves, savoring the solemn dark; perhaps it was in the first of such moments that we gave the place its name. It was just like a chapel.

As a matter of fact, my cousin Alan Bly got married in it. He didn't tell me this till many years afterwards, but at the 1926 picnic, while the rest of us were cooking sausages, he took a little girl called Sybil Addis aside, proposed, was accepted, and immediately twisted a paper-clip round her finger, announcing, "With this paper-clip I thee wed."

He was then twelve, and Sybil ten; he had been immensely struck both by her curly red hair and her uphill cycling and felt she shouldn't be missed. His instinct was absolutely sound; they were remarried in 1938, on which occasion I stood bridesmaid.

But to leap to such an episode, in the history of Lost Chapels, is like leaping to the execution of Marie Antoinette in the history of the French Revolution, or to the Boston Tea Party in the history of the United States . . .

The nucleus of all Lost Chapels—the Pilgrim Fathers, so to speak—consisted of my Aunt Mary and Uncle James, my cousins Alan, Bryan, and Sarah, and myself. The friends we children invited varied from year to year, especially as we grew older, but numbered usually five or six. There were also several adults, known as Steadies, who had somehow got involved.

The leading Steady was Miss Percival, an elderly spinster who spent most of the year in Italy, but whose hardy frame had successfully resisted all Capuan blandishments: one of our best cyclists on the flat, and very game uphill.

Mr. Adrian, also elderly, there was some slight mystery about. The village believed he'd been in gaol. Whether or not this was true—and he certainly led a very solitary life, painting water-colors in a cottage like a picture postcard—my aunt had long decided there was no harm in him.

Mr. Adrian loved Lost Chapels because they were the only things he was ever invited to, and he did the view from the hill each year. (Another reason why we had to have the pony-cart: to tote Mr. Adrian's easel. He was a water-colorist of the old school, with an immense amount of baggage.)

The third Steady was comparatively young—kind Mr. Gore-Willoughby, for eleven months of the year a London stockbroker, whose ridiculous name we children used to chant in unison as he toiled up the last lap.

Someone, I forget who, said he Lost Chapelled simply to get his weight down, but this was a lie, because he always brought, and partook of, a large box of marrons glacés. They were the only marrons we ever set tooth to, but we liked him for himself as well, in a rather offhand, patronising way, and his bicycle had a three-speed gear.

All participants wore their oldest clothes, under mackintoshes.

It was considered legitimate in an adult to dismount for the last lap, but absolutely no one was let ride in the pony-cart. And no one, however wet or tired, could expect sympathy if they grizzled.

Here we came to something really important about Lost Chapels. (The Tennis-court Oath, the Declaration of Independence.) As we children grew up, they provided a wonderful testing-ground for the current objects of our affections.

Alan, as has been related, grasped this point extremely early, but his brother Bryan

Continuing . . . The Lost Chapel Picnic

[from page 17]

between 1931 and 1936 tried out at least five possibles. They all, with the exception of Milly Blanchard, started fairly level: nice, pretty girls every one, all of course with bicycles, and all with an abundance of goodwill. My cousin Bryan was an extremely taking youth.

Milly Blanchard was nice only technically—as it were, in the eyes of a jury of matrons. Her father was our chemist, and so quite hopelessly in trade. Only one damsel, as I remember, failed to complete the course, but two were literally washed out at the post. They looked, said Bryan disgustedly, "wet." Of course they were wet, poor creatures, but we all knew what he meant. The fourth entry failed on sensibility.

We Blys never thought of ourselves as in the least artistic, in fact we rather derided Art—poor Mr. Adrian's hobby. It never occurred to us that one reason we so loved Lost Chapel was for its romantic beauty. But when Cecilia White called it "poky," every Bly hackle rose.

So Milly Blanchard was left with a clear field. She was full of running, anyway. She hadn't even a permanent wave, but she braided her long wet hair like a Red Indian's, and wrapped herself in a rug, and did a war-dance all round the oil-stove. She was undeniably rowdy. She also, in due course, made my cousin Bryan an excellent wife.

The most exciting thing that ever happened on a Lost Chapel was when the oil-stove caught fire. No one ever discovered the cause; simply, all at once, in an instant, blue and yellow flames were running swiftly across the flagstones after Miss Percival.

It was this that made the excitement; we were all tough, experienced Lost Chapellers, perfectly capable of estimating the comparative slightness of the danger—the floor, as has been said, was stone; all we had to do was stand clear until the oil burnt itself out. But they ran, the little blue flames, after Miss Percival—one really couldn't believe without a conscious sense of fun. Because Miss Percival, instead of making sensibly for the door, skipped back and back directly in their path.

"Sideways, you silly ass!" shouted my cousin Alan. "Jump sideways and let 'em go by!" This was the first time any one of us children had ever shouted at an adult, and Alan wasn't even made to apologise. The episode opened new vistas all round—as my aunt subsequently lamented; but some fifteen years later I myself most profitably shouted, "Down, you silly ass!" at a full General caught beside me in the street during a London blitz.

The most scandalous thing that ever happened was the snatching of a quite personable millionaire by the Vicarage kids' new governess. An episode (1930) not strictly Bly, but Bly by repercussion.

He was staying, Mr. Richards, at the local inn: to cast a casual, millionaireish eye over the inn itself, and a couple of farms, which he'd been left (in the way millionaires do get left such trifles) by a comparatively poor relation. My aunt invited him to Lost Chapel out of pure kind-heartedness, because she thought he looked lonely.

Sarah and I were both still in the schoolroom—as I dare say Mr. Richards knew; at fifty he was still unmarried, which shows how knowing he'd been for years. It was also out of sheer kind-heartedness that my aunt invited Miss Hope. I re-

member how all we children protested, saying she'd never get up the hill. We disliked Miss Hope, which in a way was odd, since we also disliked the Vicarage kids; as a rule any governess who gave them hell had our enthusiastic support. But in fact everyone rather disliked Miss Hope.

Though of English parentage, she had been born and reared in Paris; which of course gave her a wonderful French accent, but also, in some mysterious way, enabled her to dress quite unsuitably well. She turned up for Lost Chapel in beautifully cut tweeds, also a small felt hat with a pheasant's wing. My aunt and Miss Percival wore sou'westers, tied firmly under the chin. Even Cecilia White had worn a-ski-ing cap.

"Haven't you a mackintosh, Miss Hope?" inquired my aunt solicitously. "It's almost certain to rain. And won't your pretty hat be quite spoiled?" Miss Hope said smilingly that she would risk it.

The rest of the party, as usual, looked like a bunch of tramps. I remember that Mr. Adrian had had the brilliant idea of putting his head in a sponge-bag. He was undeniably a little odd. But wait! his hour is yet to come.

Miss Hope, as she gracefully mounted her bicycle, cut an extremely elegant figure; and all we children cheered up at the thought of seeing her drenched.

Mr. Richards my aunt provided with the bicycle of our garden-boy. I think he found the whole affair pretty surprising: he didn't know about Lost Chapels, and I dare say had anticipated some far milder excursion. When he realised the awful truth, he in fact at once suggested using his Rolls.

But after we explained how soon the proper road ended, he resigned himself—all too literally—to his fate. For exactly at the proper road's end, though it was hardly raining at all, Miss Hope dismounted from her bicycle and stopped.

We could hardly believe it. No one ever stopped on a Lost Chapel. "A little rest?" called Miss Percival, pedalling gamely by. "Don't think it's going to clear!" warned Uncle James cheerily. "Best foot forward, Miss Hope, best foot forward!"

"I'm going home," replied Miss Hope, calmly propping her machine against the hedge. "Come, come, come, come," piped Mr. Adrian—flat over his handlebars. Cool as a cucumber, and with a brazenness to take the breath, Miss Hope neatly cut out Mr. Richards from the tail of our convoy and asked him to cycle back, and get his car, and take her home.

Nothing succeeds like audacity—especially if one is practically a Frenchwoman. Mr. Richards, offered this splendid excuse for abandoning the whole project, at once reversed direction.

We heard later that they spent the rest of the day driving about in his Rolls, inspecting his various properties, also taking tea at an hotel. Miss Hope had about four hours' clear run, and at the end of it killed. For if Mr. Richards didn't actually propose that afternoon, or if what he did propose wasn't actually marriage, Miss Hope undoubtedly quitted the village at the same time as he did—rightly confident, as it proved, of bringing him to the legal point in due course.

The Bly aspect of this was that, during Mr. Richards' call of apology to say how sorry he'd been to miss Lost Chapel, the conversation somehow

turned to the shipping industry, in which Mr. Richards had large interests, and in which my cousin Alan now does so well.

Perhaps there was a repercussion on my cousin Sarah also. If I have as yet barely mentioned Sarah, it is because she was in general so self-effacing. Her clever claim to the discovery of Lost Chapel is remembered for its unusualness—as a rule she didn't claim so



much as a pet rabbit, just let each litter be divided among the rest of us, and fed them when we forgot.

She was the perfect elder sister, elder cousin; her kind plain face perfectly reflected, except in beauty, a disposition very nearly angelic. But she really was plain, and when in 1934 a new young doctor came to fluster every female heart, we Blys frankly regretted that Sarah hadn't a hope. Because we all liked Dr. Henderson at once, and would have welcomed him into the family—whereas if Sarah went on not getting engaged, and she was then twenty-one, we feared she might well end up with the curate.

Dr. Henderson Lost Chapelled and liked it. (One of the reasons why we approved of him.) He came again, (1934, 1935, and 1936.) And at the 1936 Lost Chapel my cousin

Sarah, possibly remembering how well audacity had succeeded with Miss Hope, quietly and self-effacingly proposed to him.

If self-effacingness and audacity hardly chime together, let us say that Sarah performed the audacious deed as self-effacingly as possible.

The rest of us were all gathered round the fire. It was one of the wettest Lost Chapels I remember. But even dripping, Dr. Henderson still looked wonderfully handsome. Sarah looked her plainest; but at least, so to speak, indestructible. With her mouse-brown hair pushed daintily back from her forehead, without a trace of make-up on a face just scrubbed dry—there Sarah stood, take her or leave her, and suddenly asked Dr. Henderson to come outside. It was pouring cats and dogs. Rain drove into the turf; if the turf hadn't been so sodden the rain would have bounced off.

But out Dr. Henderson went. And out in the rain, keeping her gaze firmly fixed on the storm-swept valley below, Sarah said, "I love you with all my heart. I think I would make a very good doctor's wife. If you'll never want to marry me, will you please say so now, so I can go into a convent and be a nun."

No doubt it was a very different approach from Miss Hope's. It happened to be just what Dr. Henderson would have ordered for himself. (He often told us afterwards how bedevilled he'd been by too many attractive patients.)

Of course, neither Alan nor Bryan nor I thought of eavesdropping; we were most honorably not eavesdropping; what Sarah said, she told me herself in case it might ever be useful to me. But we were somewhere near the door, and we did happen to see Dr. Henderson suddenly take Sarah's hand, and hear him call her, "My splendid, honest girl . . ."

They came in again almost at once. They had to, because it started to hail as well, and Mr. Adrian ran out with his umbrella. And Sarah cooked Dr. Henderson's sausages very carefully, and he tried to make

her eat them, and that has been the pattern of their lives ever since.

Mr. Adrian's hour of glory: this struck some time in the 'thirties, when he astonishingly induced a small London gallery to exhibit a batch of his water-colors. They were all of the same view, in rain. (Naturally, all executed on Lost Chapels.) More astonishing still, he won a small but definite success: the novelty of such monotony, as it were, struck several critics to admiration, and four of his wettest gems actually found purchasers.

As a result, Mr. Adrian's social life quite bloomed, and besides going on Lost Chapels he went out to tea right and left. He didn't, however, as we half expected, lay his heart and press-cuttings at the feet of Miss Percival; they remained individual Steadies to the end.

Kind Mr. Gore-Willoughby I married myself; to my immense surprise, he turned out to be no more than twelve years my senior. And we, too, plighted our troth, like Alan and Sybil, and Bryan and Milly, and Sarah and Dr. Henderson, on a Lost Chapel—I apparently looking like a mermaid, and he without doubt resembling a seal. For of course it was pouring cats and dogs as usual, because Lost Chapels always took place in rain. . . .

They still do. We still take the pony-cart (though with a new pony) to carry sufficient firewood and kindling to build a good big fire. Mr. Adrian and Miss Percival no longer gamely pedal beside us, nor my kind uncle and aunt; we have acquired several fresh Steadies, however, and of course there are the children. Alan's three boys come, and Sarah's boy and girl, Bryan's two daughters, my own twins and their elder sister. . . .

Obviously the subject is too vast. There is too much to bring in. It's like writing the history of the French Revolution, or of the United States—writing about our Lost Chapel picnics, six miles (by bicycle) each way.

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Continuing . . . Mirage

[from page 21]

air of culture, a mirage in the small, teeming, tropical town? Was it better, perhaps, for this overpowering dream of his to remain unrealised, one of the perfect unattainable things?

He became aware of Diana tugging at his hand.

"Angus, we'll have to go. Oh, I'm so disappointed."

"What was it you wanted in this shop?" he asked, suddenly curious.

Diana pressed her small nose against the glass of the window.

"It was that mirror," she said, pointing to the Dresden mirror with its intricate frame of intertwining flowers and plump, flesh-pink cupids. "When I saw it I had the silliest idea—"

The faint color crept enchantingly into her cheeks again.

"What was the idea?"

"Oh, just that a mirror like that could only show a beautiful face. And that if I looked at myself in it I would really be as I wanted to be, lovely and delicate, like a face in an old painting."

As she stood there Angus could actually see her face in the mirror, rosy with embarrassment, deliciously alive, perfectly framed with the smiling cupids and flowers. Why, he thought bewilderedly, not Flora but Diana is the lovely spirit in this shop. I caught a glimpse of her this morning in the mirror,

but that was just a flash. Now she's here, dimpling and rosy and alive—alive!

Mixed with his sudden extraordinary happiness was the peace he had felt while lying in the sun on the beach. It enabled him to say gently, "Why do you want to be different, Diana?"

"Oh, because I'm quite ordinary."

She was young and vulnerable and unmythical again, the freckles showing on her nose, her friendly look back.

"If I said you were not ordinary—not to me, anyway—if I said I liked you being ordinary—" He was too eager, his words becoming confused.

But to Diana their confusion apparently made perfect sense, for her cheeks began to dimple, her eyes grew radiant.

"Oh, Angus, really! You don't want a girl in a mirror? You want—me?"

He nodded.

She breathed deeply. "Oh, darling!" And then, "Oh, heavens, we must fly! It will never do to miss the ship."

"No, it will never do," Angus cried, as urgent as she, as if it were life itself he might have been missing.

"Mina!" The sharp voice from upstairs could no longer be ignored.

"Yes, ma'am. I've just opening the doors."

A dusky finger pulled the bolt and the fading sunlight and a

gust of warm wind came into the dark interior of the shop.

"I thought I heard people talking about the Dresden mirror. Were they customers?"

"Just passers-by, ma'am."

"Well, I'm coming down, anyway." There was the tap tap of a stick and shuffling footsteps on the wooden stairs. Presently a thin, very old woman came slowly into view. Her back was bent, her hands knotted with arthritis. Her long, sunken-cheeked face was ruined with age, but it must always have been too large-featured for beauty. Now the woman looked querulous and suspicious. She made her slow way to the window and took out the Dresden mirror. Holding it in her twisted hands, she looked into the glass. An expression of distaste came over her face. She sighed, then looked up suspiciously.

"Mina! What are you standing there grinning for?"

The colored woman's dark eyes moved guiltily away. But they retained their impression of the young, rosy face in the mirror, the face that fitted so perfectly within the frame of the twining blossom and dimpled cupids—the face of youth.

She answered slowly in her rich, mirthful voice.

"Dat ain't you in dat mirror, Miss Flora. Dat ain't you any more."

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AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
For week beginning Dec. 30

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20 	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, rose. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in high places.	★ If you are beginning a new job you may be busy. If not, your job could fly away for all you care. You are going to please yourself. Try to renew your interest.	★ Your home may become just a place to sleep and receive your mail. You may be up and away early and often, glad to escape from familiar surroundings.	★ Both you and the one you love best may display your talents or skills. In other cases you may shine socially. Young couples may be setting the wedding date.	★ Partygoers, both young and not-so-young, join the social merry-go-round. Some of these may be duty occasions you can't escape, but they will be fun.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20 	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck at the end of a journey.	★ Many of you will be on vacation and eager to get away from work. You won't mind tasks that are out of the ordinary, but drudgery is definitely out.	★ If you cannot get away for a holiday, and must stay at home, try giving the house a new look. Put away ornaments, arrange flowers, hang up a picture.	★ That house-party might be just what is needed to climax your romance. If he really cares for you, moonlight and summer evenings will be the keynote.	★ If you can get away for even a short holiday, now is the time. The summer cottage comes into its own, or perhaps the caravan. Otherwise, leisure at home.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21 	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, navy-blue. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck from an unexpected quarter.	★ You might enjoy a small profit from an unanticipated transaction. Otherwise you are busy with a private plan which requires much thought and a practical approach.	★ Should some members of the household be away, this is the best moment to relax with a book. Make meals simple and leave important jobs until later.	★ If you're lonely, if the old love has gone, a new figure may appear on the horizon. He may not be fascinating, but he has many sterling qualities you will appreciate.	★ Many of you turn your back on sociability in order to accomplish a task long contemplated. Through your own choice you may now prefer work to play.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22 	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in a renewal of love.	★ Sociability on the job will not come amiss. If you can get team to help, you won't mind contributing your share. There may be an interesting new workmate.	★ You might have a house-guest come to visit you. Perhaps a congenial neighbor who is prepared to enjoy your hobbies and interests will arrive.	★ You're partners wherever you go, and he is becoming a habit you can't shake off. Never mind the teasing. Friends can grow into faithful lovers.	★ The friends of a lifetime may be more enjoyed than new chums who have yet to prove their worth. Amusements are likely to be what you have long preferred.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22 	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Wednesday. Luck in carrying out your plans.	★ If you are carrying out some scheme that appeals to you, you'll work to complete it, but distractions will be more frequent and your morale may be low.	★ Many of you choose this week for a domestic revolution. The amateur painter goes to work with a will. This is the time to carry out any changes.	★ If very young it is a mistake to limit yourself to one boy-friend. You should meet different types. Should your beloved grow jealous, don't let him boss you.	★ Whether you are working for yourself or the community, you will carry more than your weight. If it is a joint project, you put inspiration into the laggards.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23 	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck in the evening.	★ A lucky strike might send you into a new niche. If it proves congenial, put all you have into it and hang on. Your career may have its dangers.	★ Throwing a party in your home or your garden? All evening functions held at home should be most successful. If there are teenagers, they will love to help.	★ You are sure he is the answer to a maiden's prayer. He probably dreams of you when you do not see each other. All this may lead to wedding bells.	★ If you want a good time, this is it. As the life of the party you collect goodwill. You may be asked to stage a stunt, and it will be successful.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23 	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in the family circle.	★ You may stay home and relax, finish odd jobs, or develop a new hobby. If you have resigned from a job recently you may be glad of a breathing spell.	★ A little quiet, perhaps, but that's the way you'll like it, if you want to be lazy. If you are shifting to new quarters things may be hectic for a while.	★ Entertaining the boy-friend is easy now when parties are plentiful. Make an effort to return hospitality. You should not always be on the receiving end.	★ Do not roam too far from home. The fellow who travels may cover more ground, but by sticking close to base, you will have an unforeseen reward.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 23 	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, violet. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in the printed word.	★ Short journeys, plans in preparation, interviews if you are thinking of building your career, may bring new prospects. You will need to exercise commonsense. Be practical.	★ You may prefer talk to action, play around with all sorts of schemes which will be discarded, but in the end you come up with a sound idea that will succeed.	★ Going on an all-day outing is a test of your love. If you become bored with each other, it's a danger signal. True love includes mutual interests.	★ Invitations arrive, and open gates to new interests. Accept what is offered in the way of amusements, and do not imagine that others are having a better time.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 24 - DECEMBER 23 	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in a contract.	★ Good resolutions begin the new year, but it may be hard to stick to them. If you've been living expansively, you could come down to earth with a thud.	★ Ways and means to finance your wishes are all important, specially if you are building or buying a home. The domestic budget may be strained in many directions.	★ If he is inclined to save money, don't think he is mean. It may be for the future home you hope for. Enjoy a walk in the evening for a change.	★ Many of you mix business and pleasure into an attractive brew. Others make hobbies show a profit on the practical side. A mild flutter could bring extra cash.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 24 - JANUARY 19 	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in a decision.	★ This week is excellent for those starting out on a new task. Results will not be long delayed. If looking for a first job, you'll hear important news.	★ Many of you will be looking after your garden, or, if a flat-dweller, studying the care of indoor plants which contribute coolness and suggest the outdoors.	★ If he has not already shown that he loves you, he will now. If you are sure he is the right one for you, you won't mind waiting. It is important to be patient.	★ Personally plus will be yours and you may find yourself persuading people to do what they have refused to do before. Success will make them grateful.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19 	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in a confidential matter.	★ Just getting by is all you ask. You have no high-frown ideas of your place in the scheme of things, but you are keeping an eye on the immediate future.	★ This is where you find leisure enough to complete an enterprise dear to your heart. Hobbies which can be pursued at home are likely to have a special appeal.	★ Your sign is often unconventional, but most boys prefer a girl who never makes herself conspicuous. Think twice about defying ordinary social customs.	★ Anxious to give pleasure to others, you may go a long way to make them happy. This will widen your interests and possibly lead to a new activity.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20 	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a romantic adventure.	★ You may dream up a few bright ideas all with the intention of escaping work, shortening the job, making it more fun. You will have earned any advantages.	★ You may be lured away from home by friends, and will neglect housework for a while. Don't feel guilty. You can catch up later and will benefit from a change.	★ The early days of any love affair are delightful. Don't be too eager to rush into going steady. A slight uncertainty is bound to add to the charm.	★ Sports, specially fishing and swimming, in which your sign is most at home, may provide hours of happy excitement. You may renew a friendship.

down, pulled off her gloves, and plunged into a vivid narrative. Miss Marple listened with close attention. When Mrs. McGillicuddy at last paused for breath, Miss Marple spoke with decision.

"The best thing, I think, my dear, is for you to go upstairs and take off your hat and have a wash. Then we will have supper — during which we will not discuss this at all. After supper we can go into the matter thoroughly and discuss it from every aspect."

Mrs. McGillicuddy concurred with this suggestion. The two ladies had supper, discussing, as they ate, various aspects of life as lived in the village of St. Mary Mead. Miss Marple commented on the general distrust of the new organist, related the recent scandal about the chemist's wife, and touched on the hostility between the school-mistress and the village institute. They then discussed Miss Marple's and Mrs. McGillicuddy's gardens.

"Peonies," said Miss Marple as she rose from table, "are most unaccountable. Either they do — or they don't do. But if they do establish themselves they are with you for life, so to speak, and really most beautiful varieties nowadays."

They settled themselves by the fire again, and Miss Marple brought out two old Waterford glasses from a corner cupboard, and from another cupboard produced a bottle.

"No coffee tonight for you, Elspeth," she said. "You are already over-excited (and no wonder!) and probably would not sleep. I prescribe a glass of my rowship wine, and later, perhaps, a cup of camomile tea."

Mrs. McGillicuddy acquiescing in these arrangements, Miss Marple poured out the wine.

Continuing . . . 4.50 From Paddington

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"Jane," said Mrs. McGillicuddy, as she took an appreciative sip, "you don't think, do you, that I dreamt it, or imagined it?"

"Certainly not," said Miss Marple with warmth.

Mrs. McGillicuddy heaved a sigh of relief.

"That ticket collector," she said; "he thought so. Quite polite, but all the same —"

"I think, Elspeth, that that was quite natural under the circumstances. It sounded — and indeed was — a most unlikely story. And you were a complete stranger to him. No. I have no doubt at all that you saw what you've told me you saw. It's very extraordinary — but not at all impossible. I recollect myself being interested when a train ran parallel to one in which I was travelling, to notice what a vivid and intimate picture one got of what was going on in one or two of the carriages. A little girl, I remember once, playing with a teddy-bear, and suddenly she threw it deliberately at a fat man who was asleep in the corner, and he bounced up and looked most indignant, and the other passenger looked so amused. I saw them all quite vividly. I could have described afterwards exactly what they looked like and what they had on."

Mrs. McGillicuddy nodded gratefully.

"That's just how it was."

"The man had his back to you, you say. So you didn't see his face?"

"No."

"And the woman? You can describe her? Young, old?"

"Youngish. Between thirty and thirty-five, I should think. I couldn't say closer than that."

"Good looking?"

"That again, I couldn't say. Her face, you see, was all contorted and —"

Miss Marple said quickly: "Yes, yes, I quite understand. How was she dressed?"

"She had on a fur coat of some kind — a palish fur. No hat. Her hair was blond."

"And there was nothing distinctive that you can remember about the man?"

MR. MCGILICUDDY took a little time to think carefully before she replied.

"He was tallish — and dark, I think." She added despondently, "It's not really very much to go on."

"It's something," said Miss Marple. She paused before saying: "You feel quite sure, in your own mind, that the girl was — dead?"

"She was dead, I'm sure of it. Her tongue came out — and I'd rather not talk about it."

"Of course not. Of course not," said Miss Marple quickly. "We shall know more, I expect, in the morning."

"In the morning?"

"I should imagine it will be in the morning papers. After this man had attacked and killed her, he would have a body on his hands. What would he do? Presumably he would leave the train quickly at the first station — By the way, can you remember if it was a corridor carriage?"

"No, it was not."

"That seems to point to a train that was not going far afield. It would almost certainly stop at Brackhampton."

Let us say he leaves the train at Brackhampton, perhaps arranging the body in a corner seat, with the face hidden by the fur collar to delay discovery. Yes — I think that is what he would do. But, of course, it will be discovered before very long — and I should imagine that the news of a murdered woman discovered on a train would be almost certain to be in the morning papers — we shall see."

But it was not in the morning papers.

Miss Marple and Mrs. McGillicuddy, after making sure of this, finished their breakfast in silence. Both were reflecting.

After breakfast they took a turn round the garden. But this, usually an absorbing pastime, was today somewhat half-hearted. Miss Marple did indeed call attention to some new and rare species she had acquired for her rock-garden, but did so in an almost absent-minded manner. And Mrs. McGillicuddy did not, as was customary, counter-attack with a list of her own recent acquisitions.

"The garden is not looking at all as it should," said Miss Marple, but still speaking absently. "Doctor Haydock has absolutely forbidden me to do any stooping or kneeling — and, really, what can you do if you don't stoop or kneel? There's old Edwards, of course — but so opinionated. And all this jobbing gets them into bad habits — lots of cups of tea and so much pottering — not any real work."

"Oh, I know," said Mrs. McGillicuddy. "Of course, there's no question of my being forbidden to stoop, but really, especially after meals — and having put on weight" — she

looked down at her ample proportions — "it does bring on heartburn."

There was a silence and then Mrs. McGillicuddy planted her feet sturdily, stood still, and turned on her friend.

"Well?" she said.

It was a small, insignificant word, but it acquired full significance from Mrs. McGillicuddy's tone, and Miss Marple understood its meaning perfectly.

"I know," she said.

The two ladies looked at each other.

"I think," said Miss Marple, "we might walk down to the police station and talk to Sergeant Cornish. He's intelligent and patient, and I know him very well, and he knows me. I think he'll listen — and pass the information on to the proper quarter."

Accordingly, some three-quarters of an hour later Miss Marple and Mrs. McGillicuddy were talking to a fresh-faced, grave man between thirty and forty, who listened attentively to what they had to say.

Frank Cornish received Miss Marple with cordiality and even deference. He set chairs for the two ladies, and said: "Now, what can we do for you, Miss Marple?"

Miss Marple said: "I would like you, please, to listen to my friend Mrs. McGillicuddy's story."

And Sergeant Cornish had listened. At the close of the recital he remained silent for a moment or two.

Then he said: "That's a very extraordinary story." His eyes, without seeming to do so, had sized Mrs. McGillicuddy up whilst she was telling it.

On the whole, he was favorably impressed. A sensible woman, able to tell a story clearly; not, as far as he could judge, an over-imaginative or a

mysterical woman. Moreover, Miss Marple, so it seemed, believed in the accuracy of her friend's story, and he knew all about Miss Marple. Everybody in St. Mary Mead knew Miss Marple; fluffy and dithery in appearance, but inwardly as sharp and shrewd as they make them.

He cleared his throat and spoke.

"Of course," he said, "you may have been mistaken — I'm not saying you were, mind — but you may have been. There's a lot of horse-play goes on — it mayn't have been serious or fatal."

"I know what I saw," said Mrs. McGillicuddy grimly.

"And you won't budge from it," thought Frank Cornish, "and I'd say that, likely or unlikely, you may be right."

Aloud he said "You reported it to the railway officials, and you've come and reported it to

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Women who know — use

SNO-MIST

POWDER SPRAY
DEODORANT



"Now what do I do, Mother?"



"So far so good. Now for that tricky part about living happily foreever after."



"It's a perfect match—they're both ardent book-lovers."

Happy
Ever
After



"What's my name, again?"



"Hi, Charlie . . . guess what?"



"The trick is to let him think he's the boss."
"The trick is to let her think she's the boss."



"Would you mind repeating the question?"



"Her 'something borrowed' is my boy-friend."

me. That's the proper procedure, and you may rely on me to have inquiries instituted."

He stopped. Miss Marple nodded her head gently, satisfied. Mrs. McGillicuddy was not quite so satisfied, but she did not say anything. Sergeant Cornish addressed Miss Marple, not so much because he wanted her ideas as because he wanted to hear what she would say.

"Granted the facts are as reported," he said, "what do you think has happened to the body?"

"There seem to be only two possibilities," said Miss Marple without hesitation. "The most likely one, of course, is that the body was left in the train, but that seems improbable now, for it would have been found some time last night by another traveller or by the railway staff at the train's ultimate destination."

Frank Cornish nodded.

"The only other course open to the murderer would be to push the body out of the train on to the line. It must, I suppose, be still on the track somewhere as yet undiscovered—though that does seem a little unlikely. But there would be, as far as I can see, no other way of dealing with it."

"You read about bodies being put in trunks," said Mrs. McGillicuddy, "but no one travels with trunks nowadays, only suitcases, and you couldn't get a body into a suitcase."

"Yes," said Cornish. "I agree with you both. The body—if there is a body—ought to have been discovered by now, or will be very soon. I'll let you know any developments there are—though I dare say you'll read about them in the papers. There's the possibility, of course, that the woman, though savagely attacked, was not actually dead. She may have been able to leave the train on her own feet."

"Hardly without assistance," said Miss Marple. "And, if so, it will have been noticed. A man supporting a woman whom he says is ill."

"Yes, it will have been noticed," said Cornish. "Or if a woman was found unconscious or ill in a carriage and was removed to hospital, that, too, will be on record. I think you may rest assured that you'll hear about it all in a very short time."

But that day passed and the next day. On that evening Miss Marple received a note from Sergeant Cornish.

"In regard to the matter on which you consulted me, full inquiries have been made, with no result. No woman's body has been found. No hospital has administered treatment to a woman such as you describe, and no case of a woman suffering from shock or taken ill, or leaving a station supported by a man has been observed. You may take it that the fullest inquiries have been made. I suggest that your friend may have witnessed a scene such as she described, but that it was much less serious than she supposed."

"Less serious? Fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. McGillicuddy. "It was murder."

She looked defiantly at Miss Marple and Miss Marple looked back at her.

"Go on, Jane," said Mrs. McGillicuddy. "Say it was all a mistake! Say I imagined the whole thing! That's what you think now, isn't it?"

"Anyone can be mistaken," Miss Marple pointed out gently. "Anybody, Elspeth—even you. I think we must bear that in mind. But I still think, you know, that you were most probably not mistaken."

You use glasses for reading, but you've got very good far sight—and what you saw impressed you very powerfully. You were definitely suffering from shock when you arrived here."

"It's a thing I shall never forget," said Mrs. McGillicuddy with a shudder. "The trouble is, I don't see what I can do about it!"

Continuing . . . 4.50 From Paddington

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"I don't think," said Miss Marple thoughtfully, "that there's anything more you can do about it."

If Mrs. McGillicuddy had been alert to the tones of her friend's voice she might have noticed a very faint stress laid on the "you."

"You've reported what you saw—to the railway people and to the police. No, there's nothing more you can do."

"That's a relief, in a way," said Mrs. McGillicuddy, "because, as you know, I'm going out to Ceylon immediately after Christmas—to stay with Roderick, and I certainly do not want to put that visit off—I've been looking forward to it so much. Though, of course, I would put it off if I thought it was my duty," she added conscientiously.

"I'm sure you would, Elspeth, but, as I say, I consider you've done everything you possibly could do."

"It's up to the police," said Mrs. McGillicuddy, "and if the police choose to be stupid—"

Miss Marple shook her head decisively.

"Oh, no," she said, "the police aren't stupid. And that makes it interesting, doesn't it?"

Mrs. McGillicuddy looked at her without comprehension, and Miss Marple reaffirmed her judgment of her friend as a woman of excellent principles and no imagination.

"One wants to know," said Miss Marple, "what really happened."

"She was killed."

"Yes, but who killed her, and why, and what happened to her body? Where is it now?"

"That's the business of the police to find out."

"Exactly—and they haven't found out. That means, doesn't it, that the man was clever—very clever. I can't imagine, you know," said Miss Marple, knitting her brows, "how he disposed of it. . . . You kill a woman in a fit of passion—it must have been unpremeditated. You'd never choose to kill a woman in such circumstances just a few minutes before running into a big station. No; it must have been a quarrel—jealousy—something of that kind. You strangle her—and there you are, as I say, with a dead body on your hands and on the point of running into a station. What could you do except as I said at first, prop the body up in a corner as though asleep, hiding the face, and then yourself leave the train as quickly as possible. I don't see any other possibility—and yet there must have been one. . . ."

Miss Marple lost herself in thought.

Mrs. McGillicuddy spoke to her twice before Miss Marple answered.

"You're getting deaf, Jane."

"Just a little, perhaps. People do not seem to me to enunciate their words as clearly as they used to do. But it wasn't that I didn't hear you. I'm afraid I wasn't paying attention."

"I just asked about the trains to London tomorrow. Would the afternoon be all right? I'm going to Margaret's and she isn't expecting me before tea-time."

"I wonder, Elspeth, if you would mind going up by the 12.15? We could have an early lunch."

"Of course, and—"

Miss Marple went on, drowning her friend's words: "And I wonder, too, if Margaret would mind if you didn't arrive for tea—if you arrived about seven, perhaps?"

Mrs. McGillicuddy looked at her friend curiously.

"What's on your mind, Jane?"

"I suggest, Elspeth, that I should travel up to London with

you, and that we should travel down again as far as Brackhampton in the train you travelled by the other day. You would then return to London from Brackhampton and I would come on here as you did. I, of course, would pay the fares." Miss Marple stressed this point firmly.

"What on earth do you expect, Jane?" she asked. "Another murder?"

"Certainly not," said Miss Marple, shocked. "But I confess I should like to see for myself, under your guidance,

Marple in a rather doubtful voice.

"A sad waste of good money," said Mrs. McGillicuddy, but with less disapproval than she would have used had she been paying for herself. Miss Marple had been quite adamant on that point.

"All the same," said Miss Marple, "one likes to see with one's own eyes where a thing happened. This train's just a few minutes late. Was yours on time on Friday?"

"I think so. I didn't really notice."

The train drew slowly into the busy length of Brackham-



"I'll take it!"

ton—the—really it is most difficult to find the correct term—the terrain of the crime."

So accordingly on the following day Miss Marple and Mrs. McGillicuddy found themselves in two opposite corners of a first-class carriage speeding out of London by the 4.50 from Paddington. Paddington had been even more crowded than on the preceding Friday—as there were now only two days to go before Christmas, but the 4.50 was comparatively peaceful—at any rate, in the rear portion.

On this occasion no train drew level with them, or they with another train. At intervals trains flashed past them towards London. On two occasions trains flashed past them the other way going at high speed. At intervals Mrs. McGillicuddy consulted her watch doubtfully.

"It's hard to tell just when—we'd passed through a station I know. . . . But they were continually passing through stations."

"We're due in Brackhampton in five minutes," said Miss Marple.

A ticket collector appeared in the doorway. Miss Marple raised her eyes interrogatively. Mrs. McGillicuddy shook her head. It was not the same ticket collector. He clipped their tickets, and passed on staggering just a little as the train swung round a long curve. It slackened speed as it did so.

"I expect we're coming into Brackhampton," said Mrs. McGillicuddy.

"We're getting into the outskirts, I think," said Miss Marple.

There were lights flashing past outside, buildings, an occasional glimpse of streets and trams. Their speed slackened further. They began crossing points.

"We'll be there in a minute," said Mrs. McGillicuddy, "and I can't really see this journey has been any good at all. Has it suggested anything to you, Jane?"

"I'm afraid not," said Miss

Marple in a rather doubtful voice.

"We've done what we could."

Miss Marple nodded, and said:

"Don't stand about in the cold, Elspeth. Or you'll be the one to catch a chill. Go and get yourself a good hot cup of tea in the Refreshment Room. You've got time, twelve minutes before your train back to town."

"I think perhaps I will. Good-bye, Jane."

"Good-bye, Elspeth. A happy Christmas to you. I hope you find Margaret well. Enjoy yourself in Ceylon, and give my love to dear Roderick—if he remembers me at all, which I doubt."

"Of course he remembers you—very well. You helped him in some way when he was at school—something to do with money that was disappearing from a locker—he's never forgotten it."

"Oh, that!" said Miss Marple.

Mrs. McGillicuddy turned away, a whistle blew, the train began to move. Miss Marple watched the sturdy thickset body of her friend recede. Elspeth could go to Ceylon with a clear conscience—she had done her duty and was freed from further obligation.

Miss Marple did not lean back as the train gathered speed. Instead she sat upright and devoted herself seriously to thought. Though in speech Miss Marple was woolly and diffuse, in mind she was clear and sharp. She had a problem to solve, the problem of her own future conduct; and, perhaps strangely, it presented itself to her as it had to Mrs. McGillicuddy, as a question of duty.

Mrs. McGillicuddy had said that they had both done all they could do. It was true of Mrs. McGillicuddy but about herself Miss Marple did not feel so sure.

It was a question, sometimes, of using one's special gifts. . . . But perhaps that was conceded. . . . After all, what could she do? Her friend's words came back to her, "You're not so young as you were. . . ."

Dispassionately, like a General planning a campaign, or an accountant assessing a business, Miss Marple weighed up and set down in her mind the facts for and against further enterprise. On the credit side were the following:

1. My long experience of life and human nature.
2. Sir Henry Clithering and his godson (now at Scotland Yard, I believe), who was so very nice in the Little Paddocks case.
3. My nephew Raymond's second boy, David, who is, I am almost sure, in British Railways.
4. Griselda's boy Leonard, who is so very knowledgeable about maps.

Miss Marple reviewed these assets and approved them. They were all very necessary, to reinforce the weaknesses on the debit side—in particular her own bodily weakness.

"It's not," thought Miss Marple, "as though I could go here, there, and everywhere, making inquiries and finding out things."

Yes, that was the chief objection, her own age and weakness. Although, for her age, her health was good, yet she was old. And if Dr. Haydock had strictly forbidden her to do practical gardening he would hardly approve of her starting out to track down a murderer. For that, in effect, was what she was planning to do—and it was there that her loophole lay. For if heretofore murder had, so to speak, been forced upon her, in this case it would be that she herself set out deliberately to seek it. And she was not sure that she wanted to do so.

She was old—old and tired. She felt at this moment, at the end of a tiring day, a great reluctance to enter upon any project at all.

She wanted nothing at all but to reach home and sit by the fire with a nice tray of supper, and go to bed, and potter about the next day just snipping off a few things in the garden, tidying up in a very mild way, without stooping, without exerting herself. . . .

"I'm too old for any more adventures," said Miss Marple to herself, watching absently out of the window the curving line of an embankment. . . .

A curve. . . . Very faintly something stirred in her mind. . . . Just after the ticket collector had clipped their tickets. . . .

It suggested an idea. Only an idea. An entirely different idea. . . .

A little pink flush came into Miss Marple's face. Suddenly she did not feel tired at all!

"I'll write to David tomorrow morning," she said to herself.

And at the same time another valuable asset flashed through her mind.

"Of course. My faithful Florence!"

Miss Marple set about her plan of campaign methodically and making due allowance for the Christmas season which was a definitely retarding factor.

She wrote to her great-nephew, David West, combining Christmas wishes with an urgent request for information.

Fortunately she was invited, as on previous years, to the vicarage for Christmas dinner, and here she was able to tackle young Leonard, home for the Christmas season, about maps.

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Gay embroidery transfer



GAY BIRD MOTIFS for embroidering on tea-towels, aprons, and pot-holders are featured on our embroidery transfer No. 194. These pretty designs are in easy stitches and also feature days of the week for stitching on the tea-towels. Order your transfer from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 2/6.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 1, 1958

Maps of all kinds were Leonard's passion. The reason for the old lady's inquiry about a large-scale map of a particular area did not rouse his curiosity. He discoursed on maps generally with fluency, and wrote down for her exactly what would suit her purpose best. In fact, he did better. He actually found that he had such a map among his collection and he lent it to her, Miss Marple promising to take great care of it and return it in due course.

"Maps," said his mother, Griselda, who still, although she had a grown-up son, looked strangely young and blooming to be inhabiting the shabby old vicarage. "What does she want with maps? I mean, what does she want them for?"

"I don't know," said young Leonard. "I don't think she said exactly."

"I wonder now . . ." said Griselda. "It seems very fishy to me . . . At her age the old pet ought to give up that sort of thing."

Leonard asked what sort of thing, and Griselda said elusively:

"Oh, poking her nose into things. Why maps, I wonder?"

In due course Miss Marple received a letter from her great-nephew David West. It ran affectionately:

"Dear Aunt Jane, — Now what are you up to? I've got the information you wanted. There are only two trains that can possibly apply—the 4.33 and the 5 o'clock. The former is a slow train and stops at Haling Broadway, Barwell Heath, Brackhampton, and then stations to Market Basing. The 5 o'clock is the Welsh express for Cardiff, Newport and Swansea. The former might be overtaken somewhere by the 4.50, although it is due in Brackhampton five minutes earlier and the latter passes the 4.50 just before Brackhampton."

In all this do I smell some village scandal of a fruity character? Did you, returning from a shopping spree in town by the 4.50, observe in a passing train the Mayor's wife being embraced by the Sanitary Inspector? But why does it matter which train it was? A weekend at Porthcawl, perhaps? Thank you for the pull-over. Just what I wanted.

How's the garden? Not very active this time of year, I should imagine.

Yours ever,

David."

Miss Marple smiled a little, then considered the information thus presented to her. Mrs. McGillicuddy had said definitely that the carriage had not been a corridor one. Therefore—not the Swansea express. The 4.33 was indicated.

Also some more travelling seemed unavoidable. Miss

Continuing . . . 4.50 From Paddington

from page 46

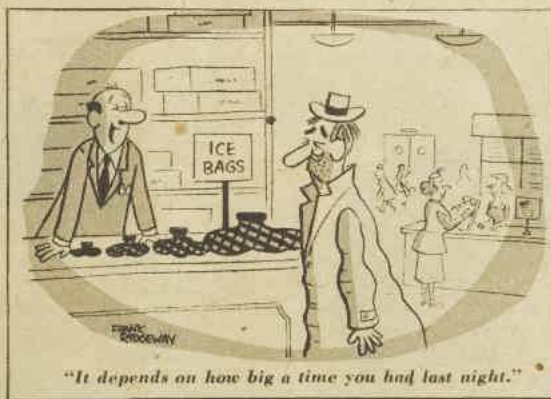
Marple sighed, but made her plans.

She went up to London as before on the 12.15, but this time returned not by the 4.50, but by the 4.33 as far as Brackhampton. The journey was uneventful, but she registered certain details. The train was not crowded—4.33 was before the evening hour rush. Of the first-class carriages only one had an occupant—a very old gentleman reading the "New Statesman."

Miss Marple travelled in an empty compartment and at the two stops, Haling Broadway

"This taxation," thought Miss Marple, "that's what it is. No one can afford to travel first class except business men in the rush hours. I suppose because they can charge it to expenses."

About a quarter of an hour before the train was due at Brackhampton, Miss Marple got out the map with which Leonard had supplied her and began to observe the countryside. She had studied the map very carefully beforehand, and after noting the name of a station



and Barwell Heath, leaned out of the window to observe passengers entering and leaving the train. A small number of third-class passengers got in at Haling Broadway. At Barwell Heath several third-class passengers got out. Nobody entered or left a first-class carriage except the old gentleman carrying his "New Statesman."

As the train neared Brackhampton, sweeping around a curve of line, Miss Marple rose to her feet and stood experimentally with her back to the window over which she had drawn down the blind.

Yes, she decided, the impetus of the sudden curving of the line and the slackening of speed did throw one off one's balance back against the window and the blind might, in consequence, very easily fly up. She peered out into the night. It was lighter than it had been when Mrs. McGillicuddy had made the same journey—only just dark, but there was little to see. For observations she must make a daylight journey.

On the next day she went up by the early morning train, purchased four linen pillow-cases (tut-tutting at the price!) so as to combine investigation with the provision of household necessities, and returned by a train leaving Paddington at twelve-fifteen. Again she was alone in a first-class carriage.

they passed through, she was soon able to identify where she was just as the train began to slacken for a curve. It was a very considerable curve indeed. Miss Marple, her nose glued to the window, studied the ground beneath her (the train was running on a fairly high embankment) with close attention.

She divided her attention between the country outside and her map until the train finally ran into Brackhampton.

That night she wrote and posted a letter addressed to Miss Florence Hill, 4 Madison Road, Brackhampton. . . . On the following morning, going to the County library, she studied a Brackhampton directory and gazetteer, and a County history.

Nothing so far had contradicted the very faint and sketchy idea that had come to her. What she had imagined was possible. She would go no farther than that.

But the next step involved action—a good deal of action—the kind of action for which she, herself, was physically unfit. If her theory were to be definitely proved or disproved, she must at this point have help from some other person. The question was—who?

Miss Marple reviewed various names and possibilities, rejecting them all with a vexed shake of the head. The intelli-

gent people on whose intelligence she could rely were all far too busy. Not only had they all got jobs of varying importance; their leisure hours were usually apportioned long beforehand. The unintelligent who had time on their hands were simply, Miss Marple decided, no good.

She pondered in growing vexation and perplexity.

Then suddenly her forehead cleared. "Of course!" said Miss Marple. "Lucy Eyelesbarrow!"

The name of Lucy Eyelesbarrow had already made itself felt in certain circles.

Lucy Eyelesbarrow was thirty-two. She had taken a First in Mathematics at Oxford, was acknowledged to have a brilliant mind, and was confidently expected to take up a distinguished academic career.

But Lucy Eyelesbarrow, in addition to scholarly brilliance, had a core of good sound common sense. She could not fail to observe that a life of academic distinction was singularly ill rewarded. She had no desire whatever to teach, and she took pleasure in contacts with minds much less brilliant than her own. In short, she had a taste for people, all sorts of people—and not the same people the whole time. She also, quite frankly, liked money. To gain money one must exploit shortage.

Lucy Eyelesbarrow hit at once upon a very serious shortage—the shortage of any kind of skilled domestic labor. To the amazement of her friends and fellow-scholars, Lucy Eyelesbarrow entered the field of domestic labor.

Her success was immediate and assured. By now, after a lapse of some years, she was known all over the British Isles. It was quite customary for wives to say joyfully to husbands, "It will be all right. I can go with you to the States. I've got Lucy Eyelesbarrow!"

THE point of Lucy Eyelesbarrow was that once she came into a house all worry, anxiety, and hard work went out of it. Lucy Eyelesbarrow did everything, saw to everything, arranged everything. She was unbelievably competent.

She looked after elderly parents, accepted the care of young children, nursed the sickly, cooked divinely, got on well with any old crusty servants that might happen to be (there usually weren't), was tactful with impossible people, soothed habitual drunkards, was wonderful with dogs. Best of all she never minded what she did. She scrubbed the kitchen floor, dug in the garden, cleaned windows, and carried coals!

One of her rules was never to accept an engagement for any long length of time. A fortnight was her usual period—a month at most under exceptional circumstances. For that fortnight you had to pay the earth! But during that fortnight your life was heaven. You could relax completely, go abroad, stay at home, do as you pleased, secure that all was going well on the home front in Lucy's capable hands.

Naturally, the demand for her services was enormous. She could have booked herself up if she chose for about three years ahead. She had been offered enormous sums to go as a permanency. But Lucy had no intention of being a permanency, nor would she book herself for more than six months ahead. And within that period, unknown to her clamoring clients, she always kept certain free periods which enabled her either to take a short, luxurious holiday (since she spent nothing otherwise and was

handsomely paid and kept) or to accept any position at short notice that happened to take her fancy, either by reason of its character or because she "liked the people."

Since she was now at liberty to pick and choose among the vociferous claimants for her services, she went very largely by personal liking. Mere riches would not buy the services of Lucy Eyelesbarrow. She could pick and choose, and she did pick and choose. She enjoyed her life very much, and found in it a continual source of entertainment.

Lucy Eyelesbarrow read and reread the letter from Miss Marple. She had made Miss Marple's acquaintance two years ago when her services had been retained by Raymond West, the novelist, to go and look after his old aunt, who was recovering from pneumonia. Lucy had accepted the job and had gone down to St. Mary Mead. She had liked Miss Marple very much.

As for Miss Marple, once she had caught a glimpse out of her bedroom window of Lucy Eyelesbarrow really trenching for sweet peas in the proper way, she had leaned back on her pillows with a sigh of relief, eaten the tempting little meals that Lucy Eyelesbarrow brought to her, and listened, agreeably surprised, to the tales told by her elderly irascible maid-servant of how "I taught Miss Eyelesbarrow a crochet pattern what she'd never heard off! Proper grateful, she was." And had surprised her doctor by the rapidity of her convalescence.

Miss Marple wrote asking if Miss Eyelesbarrow could undertake a certain task for her—rather an unusual one. Perhaps Miss Eyelesbarrow could arrange a meeting at which they could discuss the matter.

Lucy Eyelesbarrow frowned for a moment or two as she considered. She was in reality fully booked up. But the word "unusual," and her recollection of Miss Marple's personality, carried the day and she rang up Miss Marple straight away, explaining that she could not come down to St. Mary Mead, as she was at the moment working, but that she was free from 2 to 4 on the following afternoon and could meet Miss Marple anywhere in London. She suggested her own club, a rather nondescript establishment which had the advantage of having several small, dark writing-rooms which were usually empty.

Miss Marple accepted the suggestion and on the following day the meeting took place.

Greetings were exchanged; Lucy Eyelesbarrow led her guest to the gloomiest of the writing-rooms, and said: "I'm afraid I'm rather booked up just at present, but perhaps you'll tell me what it is you want me to undertake?"

"It's very simple, really," said Miss Marple. "Unusual, but simple. I want you to find a body."

For a moment the suspicion crossed Lucy's mind that Miss Marple was mentally unbalanced, but she rejected the idea. Miss Marple was eminently sane.

To page 50

Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear . . . or cut out ready to make.



"DAWN."—Smartly styled Empire-line tennis dress. The design features a low-at-back neckline and prettily flared above-knee-length skirt. The material choice includes white sanforised poplin and white pique.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 68/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 69/11. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

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NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 33. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

SWEET and SOUR

• Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners:

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

I HAD never given myself more than average marks for looks, so in my young days this came as a pleasant surprise. A friend's new husband invited me to stay with them for a few days, and the new bride interposed:

"Oh no you don't, my pet. If you want to hand out invitations to my friends pick on one of the plain ones."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. J. A. Craven, 71 Northwood Street, Narrogin, W.A.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

I WAS asked to judge at the local flower-show and I remarked to a friend that I didn't think I was capable. She replied:

"Don't be silly! Bigger dills than you do it."

£2/2/- awarded to Miss Una Watson, "Spring Plain," Bellata, N.S.W.

• Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, rehearsing for her new career in television, reads her children, Charley, Susan, and Lori, a Japanese fairy story, and they all get dressed up in colorful robes to make a pretty picture.



SHIRLEY'S COMEBACK ON TV

★ Shirley Jane Temple, at five a world-famous movie star, at 12 a retired millionairess, and now at 30 a happy suburban housewife, finally has succumbed to the lure of television.

By LLOYD SHEARER

AFTER turning down half a dozen fantastic offers in the past few years, Shirley recently signed to appear in a series of 16 special one-hour programmes based on classic fairy tales.

She will start by starring in "Beauty and the Beast" on January 12. In the rest of the series she will serve as hostess-narrator, introducing such stories as "Hansel and Gretel," "Gulliver's Travels," and "Aesop's Fables."

Ever since she married Charles Black, son of the president of Pacific Gas and Electric, Shirley has fought off similar tempting propositions. She said then, firmly, that she'd had enough of show business.

So why is she coming back? She doesn't need the money. With three young children to look after, plus a large home in Atherton (a suburb of San Francisco), time doesn't hang heavily on her hands.

What, I asked her, has brought her out of retirement? "Those TV producers just

wore me down," Shirley confessed. "They kept after me."

"But when I talked it over with Charley and the children, they all said yes. They're just dying to see me on TV."

"The thing that sold them—and me—is the time set-up. It's a dream."

"I work only one day a month in Hollywood. You can't beat that, can you? At least 14 of the 16 shows will be filmed. I'll star in no more than two. That means practically no rehearsal time."

"Besides, I've always loved fairy tales."

Never happier

Could it possibly be that, like most former child movie stars, Shirley misses the spotlight? She says definitely not.

"I went into show business in 1932," she explained, "when I was four. The last movie I made, 'A Kiss for Corliss,' was released in 1950. That's 18 years of limelight, enough to last anyone a lifetime."

"What's important to me now

is my marriage. To preserve a marriage, I've found, a woman must first of all keep her husband happy."

"Keeping Charley happy, that's what counts most in my scheme of things. Then come the children."

For several years Shirley has been a community-active wife and mother. What spare time she has she devotes to working for six charities, most of them dedicated to helping sick and underprivileged children.

"I've never been happier," she admitted. "That's why I turned down all the other TV and movie offers."

"The thing I don't want is to get caught up in the career whirl, because that's what jeopardises your family life."

"The minute my husband shows the slightest sign of being irritated or neglected I stop cold."

As any movie fan over the age of 30 will recall, Shirley Temple in the 1930s was the most beloved little girl in the world.

In 1934, when she was six, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences voted her a special Oscar as "the outstanding personality of the year."

In the next five years Shirley reached the apex of her fame with such films as "Dimples," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Curly Top," "Poor Little Rich Girl," "The Little Colonel," and half a dozen others.

Shirley started out working for a salary of £75 a week. By 1937, at nine, she was making £150,000 a year, the seventh-largest earnings in America.

The basis of Shirley's worldwide appeal as a little girl was her personality. With her curly brown hair and large brown eyes she was a beautiful child who generated warmth, friendliness, and a cuteness that was not too sugary.

Her onstage intelligence was incredible. In "Captain January," for example, the script called for her to tap-dance down a long stairway reciting a line at every turn; she did it perfectly the first time she tried it.

James Dunn, who starred in four pictures with Shirley, said she had "the most natural acting talent I've ever seen."

The late Lionel Barrymore called her "a divine child of brilliant intelligence." Adolph Menjou once told reporters, "Shirley Temple not only knows her own lines perfectly, she knows mine just as well."

Two marriages

Though Shirley's parents made an attempt to raise their daughter normally and even pulled her out of the movies for a time, studio offers proved irresistible and she kept making films through the 1940s.

In 1945, at 17, freshly graduated from the Westlake School for Girls in Los Angeles, she married John Agar, jun., an Army sergeant who later turned actor.

Shirley was too young for marriage and so was Agar.

In the words of a family friend, "Neither of these kids knew what marriage was all about."

In 1949 the Agars were divorced. A year later Shirley married Charles Black and announced her retirement from show business.

Black currently is a manager of business operations for the Stanford Research Institute, Menlo Park, California, and according to Shirley "the best and finest person who ever came into my life."

FILM FAN-FARE

Conducted by AINSIE BAKER



↑
THEN
NOW
↓

SHIRLEY the curly-haired moppet who won all hearts, and, below, Shirley as she is today at the age of 30.



HAPPY family group. Shirley and her businessman husband, Charles Black, photographed outside their Californian home with Susan (9), Charley (5), and Lori (3). Shirley says she is completely happy in the role of housewife and mother.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 1, 1958

She meant exactly what she had said.

"What kind of a body?" asked Lucy Eyelesbarrow with admirable composure.

"A woman's body," said Miss Marple. "The body of a woman who was murdered — strangled, actually — in a train."

Lucy's eyebrows rose slightly. "Well, that's certainly unusual. Tell me about it."

Miss Marple told her, Lucy Eyelesbarrow listened attentively, without interrupting. At the end she said: "If all depends on what your friend saw — or thought she saw —?"

She left the sentence unfinished with a question in it.

"Elspeth McGillicuddy doesn't imagine things," said Miss Marple. "That's why I'm relying on what she said. If it had been Dorothy Cartwright, now — it would have been quite a different matter. Dorothy always has a good story, and quite often believes it herself, and there is usually a kind of basis of truth, but certainly no more. But Elspeth is the kind of woman who finds it very hard to make herself believe that anything at all extraordinary or out of the way could happen. She's most unsuggestible, rather like granite."

"I see," said Lucy thoughtfully. "Well, let's accept it all. Where do I come in?"

"I was very much impressed by you," said Miss Marple, "and, you see, I haven't got the physical strength nowadays to get about and do things."

"You want me to make inquiries? That sort of thing? But won't the police have done

for efficient domestic help — I should not imagine it would be difficult.

"No, I don't suppose it would be difficult."

"I understand that Mr. Crackenthorpe is said locally to be somewhat of a miser. If you accept a low salary, I will make it up to the proper figure which should, I think, be rather more than the current rate."

"Because of the difficulty?" "Not the difficulty so much as the danger. It might, you know, be dangerous. It's only right to warn you of that."

"I don't know," said Lucy pensively, "that the idea of danger would deter me."

"I didn't think it would," said Miss Marple. "You're not that kind of person."

"I dare say you thought it might even attract me? I've encountered very little danger in my life. But do you really believe it might be dangerous?"

"Somebody," Miss Marple pointed out, "has committed a very successful crime. There has been no hue-and-cry, no real suspicion. Two elderly ladies have told a rather improbable story, the police have investigated it and found nothing in it. So everything is nice and quiet. I don't think that this somebody, whoever he may be, will care about the matter being raked up — especially if you are successful."

"What do I look for exactly?"

"Any signs along the embankment, a scrap of clothing, broken bushes — that kind of thing."

Lucy nodded.

"And then?"

"I shall be quite close at hand," said Miss Marple. "An old maidservant of mine, my faithful Florence, lives in Brackhampton. She has looked after her old parents for years. They are now both dead, and she takes in lodgers — all most respectable people. She has arranged for me to have rooms with her. She will look after me most devotedly, and I feel I should like to be close at hand."

"I would suggest that you mention you have an elderly aunt living in the neighborhood, and that you want a post within easy distance of her, and also that you stipulate for a reasonable amount of spare time so that you can go and see her often."

Again Lucy nodded.

"I was going to Taormina the day after tomorrow," she said. "The holiday can wait. But I can only promise three weeks. After that I am booked up."

"Three weeks should be ample," said Miss Marple. "If we can't find out anything in three weeks we might as well give up the whole thing as a mare's nest."

Miss Marple departed, and Lucy, after a moment's reflection, rang up a Registry Office in Brackhampton, the manageress of which she knew very well. She explained her desire for a post in the neighborhood so as to be near her "aunt." After turning down, with a little difficulty and a good deal of ingenuity, several more desirable places, Rutherford Hall was mentioned.

"That sounds exactly what I want," said Lucy firmly.

The Registry Office rang up Miss Crackenthorpe, Miss Crackenthorpe rang up Lucy.

Two days later Lucy left London en route for Rutherford Hall.

Driving her own small car, Lucy Eyelesbarrow drove through an imposing pair of vast iron gates. Just inside



1 ABOVE. Visiting her Irish birth-place, Joan hears the pathetic story of the girl Esther Costello, made deaf, dumb, and blind by an accident.

2 RIGHT. Wealthy Joan takes Esther back to America, where they both enrol in a school for the deaf-blind, and Esther learns to read and write.



3 MEETING Esther again, young newspaperman Lee Patterson, who had seen her on arrival, is astounded at her progress under Joan's care, and writes an enthusiastic story.



4 FAMOUS as a result of publicity following the story, Joan is finally persuaded by Brazzi and Randell to launch the ambitious Esther Costello Fund.



6 AWARE his marriage is ended now Joan knows he and Randell have been using her and Esther, Brazzi terrifies Esther by roughly kissing her. Shock gives her back her speech, and she is able to talk to Joan at last.



ESTHER COSTELLO

★ British films are said to have a real find in Heather Sears, the English newcomer who plays the deaf, dumb, and blind central character of Columbia's "The Story of Esther Costello."

Together with Heather in the film based on the Nicholas Monsarrat novel are Joan Crawford as Esther's wealthy benefactor, Rossano Brazzi (in an unsympathetic role as Joan's husband), and Australian Ron Randell in the supporting role as Brazzi's go-getting friend.



5 DISGUSTED at what he considers the exploitation of Esther, and suspicious of the money-raising activities of Brazzi and Randell, Patterson suggests to his editor that they should do a story exposing the fund.



7 FREE now of Brazzi, Joan meets him for a last drink. Later Esther, about to appear at a big charity rally, learns of their deaths in a car accident.

LOOKING BACK AT 1957



KERR . . . first lady?



PERKINS . . . white hope.



BAKER . . . ballyhooed.



MORE . . . sky high.



BERGMAN . . . Oscar.



DEAN . . . his last.

Moviemakers, stars have had a mixed bag of flops and successes

★ In a year that has welcomed Elvis Presley, Jayne Mansfield, rock-'n-roll, and calypso, picturegoers will have to count their blessings when and where they may.

THE big, popular appeal films were "Anastasia," "Giant," "Teahouse of the August Moon," "Trapeze," "Island in the Sun," and "Oklahoma!"

That old-time, big-money earner, the women's matinee tear-jerker, came back flushed with color and sugared with theme song in "An Affair to Remember."

In a year lean in musicals, the smart, high-fashion "Funny Face" took top honors, next "Les Girls," with "This Could Be the Night" and "Silk Stockings" runners-up.

The year saw the joyous reunion in "Desk Set" of that highly polished comedy team Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy.

Comeback appearances were made by Janet Gaynor, a tiny, pretty matron in "Bernadine," Laura La Plante, fleetingly seen in "Spring Reunion," and a wonderfully rich, full-blown Joan Blondell, unashamed stealer of scenes in some of the year's biggest pictures.

Rita Hayworth, off the screen for several years and two husbands, made a disastrous comeback in the poor-quality "Fire Down Below."

In the epic-spectacular field, "War and Peace" and "Around the World in 80 Days" each in its own way set new standards of costliness and scope.

With biographical films coming from almost every studio, two—one English and one American—were outstanding. Notable performances came from Kenneth More as Douglas Bader in "Reach For the Sky" and from James Stewart as Charles Lindbergh in "The Spirit of St. Louis."

Without reaching the highest levels of excellence, both "The Shiralee" and "Robbery Under Arms" marked a further milestone in British-Australian film-making, with Dana Wilson emerging as a refreshingly different child star.

Worthwhile

In the last months of the year three worthwhile black-and-white films from Hollywood did much to raise the artistic level of its output.

These were "A Hatful of Rain," "Twelve Angry Men," and "A Man Is Ten Feet Tall."

Brightest of all the rising young stars who have come to films via the Broadway stage is Anthony Perkins, tall, romantic, and with immense youthful charm.

Anthony Franciosa (less easy to cast than Perkins) and John Kerr ("Tea and Sympathy") started, like Perkins, as Broadway actors.

Personable young David McCallum (a pleasing change from its beef-and-brawn boys)

would appear to be Britain's most promising newcomer.

Mario Lanza's "Serenade" probably took the honors as the most insufferable film of the year, with "Omar Khayyam" a close runner-up.

"Ten Thousand Bedrooms," as enjoyable a family entertainment as "Bundle of Joy," was the most misleadingly titled.

Disappointments were the ungainly "Moby Dick," the much ballyhooed "Baby Doll," and Otto Preminger's "Saint Joan," with the inexperienced Jean Seberg lost in the role of the Maid.

Anita Ekberg was probably the biggest feminine flop.

Notable miscastings: Sinatra's unfortunate debut as an old-time Western villain in "Johnny Concho," Shirley MacLaine as the ridiculous

Indian princess in "Around the World."

Missing were good old-fashioned thrillers.

Hollywood lost one of its few remaining "characters" when Humphrey Bogart died.

Two titles were drawn into the film world when Hank Fonda married his Italian Countess Aldera Franchetti, and ex-slum girl Elsa Martinelli her Count Franco Mancinelli Scotti.

Brunettes Kathy Grant and Anna Kashfi took out of circulation two of the screen's most eligible unattached men when they married widower Bing Crosby and bachelor Marlon Brando.

Kay Kendall, the most gorgeous of Les Girls, became the third Mrs. Rex Harrison.

Marilyn Monroe lost the baby she was expecting.

Film marriages that fell apart were those of Diana Dors and Dennis Hamilton and Bergman and Rossellini.

But as compensation Ingrid collected an Oscar for her "Anastasia" and had a happy reunion with her longestranged daughter, Jenny.



FONTAINE and BELAFONTE, "Island in the Sun."

And a Filmgoer's Wishes for 1958

IN '58 we'd like to see
Dour Mr. Fonda on the spree.

And casting of all ageing stars
As someone's greying ma's and pa's.

(This includes Gable, Dietrich,
De Sica, and Milland.)

We wish to say there's nothing
duller

Than widescreen and some
dreary color.

(Unless it's backed up with a
story that has something to
say, something different to
show, and actors of talent.)

In passing, let us shed a tear
For all good teams of yesteryear.

(Martin and Lewis, to name
just one.)

And wouldn't it be really great
If comics wouldn't change to
"straight?"

With no hard feelings, we have
had

A bit too much of Alan Ladd.

By AINSLIE BAKER

Nor do we want to see much
more
Of silly, pretty Miss Gabor.

What bliss to witness someone
strange,
Like Tony Curtis, ride the range.
(Randolph Scott, John Wayne,
and Rory Calhoun always
seem to have been in the same
picture before.)

Please, Robert Wagner, wear
your hair
A little less a la the lair.

Will someone kindly put the
skids
Beneath all crazy, mixed-up
kids?
(You're first man in line, Elvis.)

A studio would have a winner
In teaming Hepburn (A.) with
Brynnner.
Life would be just as good, it
seems,

Without those sugary singing
themes.

And speaking of a similar thing,
If only stars who sing—could
sing.

A screen pair that would please
us all
Are Frank Sinatra and Bacall.

Won't somebody, for pity's sake,
Give little Janie Powell a break.
(What's gone wrong with that
girl's career?)

If only they could know how
hoary

It is to see another "Story."
(It all began with Philadelphia
way back in 1940, and since
then they've kept coming. But
if we have to have another
"Story," why not The Mike
Todd?)

But the thing we'd most like
to see in 1958 would be the end
of bosoms as a substitute for act-
ing ability.



AUSTRALIANS Peter Finch and Dana Wilson in "The Shiralee."

from page 50

them was what had originally been a small lodge which now seemed completely derelict, whether through war damage, or merely through neglect, it was difficult to be sure. A long winding drive led through large gloomy clumps of rhododendrons up to the house.

Lucy caught her breath in a slight gasp when she saw the house, which was a kind of miniature Windsor Castle. The stone steps in front of the door could have done with attention and the gravel sweep was green with neglected weeds.

She pulled an old-fashioned wrought-iron bell, and its clamor sounded echoing away inside. A slatternly woman, wiping her hands on her apron, opened the door and looked at her suspiciously.

"Expected, aren't you?" she said. "Miss Something-barrow, she told me."

"Quite right," said Lucy.

The house was desperately cold inside. Her guide led her along a dark hall and opened a door on the right. Rather to Lucy's surprise, it was quite a pleasant sitting-room, with books and chintz-covered chairs.

"I'll tell her," said the woman, and went away, shutting the door after having given Lucy a look of profound disfavor.

AFTER a few minutes the door opened again. From the first moment Lucy decided that she liked Emma Crackenthorpe.

She was a middle-aged woman with no very outstanding characteristics, neither good-looking nor plain, sensibly dressed in tweeds and pullover, with dark hair swept back from her forehead, steady hazel eyes, and a very pleasant voice.

She said: "Miss Eyesbarrow?" and held out her hand.

Then she looked doubtful. "I wonder," she said, "if this post is really what you're looking for? I don't want a house-keeper, you know, to supervise things. I want someone to do the work."

Lucy said that that was what most people needed.

Emma Crackenthorpe said apologetically:

"So many people, you know, seem to think that just a light dusting will answer the case—but I can do all the light dusting myself."

"I quite understand," said Lucy. "You want cooking and washing up, and housework and stoking the boiler. That's all right. That's what I do. I'm not at all afraid of work."

"It's a big house, I'm afraid, and inconvenient. Of course, we only live in a portion of it—my father and myself, that is. He is rather an invalid. We live quite quietly, and there is an Aga stove. I have several brothers, but they are not here very often. Two women come in, a Mrs. Kidder in the morning, and Mrs. Hart three days a week to do brasses and things like that. You have your own car?"

"Yes. It can stand out in the open if there's nowhere to put it. It's used to it."

"Oh, there are any amount of old stables. There's no trouble about that." She frowned a moment, then said, "Eyesbarrow—rather an unusual name. Some friends of mine were telling me about a Lucy Eyesbarrow—the Kennedys?"

"Yes. I was with them in North Devon when Mrs. Kennedy was having a baby."

Emma Crackenthorpe smiled.

"I know they said they'd never had such a wonderful time as when you were there seeing to everything. But I had the idea that you were terribly expensive. The sum I mentioned—"

"That's quite all right,"

said Lucy. "I want particularly, you see, to be near Brackhampton. I have an elderly aunt in a critical state of health and I want to be within easy distance of her. That's why the salary is a secondary consideration. I can't afford to do nothing. If I could be sure of having some time off most days?"

"Oh, of course. Every afternoon, till six, if you like?"

"That seems perfect."

Miss Crackenthorpe hesitated a moment before saying: "My father is elderly and a little—difficult sometimes. He is very keen on economy, and he says things sometimes that upset people. I wouldn't like—"

Lucy broke in quickly: "I'm quite used to elderly people, of all kinds," she said. "I always manage to get on well with them."

Emma Crackenthorpe looked relieved.

"Trouble with father!" diagnosed Lucy. "I bet he's an old tartar."

She was apportioned a large gloomy bedroom which a small electric heater did its inadequate best to warm, and was shown round the house, a vast uncomfortable mansion. As they passed a door in the hall a voice roared out:

"That you, Emma? Got the new girl there? Bring her in. I want to look at her."

Emma flushed, glanced at Lucy apologetically.

The two women entered the room. It was richly upholstered in dark velvet, the narrow windows let in very little light, and it was full of heavy mahogany Victorian furniture.

Old Mr. Crackenthorpe was stretched out in an invalid chair, a silver-headed stick by his side.

He was a big gaunt man, his flesh hanging in loose folds. He had a face rather like a bulldog, with a pugnacious chin. He had thick, dark hair flecked with grey, and small, suspicious eyes.

"Let's have a look at you, young lady."

Lucy advanced, composed and smiling.

"There's just one thing you'd better understand straight away. Just because we live in a big house doesn't mean we're rich. We're not rich. We live simply—do you hear?—simply! No good coming here with a lot of highfalutin ideas. God's as good as a fish as turbot any day, and don't you forget it. I don't stand for waste. I live here because my father built the house and I like it."

"After I'm dead they can sell it up if they want to—and I expect they will want to. No sense of family. This house is well built—it's solid, and we've got our own land round us. Keeps us private. It would bring in a lot if sold for building land, but not while I'm alive. You won't get me out of here until you take me out feet first."

He glared at Lucy.

"Your house is your castle," said Lucy.

"Laughing at me?"

"Of course not. I think it's very exciting to have a real country place all surrounded by town."

"Quite so. Can't see another house from here, can you? Fields with cows in them—right in the middle of Brackhampton. You hear the traffic a bit when the wind's that way—but otherwise it's still country."

He added, without pause or change of tone, to his daughter:

"Ring up that fool of a doctor. Tell him that last medicine's no good at all."

Lucy and Emma retired. He shouted after them:

"And don't let that woman who sniffs dust in here. She's disarranged all my books."

"Lucy asked: 'Has Mr. Crackenthorpe been an invalid long?'"

Emma said, rather evasively: "Oh, for years now . . . This is the kitchen."

The kitchen was enormous. A vast kitchen range stood cold and neglected. A small stove stood demurely beside it.

Lucy asked times of meals and inspected the larder. Then she said cheerfully to Emma Crackenthorpe:

"I know everything now. Don't bother. Leave it all to me."

Emma Crackenthorpe heaved a sigh of relief as she went up to bed that night.

"The Kennedys were quite right," she said. "She's wonderful."

Lucy rose at six the next morning. She did the house, prepared vegetables, assembled, cooked, and served breakfast. With Mrs. Kidder she made the beds and at eleven o'clock they sat down to strong tea and biscuits in the kitchen. Mollified by the fact that Lucy "had no airs about her" and also by the strength and sweetness of the tea, Mrs. Kidder relaxed into gossip. She was a small spare woman with a sharp eye and tight lips.

"Regular old skinflint he is. What she has to put up with! All the same, she's not what I call downtrodden. Can hold her own all right when she has to. When the gentlemen come she sees to it there's something decent to eat."

"The gentlemen?"

"Yes. Big family it was. The eldest, Mr. Edmund, he was killed in the war. Then there's Mr. Cedric, he lives abroad somewhere. He's not married. Paints pictures in foreign parts. Mr. Harold's in the City, lives in London—married an earl's daughter. Then there's Mr. Alfred, he's got a nice way with him, but he's a bit of a black sheep, been in trouble once or twice—and there's Miss Edith's husband, Mr. Bryan, ever so nice, he is—he died some years ago, but he's always stayed one of the family, and there's Master Alexander. Miss Edith's little boy. He's at school, comes here for part of his holidays always. Miss Emma's terribly set on him."

LUCY digested all this information, continuing to press tea on her informant. Finally, reluctantly, Mrs. Kidder rose to her feet.

"Seem to have got along a treat, we do, this morning," she said wonderingly. "Want me to give you a hand with the potatoes, dear?"

"They're all done ready."

"Well, you are a one for getting on with things! I might as well be getting along myself, as there doesn't seem anything else to do."

Mrs. Kidder departed and Lucy, with time on her hands, scrubbed the kitchen table, which she had been longing to do but which she had put off so as not to offend Mrs. Kidder, whose job it properly was. Then she cleaned the silver till it shone radiantly. She cooked lunch, cleared it away, washed it up, and at two-thirty was ready to start exploration. She had set out the tea things ready on a tray, with sandwiches and bread and butter covered with a damp napkin to keep them moist.

She strolled first round the gardens, which would be the normal thing to do. The kitchen garden was sketchedly cultivated with a few vegetables. The hot-houses were in ruins.

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REUNION of actress Betsy Drake with her husband, Cary Grant, has scotched rumors that they were about to separate. Betsy and Cary were photographed when she flew to England to be with him during the filming of "Indiscreet."

News from movie centres

From LONDON and HOLLYWOOD

● No less an architect than the famous Frank Lloyd Wright will design the new house to replace the original cottage on the 200-acre farming estate in Connecticut that Arthur Miller has bought for himself and Marilyn Monroe.

WHILE the famous architect is perfecting his plans, Marilyn and Miller are roughing it in the cottage, which is without electricity and has only a rustic form of plumbing.

It's hinted that Miller, master-minding Marilyn's comeback, is quite happy to have her under a doctor's care for a little longer. With his playwright's sense of theatre, he thinks it a good thing to give the fans time to forget Marilyn Monroe before they see Marilyn Monroe Miller.

LATEST star with plans to sell or close up a big, pretentious Hollywood home is Joan Crawford. Joan spends most of her time now with her soft-drink tycoon husband in New York, and now that three of her four adopted children are at school, and the eldest, Christine, is studying to be an actress, the upkeep of her old Brentwood home isn't worth while.

THERE'S an interesting new young actor to watch out for in "The Key." He's William Russell, formerly of the Oxford Repertory Company and the Bristol Old Vic. Already a popular actor on British television, Russell plays Sophia Loren's first love, who is killed in World War II.

WORKING in Hollywood are three lovely blondes, all named Kim. They are Kim Hunter, Kim Novak, and Kim Stanley. However, Kim Hunter, who is currently starring in "Money, Women and Dreams" was heard to have said firmly, "I'm the Kim who got there first."

HUSKY-VOICED Aldo Ray has been given the leading role in the film version of the controversial Norman Mailer novel "The Naked

and the Dead." He is to play the part of the embittered platoon leader, Sergeant Croft. With successful portrayals of soldiers in "Battle Cry" and "Men at War," Ray will be feeling more at home in a uniform than out of it.

ALTHOUGH he has made no fewer than 53 pictures, David Niven has only seen himself on the screen in nine of them, and that was because he wanted to see the work of somebody else in the cast. "I found it a frightening experience," David said. "There is something about seeing yourself nine feet tall, and wearing a four-foot grin, that causes unreasonable furor in the pit of the stomach."

AT first glance, "Operation Petticoat," as the title for a picture dealing with submarine warfare in the Pacific, may seem inept. But there were petticoats—of a strictly utilitarian service-issue type—in this World War II operation. The story tells of seven Army nurses rescued from Corregidor by a U.S. submarine.

EVIDENTLY Martine Carol liked her introduction to filming for Anglo-Saxons. Now back from doing "The Stowaway" for Southern International in Tahiti, and despite the indifferent success of "Action of the Tiger," which she made in Spain with Van Johnson, the French actress has signed for a starring role in Britain opposite Jack Palance in "The Phoenix."

THERE'S nothing like the freedom of bare toes on warm earth to take the stiffness out of a love scene," explained Italian actress Gia Scala as she removed her shoes and stockings to do a love scene with Audie Murphy in "Middle of the Street."

CHOW LINE

● The Hollywood star system breaks down at mealtime on location, as can be seen by the photographs below. Both stars and crew take their turn in the outdoor chow line.



PREFERENTIAL treatment is out for Julie London, who must carry her own lunch.



LINED UP for the day's special, served in the Colorado Rockies, is John Cassavetes.



STAR Inger Stevens takes her turn with hungry crew members and assistants.

Fashion PATTERNS

* Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian orders to Box 85-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F9710 — Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make small boy's sunsuit. Sizes 6 months, 1 and 2 years. Requires 1yd. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F4770 — Matched threesome for the beach—smartly tailored shorts, bra, and short-cut beach shirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F4771 — Festive prettiness for a one-piece afternoon dress, finished with a lace bodice yoke and short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. lace. Price 4/6.

F4742 — Slender-line lace-trimmed waist petticoat. Sizes 24 to 32in. waist. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material and 2½yds. ½in. lace edging. Price 3/6.

F9710



F4770



F4746



F4746 — Smock-jacket and skirt designed for maternity wear. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires, for smock, 2½yds. 36in. material; for skirt, 2yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F4742



F4771



F4772

F4772 — Short-skirted late-day-evening dress, designed with an Empire-line bodice-top and belled skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 622—BLOUSE

Cool, sleeveless blouse is obtainable cut out ready to make in sanforised poplin. The color choice includes white, pale pink, pale blue, lemon, and black. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 29/3; 36 and 38in. bust 30/6. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

No. 623—SEPARATE SKIRT

All-round gathered skirt is obtainable cut out ready to make in Everglaze cotton. The color choice includes ming-blue, rose-pink, pale blue, aqua, white, and red. Sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist 19/3. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

No. 624—CHILD'S SUMMER DRESSING-GOWN

Pretty frill-trimmed dressing-gown is obtainable cut out ready to make in flower-printed seersucker. The color arrangements include green, pink, and lemon; white, lemon, and rose-pink; white, aqua, and deep rose; pink, green, and white. Sizes: Lengths 33in. for 4 years 19/11; 37in. for 5 to 6 years 21/6; 42in. for 7 to 8 years 23/8; 48in. for 9 to 10 years 26/9; 53in. for 11 to 12 years 29/3. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

No. 625—DUCHESS SET

Attractively designed duchesse set, featuring a bowl-and-flower-arrangement motif, is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes white and cream Irish linen, and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Centre mat 11 by 14in., small mats 6 by 8in. Price 8/11. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

No. 626—ONE-PIECE DRESS

The dress, with a cool, low-cut bodice top and gathered skirt, is obtainable cut out ready to make in floral cotton and printed cotton cambric Everglaze. The color arrangements include: In Everglaze, lemon and white, and pink and white; in cotton cambric, white, green, and black; white, pale green, and blue; lemon, blue, and white; pink, blue, and lemon. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 24/3; 36 and 38in. bust 26/9. Postage and registration 3/6 extra.

* Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

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623



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The paths everywhere were overgrown with weeds. A herbaceous border near the house was the only thing that showed free of weeds and in good condition, and Lucy suspected that that had been Emma's hand. The gardener was a very old man, somewhat deaf, who was only making a show of working. Lucy spoke to him pleasantly. He lived in a cottage adjacent to the big stable-yard. Leading out of the stable-yard, a back drive led through the park, which was fenced on either side of it, and under a railway arch into a small back lane.

Every few minutes a train thundered along the main line over the railway arch. Lucy watched the trains as they slackened speed going round the sharp curve that encircled the Crackenthorpe property. She passed under the railway arch and out into the lane. It seemed a little-used track. On the one side was the railway embankment, on the other was a high wall which enclosed some tall factory buildings. Lucy followed the lane until it came out into a street of small houses. She could hear a short distance away the busy hum of main road traffic. She glanced at her watch. A woman came out of a house nearby and Lucy stopped her.

"Excuse me. Can you tell me if there is a public telephone near here?"

"Post Office just at the corner of the road."

THANKING her, Lucy walked along until she came to the post office, which was a combination shop and post office. There was a telephone box at one side. Lucy went into it and made a call. She asked to speak to Miss Marple. A woman's voice spoke in a sharp bark.

"She's resting. And I'm not going to disturb her! She needs her rest—she's an old lady. Who shall I say called?"

"Miss Eyelashbarrow. There's no need to disturb her. Just tell her that I've arrived and everything is going on well and that I'll let her know when I've any news."

She replaced the receiver and made her way back to Rutherford Hall.

"I suppose it will be all right if I just practise a few iron shots in the park?" asked Lucy.

"Oh, yes, certainly. Are you fond of golf?"

"I'm not much good, but I like to keep in practice. It's a more agreeable form of exercise than just going for a walk."

"Nowhere to walk outside this place," growled Mr. Crackenthorpe. "Nothing but paved-roads and miserable little hand-boxes of houses. Like to get hold of my land and build more of them. But they won't until I'm dead. And I'm not going to die and oblige anybody. I can tell you that. Not to oblige anybody!"

Emma Crackenthorpe said mildly: "Now, Father!"

"I know what they think—and what they're waiting for. All of 'em. Cedric, and that sly fox Harold, with his smug face. As for Alfred, I wonder he hasn't had a shot at bumping me off himself. Not sure he didn't, at Christmas-time. That was a very odd turn I had. Puzzled old Quimper. He asked me a lot of discreet questions."

"Everyone gets these digestive upsets now and again, Father."

"All right, all right, say straight out that I ate too much! That's what you mean. And why did I eat too much? Because there was too much food on the table—far too much. Wasteful and extravagant. And that reminds me—you, young

woman. Five potatoes you sent in for lunch—good-sized ones, too. Two potatoes are enough for anybody. So don't send in more than four in future. The extra one was wasted today."

"It wasn't wasted, Mr. Crackenthorpe. I've planned to use it in a Spanish omelet to-night."

"Urgh!" As Lucy went out of the room carrying the coffee tray she heard him say, "Slick young woman, that; always got all the answers. Cooks well, though—and she's a handsome kind of girl."

Lucy Eyelashbarrow took a light iron out of the set of golf-clubs she had had the forethought to bring with her and strolled out into the park, climbing over the fencing.

She began playing a series of shots. After five minutes or so a ball, apparently sliced, pitched on the side of the railway embankment. Lucy went up and began to hunt about for it. She looked back towards the house. It was a long way away and nobody was in the least interested in what she was doing. She continued to hunt for the ball. Now and then she played shots from the embankment down into the grass. During the afternoon she searched about a third of the embankment. Nothing. She played her ball back towards the house.

Then, on the next day, she came upon something. A thorn bush growing about half-way up the bank had been snapped off. Bits of it lay scattered about. Lucy examined the tree itself. Impaled on one of the thorns was a torn scrap of fur. It was almost the same color as the wood—a pale brownish color. Lucy looked at it for a moment, then she took a pair of scissors out of her pocket and snipped it carefully in half. The half she had snipped off she put in an envelope which she had in her pocket. She came down the steep slope searching about for anything else.

She looked carefully at the rough grass of the field. She thought she could distinguish a kind of track which someone had made walking through the long grass. But it was very faint—not nearly so clear as her own tracks were. It must have been made some time ago and it was too sketchy for her to be sure that it was not merely imagination on her part.

She began to hunt carefully down in the grass at the foot of the embankment just below the broken thorn bush. Presently her search was rewarded. She found a powder compact—a small, cheap, enamelled affair. She wrapped it in her handkerchief and put it in her pocket. She searched on, but did not find anything more.

On the following afternoon she got into her car and went to see her invalid aunt. Emma Crackenthorpe said kindly, "Don't hurry back. We shan't want you until dinner-time."

"Thank you, but I shall be back by six at the latest."

No. 4 Madison Road was a small, drab house in a small, drab street. It had very clean Nottingham lace curtains, a shining, white doorstep, and a well-polished brass door handle. The door was opened by a tall, grim-looking woman, dressed in black, with a large knob of iron-grey hair.

She eyed Lucy in suspicious appraisal as she showed her in to Miss Marple.

Miss Marple was occupying the back sitting-room, which looked out on to a small, tidy square of garden. It was aggressively clean, with a lot of mats and d'oyleys, a great

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many china ornaments, a rather big Jacobean suite, and two ferns in pots. Miss Marple was sitting in a big chair by the fire, busily engaged in crocheting.

Lucy came in and shut the door. She sat down in the chair facing Miss Marple.

"Well," she said, "it looks as though you were right."

She produced her finds and gave the details of their finding.

A faint flush of achievement came into Miss Marple's cheeks.

"Perhaps one ought not to feel so," she said, "but it is rather gratifying to form a theory and get proof that it is correct!"

She fingered the small tuft of fur. "Elspeth said the woman was wearing a light-colored fur coat. I suppose the compact was in the pocket of the coat and fell out as the body rolled down the slope. It doesn't seem distinctive in any way, but it may help. You didn't take all the fur?"

"No. I left half of it on the thorn bush."

Miss Marple nodded approvingly.

"Quite right. You are very intelligent, my dear. The police will want to check exactly."

"You are going to the police—with these things?"

"Well—not quite yet . . ."

Miss Marple considered. "It would be better, I think, to find the body first. Don't you?"

"Yes. But isn't that rather a tall order? I mean, granting that your estimate is correct. The murderer pushed the body out of the train, then presumably got out himself at Brackhampton and at some time—probably that same night—came along and removed the body. But what happened after that? He may have taken it anywhere."

"Not anywhere," said Miss Marple. "I don't think you've followed the thing to its logical conclusion, my dear Miss Eylesbarrow."

"Do call me Lucy. Why not anywhere?"

"Because, if so, he might much more easily have killed the girl in some lonely spot and driven the body away from there. You haven't appreciated . . ."

Lucy interrupted.

"Are you saying—do you mean—that this was a pre-meditated crime?"

"I didn't think so at first," said Miss Marple. "One wouldn't—naturally. It seemed like a quarrel and a man losing control and strangling the girl and then being faced with the problem of disposing of his victim—a problem which he had to solve within a very few minutes."

"But it really is too much of a coincidence that he should kill the girl in a fit of passion, and then look out of the window and find the train was going round a curve exactly at a spot where he could tip the body out, and where he could be sure of finding his way later and removing it! If he'd just thrown her out there by chance, he'd have done no more about it, and the body would, long before now, have been found."

She paused. Lucy stared at her.

"You know," said Miss Marple thoughtfully, "it's really quite a clever way to have planned a crime—and I think it was very carefully planned. There's something so anonymous about a train. If he'd killed her in the place where she lived, or was staying, somebody might have noticed him come or go. Or if he'd driven her out in the country somewhere, someone might have noticed the car and its number and make."

"But a train is full of

strangers coming and going. In a non-corridor carriage, alone with her, it was quite easy—especially if you realise that he knew exactly what he was going to do next. He knew—he must have known—all about Rutherford Hall—its geographical position, I mean, its queer isolation—an island bounded by railway lines."

"It is exactly like that," said Lucy. "It's an anachronism out of the past. Bustling urban life goes on around it, but doesn't touch it. The tradespeople deliver in the mornings and that's all."

"So we assume, as you said, that the murderer comes to Rutherford Hall that night. It is already dark when the body falls and no one is likely to discover it before the next day."

"No, indeed."

"The murderer would come—how? In a car? Which way?"

LUCY considered. "There's a rough lane, alongside a factory wall. He'd probably come that way, turn in under the railway arch, and along the back drive. Then he could climb the fence, go along at the foot of the embankment, find the body, and carry it back to the car."

"And then," continued Miss Marple. "He took it to some place he had already chosen beforehand. This was all thought out, you know. And I don't think, as I say, that he would take it away from Rutherford Hall, or if so, not very far. The obvious thing, I suppose, would be to bury it somewhere?" She looked inquiringly at Lucy.

"I suppose so," said Lucy considering. "But it wouldn't be quite as easy as it sounds."

Miss Marple agreed.

"He couldn't bury it in the park. Too hard work and very noticeable. Somewhere where the earth was turned already?"

"The kitchen garden, perhaps, but that's very close to the gardener's cottage. He's old and deaf—but still it might be risky."

"Is there a dog?"

"No."

"Then in a shed, perhaps, or an outhouse?"

"That would be simpler and quicker . . . There are a lot of unused old buildings; broken-down pig sties, harness rooms, workshops that nobody ever goes near. Or he might perhaps thrust it into a clump of rhododendrons or shrubs somewhere."

Miss Marple nodded.

"Yes, I think that's much more probable."

There was a knock on the door and the grim Florence came in with a tray.

"Nice for you to have a visitor," she said to Miss Marple. "I've made you my special scones you used to like."

"Florence always made the most delicious tea-cakes," said Miss Marple.

Florence, gratified, creased her features into a totally unexpected smile and left the room.

"I think, my dear," said Miss Marple, "we won't talk any more about murder during tea. Such an unpleasant subject!"

After tea, Lucy rose.

"I'll be getting back," she said. "As I've already told you, there's no one actually living at Rutherford Hall who could be the man we're looking for. There's only an old man and a middle-aged woman, and an old deaf gardener."

"I didn't say he was actually living there," said Miss Marple. "All I mean is, that he's some-

one who knows Rutherford Hall very well. But we can go into that after you've found the body."

"You seem to assume quite confidently that I shall find it," said Lucy. "I don't feel nearly so optimistic."

"I'm sure you will succeed, my dear Lucy. You are such an efficient person."

"In some ways, but I haven't had any experience in looking for bodies."

"I'm sure all it needs is a little common sense," said Miss Marple encouragingly.

Lucy looked at her, then laughed. Miss Marple smiled back at her.

Lucy set to work systematically the next afternoon.

She poked round outhouses, prodded the briars which wreathed the old pigsties, and was peering into the boiler-room under the greenhouse when she heard a dry cough and turned to find old Hillman, the gardener, looking at her disapprovingly.

"You be careful you don't get a nasty fall, Miss," he warned her. "Them steps isn't safe, and you was up in the loft just now and the floor there ain't safe neither."

Lucy was careful to display no embarrassment.

"I expect you think I'm very nosy," she said cheerfully. "I was just wondering if something couldn't be made out of this place—growing mushrooms for the market, that sort of thing. Everything seems to have been let go terribly."

"That's the master, that is. Won't spend a penny. Ought to have two men and a boy here, I ought, to keep the place proper, but won't hear of it, he won't. Had all I could do to make him get a motor mower. Wanted me to mow all that front grass by hand, he did."

"But if the place could be made to pay—with some repairs?"

"Won't get a place like this to pay—too far gone. And he wouldn't care about that, anyway. Only cares about saving. Knows well enough what'll happen after he's gone—the young gentlemen'll sell up as fast as they can. Only waiting for him to pop off, they are. Going to come into a tidy lot of money when he dies, so I've heard."

"I suppose he's a very rich man?" said Lucy.

"Crackenthorpe's Fancies, that's what they are. The old gentleman started it, Mr. Crackenthorpe's father. A sharp one he was, by all accounts. Made his fortune, and built this place. Hard as nails, they say, and never forgot an injury. But with all that, he was open-handed. Nothing of the miser about him. Disappointed in both his sons, so the story goes. Give 'em an education and brought 'em up to be gentlemen—Oxford and all. But they were too much of gentleman to want to go into the business."

"The younger one married an actress and then smashed himself up in a car accident when he'd been drinking. The elder one, our one here, his father never fancied so much. Abroad a lot, he was, bought a lot of heathen statues and had them sent home. Wasn't close with his money when he was young—come on him more in middle age, it did. No, they never did hit it off, him and his father, so I've heard."

Lucy digested this information with an air of polite interest. The old man leant against the wall and prepared to go on with his saga. He much preferred talking to doing any work.

"Died afore the war, the old gentleman did. Terrible temper he had. Didn't do to give

To page 55

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with the Chief of Police, is taken by helicopter to an enormous dirigible, where racketeer and dishonest gambler "Honest" John has opened a gambling casino. The Chief, who has been trying to catch John redhanded for a long time, declares that gambling is illegal and the place will

have to close. He places everyone under arrest. But "Honest" John just smiles and remains quite calm. Mandrake wonders why, and is as surprised as the Chief when John explains that his casino can't be closed, because it is three miles above the city and so outside its limits. NOW READ ON:



TO BE CONTINUED

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

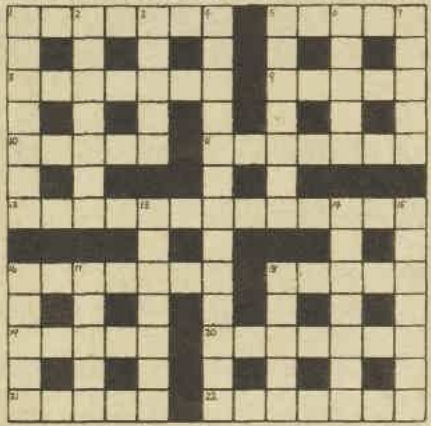




THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Brief study in secular (7).
5. There is scope in a lamb itself (5).
8. When catkin precedes then is a load (7).
9. Italian city of no age (5).
10. Well-balanced, possibly because Eve occupies the centre (5).
11. Martial song on a bagpipe (7).
12. Verses in a rain (Anagr. 13).
16. Never without its peers (7).
18. Sphere of action in a spare napkin (5).
19. Not dirty and mostly lean (5).
20. Language spoken in his glen (7).
21. One of the "cities of the plain" in the region of the Dead Sea (5).
22. Between threads and cords and the end is sold by jewellers (7).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Pitch a ball high to Elia for a flower (7).
2. Vehicle with a vehicle forms a vehicle (7).
3. Nothing is the essence of a type of anarchism (5).
4. A female schenier sports in races (13).
5. A leg bar (Anagr. 7).
6. Sometimes the Superior Court sits in it and it has no cab (5).
7. Rubbish good for nothing (5).
13. Asian country containing a Sicilian volcano (7).
14. May come from Spain or Portugal or even from Gibraltar (7).
15. Shatters so it's no wonder it has mess (7).
16. Weaves into a pattern with squares with a frozen centre (5).
17. We ask daily that it should be given to us (5).
18. Ire in a range (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

Continuing . . . 4.50 From Paddington

from page 54

him any sauce, he wouldn't stand for it."

"And after he died, this Mr. Crackenthorpe came and lived here?"

"Him and his family, yes. Night to grown up they was by then."

"But surely . . . Oh, I see, you mean the 1914 war."

"No, I don't. Died in 1928, that's what I mean."

Lucy supposed that 1928 qualified as "before the war" though it was not the way she would have described it herself.

She said: "Well, I expect you'll be wanting to go on with your work. You mustn't let me keep you."

"Ar," said old Hillman without enthusiasm, "not much you can do this time of day. Light's too bad."

Lucy went back to the house, pausing to investigate a likely-looking copse of birch and azalea on her way.

She found Emma Crackenthorpe standing in the hall reading a letter. The afternoon post had just been delivered.

"My nephew will be here tomorrow — with a school-friend. Alexander's room is the one over the porch. The one next to it will do for James Stoddart-West. They'll use the bathroom opposite."

"Yes, Miss Crackenthorpe, I'll see the rooms are prepared."

"They'll arrive in the morning before lunch." She hesitated. "I expect they'll be hungry."

"I bet they will," said Lucy. "Roast beef, do you think? And perhaps treacle tart?"

"Alexander's very fond of treacle tart."

The two boys arrived on the following morning. They both had well-brushed hair, suspiciously angelic faces, and perfect manners. Alexander Eastley had fair hair and blue eyes, Stoddart-West was dark and spectacled.

They discoursed gravely during lunch on events in the sporting world, with occasional references to the latest space fiction. Their manner was that of elderly professors discussing palaeolithic implements. In comparison with them, Lucy felt quite young.

The sirloin of beef vanished in no time and every crumb of the treacle tart was consumed.

Mr. Crackenthorpe grumbled: "You two will eat me out of house and home."

Alexander gave him a blue-eyed reproving glance.

"We'll have bread and cheese if you can't afford meat, Grandfather."

"Afford it? I can afford it. I don't like waste."

"We haven't wasted any, sir," said Stoddart-West, looking down at his plate, which bore clear testimony of that fact.

"You boys both eat twice as much as I do."

"We're at the body-building stage," Alexander explained. "We need a big intake of proteins."

The old man grunted.

As the two boys left the table, Lucy heard Alexander say apologetically to his friend:

"You mustn't pay any attention to my grandfather. He's on a diet or something and that makes him rather peculiar. He's terribly mean, too. I think it must be a complex of some kind."

Stoddart-West said comprehendingly:

"I had an aunt who kept thinking she was going bankrupt. Really, she had oodles of money. Pathological, the doctor said. Have you got that football, Alex?"

After she had cleared away and washed up lunch, Lucy went out. She could hear the

boys calling out in the distance on the lawn. She herself went on the opposite direction, down the front drive and from there she struck across to some clumped masses of rhododendron bushes.

She began to hunt carefully, holding back the leaves and peering inside. She moved from clump to clump systematically, and was raking inside with a golf club when the polite voice of Alexander Eastley made her start.

"Are you looking for something, Miss Eyesbarrow?"

"A golf ball," said Lucy promptly. "Several golf balls in fact. I've been practising golf shots most afternoons and I've lost quite a lot of balls. I thought that today I really must find some of them."

"We'll help you," said Alexander obligingly.

"That's very kind of you. I thought you were playing football."

"One can't go on playing football," explained Stoddart-

Alexander pointed to a long stone building a little way from the house near the back drive.

"It's quite old," he said. "Grandfather calls it a Leak Barn and says it's Elizabethan, but that's just swank. It belonged to the farm that was here originally. My great-grandfather pulled it down and built this awful house instead."

He added: "A lot of grandfather's collection is in the barn. Things he had sent home from abroad when he was a young man. Most of them are pretty frightful, too. The Long Barn is used sometimes for what drives and things like that. Women's Institute stuff. And Conservative Sales of Work. Come and see it."

Lucy accompanied them willingly.

There was a big nail-studded oak door to the barn.

Alexander raised his hand and detached a key on a nail just under some ivy to the right hand of the top of the door. He turned it in the lock, pushed the door open and they went in.

At a first glance Lucy felt that she was in a singularly bad museum. The heads of two Roman emperors in marble glared at her out of bulging eyeballs, there was a huge sarcophagus of a decadent Greco-Roman period, a simpering Venus stood on a pedestal clutching her falling draperies. Besides these works of art, there were a couple of trestle tables, some stacked-up chairs, and sundry oddments such as a rusted hand-mower, two buckets, a couple of moth-eaten car seats, and a green-painted iron garden seat that had lost a leg.

"I think I saw the paint over here," said Alexander vaguely. He went to a corner and pulled aside a tattered curtain that shut it off.

They found a couple of paint pots and brushes, the latter dry and stiff.

"You really need some turps," said Lucy.

They could not, however, find any turpentine. The boys suggested bicycling off to get some, and Lucy urged them to do so. Painting the clock golf numbers would keep them amused for some time, she thought.

The boys went off, leaving her in the barn.

"This really could do with a clear up," she had murmured.

"I shouldn't bother," Alexander advised her. "It gets cleaned up if it's going to be used for anything, but it's practically never used this time of year."

"Do I hang the key up outside the door again? Is that where it's kept?"

"Yes. There's nothing to pinch here, you see. Nobody would want those awful marble things and, anyway, they weigh a ton."

Lucy agreed with him. She could hardly admire old Mr. Crackenthorpe's taste in art. He seemed to have an unerring instinct for selecting the worst specimen of any period.

She stood looking around her after the boys had gone. Her eyes came to rest on the sarcophagus and stayed there.

That sarcophagus . . .

The air in the barn was faintly musty as though unaired for a long time. She went over to the sarcophagus. It had a heavy close-fitting lid. Lucy looked at it speculatively.

Then she left the barn, went to the kitchen, found a heavy crowbar, and returned.

It was not an easy task, but Lucy toiled doggedly.

Slowly the lid began to rise, prised up by the crowbar.

It rose sufficiently for Lucy to see what was inside . . .

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West. "One gets too hot. Do you play a lot of golf?"

"I'm quite fond of it. I don't get much opportunity."

"I suppose you don't. You do the cooking here, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Did you cook the lunch today?"

"Yes. Was it all right?"

"Simply wizard," said Alexander. "We get awful meat at school, all dried up. I love beef that's pink and juicy inside. That treacle tart was pretty smashing, too."

"You must tell me what things you like best."

"Could we have apple meringue one day? It's my favorite thing."

"Of course."

Alexander sighed happily.

"There's a clock golf set under the stairs," he said. "We could fix it up on the lawn and do some putting. What about it, Stoddart?"

"Good-oh!" said Stoddart-West.

"He isn't really Australian," explained Alexander, courteously. "But he's practising talking that way in case his people take him out to see the Test Match next year."

Encouraged by Lucy, they went off to get the clock golf set. Later, as she returned to the house, she found them setting it out on the lawn and arguing about the position of the numbers.

"We don't want it like a clock," said Stoddart-West. "That's kid stuff. We want to make a course of it. Long holes and short ones. It's a pity the numbers are so rusty. You can hardly see them."

"They need a lick of white paint," said Lucy. "You might get some tomorrow and paint them."

"Good idea," Alexander's face lit up. "I say, I believe there are some old pots of paint in the Long Barn—left there by the painters last hols. Shall we see?"

"Where's the Long Barn?" asked Lucy.

To be continued



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